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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S ... MAHAL.

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Samuel Johnſon, LL.D.

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THE

THE

RAMBLER.

NUMB. 141. TUESDAY, *July* 23, 1751.

Hilarisque, tamen cum pondere, virtus. STAT.

Greatneſs with eaſe, and gay ſeverity.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

POLITICIANS have long obſerved, that the greateſt events may be often traced back to ſlender cauſes. Petty competition or caſual friendſhip, the prudence of a ſlave, or the garrulity of a woman, have hindered or promoted the moſt important ſchemes, and haſtened or retarded the revolutions of empire.

Whoever ſhall review his life will generally find, that the whole tenor of his conduct has been determined by ſome accident of no apparent moment, or by a combination of inconſiderable circumſtances, acting when his imagination was unoccupied, and

his judgment unſettled; and that his principles and actions have taken their colour from ſome ſecret infuſion, mingled without deſign in the current of his ideas. The deſires that predominate in our hearts, are inſtilled by imperceptible communications at the time when we look upon the various ſcenes of the world, and the different employments of men, with the neutrality of inexperience; and we come forth from the nurſery or the ſchool, invariably deſtined to the purſuit of great acquiſitions, or petty accompliſhments.

Such was the impulſe by which I have been kept in motion from my earlieſt years. I was born to an inheritance which gave my childhood a claim to diſtinction and careſſes, and was accuſtomed to hear applauſes, before they had much influence on my thoughts. The firſt praiſe of which I remember myſelf ſenſible was that of good-humour, which, whether I deſerved it or not when it was beſtowed, I have ſince made it my whole buſineſs to propagate and maintain.

When I was ſent to ſchool, the gaiety of my look, and the livelineſs of my loquacity, ſoon gained me admiſſion to hearts not yet fortified againſt affection by artifice or intereſt. I was entruſted with every ſtratagem, and aſſociated in every ſport; my company gave alacrity to a frolick, and gladneſs to a holiday. I was indeed ſo much employed in adjuſting or executing ſchemes of diverſion, that I had no leiſure for my taſks, but was furniſhed with exerciſes, and inſtructed in my leſſons, by ſome kind patron of the higher claſſes. My maſter, not ſuſpecting my deficiency, or unwilling to detect what his

kindneſs

kindneſs would not puniſh nor his impartiality excuſe, allowed me to eſcape with a ſlight examination, laughed at the pertneſs of my ignorance, and the ſprightlineſs of my abſurdities, and could not forbear to ſhow that he regarded me with ſuch tenderneſs, as genius and learning can ſeldom excite.

From ſchool I was diſmiſſed to the univerſity, where I ſoon drew upon me the notice of the younger ſtudents, and was the conſtant partner of their morning walks, and evening compotations. I was not indeed much celebrated for literature, but was looked on with indulgence as a man of parts, who wanted nothing but the dulneſs of a ſcholar, and might become eminent whenever he ſhould condeſcend to labour and attention. My tutor a while reproached me with negligence, and repreſſed my ſallies with ſupercilious gravity; yet having natural good humour lurking in his heart, he could not long hold out againſt the power of hilarity, but after a few months began to relax the muſcles of diſciplinarian moroſeneſs, received me with ſmiles after an elopement, and, that he might not betray his truſt to his fondneſs, was content to ſpare my diligence by increaſing his own.

Thus I continued to diſſipate the gloom of collegiate auſterity, to waſte my own life in idleneſs, and lure others from their ſtudies, till the happy hour arrived, when I was ſent to *London*. I ſoon diſcovered the town to be the proper element of youth and gaiety, and was quickly diſtinguiſhed as a wit by the ladies, a ſpecies of beings only heard of at the univerſity, whom I had no ſooner the happineſs of approaching than I devoted all my faculties to the ambition of pleaſing them.

A wit, Mr. *Rambler*, in the dialect of ladies, is not always a man, who, by the action of a vigorous fancy upon comprehensive knowledge, brings distant ideas unexpectedly together, who by some peculiar acuteness discovers resemblance in objects dissimilar to common eyes, or by mixing heterogeneous notions dazzles the attention with sudden scintillations of conceit. A lady's wit is a man who can make ladies laugh, to which, however easy it may seem, many gifts of nature, and attainments of art, must commonly concur. He that hopes to be conceived as a wit in female assemblies, should have a form neither so amiable as to strike with admiration, nor so coarse as to raise disgust, with an understanding too feeble to be dreaded, and too forcible to be despised. The other parts of the character are more subject to variation; it was formerly essential to a wit, that half his back should be covered with a snowy fleece, and at a time yet more remote no man was a wit without his boots. In the days of the Spectator a snuff-box seems to have been indispensible; but in my time an embroidered coat was sufficient, without any precise regulation of the rest of his dress.

But wigs and boots and snuff-boxes are vain, without a perpetual resolution to be merry, and who can always find supplies of mirth? *Juvenal* indeed, in his comparison of the two opposite philosophers, wonders only whence an unexhausted fountain of tears could be discharged: but had *Juvenal*, with all his spirit, undertaken my province, he would have found constant gaiety equally difficult to be supported. Consider, Mr. *Rambler*, and compassionate the condition of a man, who has taught every company to expect from him a continual feast of laughter, an

unintermitted ſtream of jocularity. The taſk of every other ſlave has an end. The rower in time reaches the port; the lexicographer at laſt finds the concluſion of his alphabet; only the hapleſs wit has his labour always to begin, the call for novelty is never ſatisfied, and one jeſt only raiſes expectation of another.

I know that among men of learning and aſperity, the retainers to the female world are not much regarded; yet I cannot but hope that if you knew at how dear a rate our honours are purchaſed, you would look with ſome gratulation on our ſucceſs, and with ſome pity on our miſcarriages. Think on the miſery of him who is condemned to cultivate barrenneſs and ranſack vacuity; who is obliged to continue his talk when his meaning is ſpent, to raiſe merriment without images, to haraſs his imagination in queſt of thoughts which he cannot ſtart, and his memory in purſuit of narratives which he cannot overtake; obſerve the effort with which he ſtrains to conceal deſpondency by a ſmile, and the diſtreſs in which he ſits while the eyes of the company are fixed upon him as their laſt refuge from ſilence and dejection.

It were endleſs to recount the ſhifts to which I have been reduced, or to enumerate the different ſpecies of artificial wit. I regularly frequented coffee-houſes, and have often lived a week upon an expreſſion, of which he who dropped it did not know the value. When fortune did not favour my erratick induſtry, I gleaned jeſts at home from obſolete farces. To collect wit was indeed ſafe, for I conſorted with none that looked much into books, but

to disperse it was the difficulty. A seeming negligence was often useful, and I have very successfully made a reply not to what the lady had said, but to what it was convenient for me to hear; for very few were so perverse as to rectify a mistake which had given occasion to a burst of merriment. Sometimes I drew the conversation up by degrees to a proper point, and produced a conceit which I had treasured up, like sportsmen who boast of killing the foxes which they lodge in the covert. Eminence is however in some happy moments gained at less expence; I have delighted a whole circle at one time with a series of quibbles, and made myself good company at another, by scalding my fingers, or mistaking a lady's lap for my own chair.

These are artful deceits and useful expedients; but expedients are at length exhausted, and deceits detected. Time itself, among other injuries, diminishes the power of pleasing, and I now find in my forty-fifth year many pranks and pleasantries very coldly received, which had formerly filled a whole room with jollity and acclamation. I am under the melancholy necessity of supporting that character by study, which I gained by levity, having learned too late that gaiety must be recommended by higher qualities, and that mirth can never please long but as the efflorescence of a mind loved for its luxuriance, but esteemed for its usefulness.

I am, *&c.*

PAPILIUS.

NUMB. 142. SATURDAY, *July* 27, 1751.

Ενθα δ' ἀνὴρ ἐνίαυε πελώριος——ὐδὲ, μέτ' ἀλλὺς
Πωλεῖτ'· ἀλλ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐὼν ἀθεμίστια ᾔδη
Καὶ γὰρ θαῦμ' ἐτέτυκτο πελώριον, ὐδὲ ἐῴκει
Ανερι Σιτοφάγῳ. HOMER.

A giant ſhepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the reſt, and ſolitary reigns,
In ſhelter thick of horrid ſhade reclin'd;
And gloomy miſchiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in ſtature or in face. POPE.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

HAVING been accuſtomed to retire annually from the town, I lately accepted the invitation of *Eugenio*, who has an eſtate and ſeat in a diſtant county. As we were unwilling to travel without improvement, we turned often from the direct road to pleaſe ourſelves with the view of nature or of art; we examined every wild mountain and medicinal ſpring, criticiſed every edifice, contemplated every ruin, and compared every ſcene of action with the narratives of hiſtorians. By this ſucceſſion of amuſements we enjoyed the exerciſe of a journey without ſuffering the fatigue, and had nothing to regret but that, by a progreſs ſo leiſurely and gentle, we miſſed the adventures of a poſt-chaiſe, and the pleaſure of alarming villages with the tumult of

of our paſſage, and of diſguiſing our inſignificancy by the dignity of hurry.

The firſt week after our arrival at *Eugenio's* houſe was paſſed in receiving viſits from his neighbours, who crowded about him with all the eagerneſs of benevolence; ſome impatient to learn the news of the court and town, that they might be qualified by authentick information to dictate to the rural politicians on the next bowling day; others deſirous of his intereſt to accommodate diſputes, or of his advice in the ſettlement of their fortunes and the marriage of their children.

The civilities which he had received were ſoon to be returned; and I paſſed ſome time with great ſatisfaction in roving through the country, and viewing the ſeats, gardens, and plantations, which are ſcattered over it. My pleaſure would indeed have been greater had I been ſometimes allowed to wander in a park or wilderneſs alone, but to appear as the friend of *Eugenio* was an honour not to be enjoyed without ſome inconveniencies; ſo much was every one ſolicitous for my regard, that I could ſeldom eſcape to ſolitude, or ſteal a moment from the emulation of complaiſance, and the vigilance of officiouſneſs.

In theſe rambles of good neighbourhood, we frequently paſſed by a houſe of unuſual magnificence. While I had my curioſity yet diſtracted among many novelties, it did not much attract my obſervation; but in a ſhort time I could not forbear ſurveying it with particular notice; for the length of the wall which incloſed the gardens, the diſpoſition of the ſhades that waved over it, and the canals, of which

I could

I could obtain ſome glimpſes through the trees from our own windows, gave me reaſon to expect more grandeur and beauty than I had yet ſeen in that province. I therefore enquired, as we rode by it, why we never, amongſt our excurſions, ſpent an hour where there was ſuch an appearance of ſplendour and affluence. *Eugenio* told me that the ſeat which I ſo much admired, was commonly called in the country the *haunted houſe*, and that no viſits were paid there by any of the gentlemen whom I had yet ſeen. As the haunts of incorporeal beings are generally ruinous, neglected, and deſolate, I eaſily conceived that there was ſomething to be explained, and told him that I ſuppoſed it only fairy ground, on which we might venture by day-light without danger. The danger, ſays he, is indeed only that of appearing to ſolicit the acquaintance of a man, with whom it is not poſſible to converſe without infamy, and who has driven from him, by his inſolence or malignity, every human being who can live without him.

Our converſation was then accidentally interrupted; but my inquiſitive humour being now in motion, could not reſt without a full account of this newly diſcovered prodigy. I was ſoon informed that the fine houſe and ſpacious gardens were haunted by ſquire *Bluſter*, of whom it was very eaſy to learn the character, ſince nobody had regard for him ſufficient to hinder them from telling whatever they could diſcover.

Squire *Bluſter* is deſcended of an ancient family. The eſtate which his anceſtors had immemorially poſſeſſed was much augmented by captain *Bluſter*, who ſerved under *Drake* in the reign of *Elizabeth*; and

and the *Blusters*, who were before only petty gentlemen, have from that time frequently represented the shire in parliament, been chosen to present addresses, and given laws at hunting-matches and races. They were eminently hospitable and popular, till the father of this gentleman died of an election. His lady went to the grave soon after him, and left the heir, then only ten years old, to the care of his grandmother, who would not suffer him to be controlled, because she could not bear to hear him cry; and never sent him to school, because she was not able to live without his company. She taught him however very early to inspect the steward's accounts, to dog the butler from the cellar, and to catch the servants at a junket; so that he was at the age of eighteen a complete master of all the lower arts of domestick policy, had often on the road detected combinations between the coachman and the ostler, and procured the discharge of nineteen maids for illicit correspondence with cottagers and charwomen.

By the opportunities of parsimony which minority affords, and which the probity of his guardians had diligently improved, a very large sum of money was accumulated, and he found himself, when he took his affairs into his own hands, the richest man in the county. It has been long the custom of this family to celebrate the heir's completion of his twenty-first year, by an entertainment, at which the house is thrown open to all that are inclined to enter it, and the whole province flocks together as to a general festivity. On this occasion young *Bluster* exhibited the first tokens of his future eminence, by

shaking

ſhaking his purſe at an old gentleman, who had been the intimate friend of his father, and offering to wager a greater ſum than he could afford to venture; a practice with which he has, at one time or other, inſulted every freeholder within ten miles round him.

His next acts of offence were committed in a contentious and ſpiteful vindication of the privileges of his manors, and a rigorous and relentleſs proſecution of every man that preſumed to violate his game. As he happens to have no eſtate adjoining equal to his own, his oppreſſions are often borne without reſiſtance, for fear of a long ſuit, of which he delights to count the expences without the leaſt ſolicitude about the event; for he knows, that where nothing but an honorary right is conteſted, the poorer antagoniſt muſt always ſuffer, whatever ſhall be the laſt deciſion of the law.

By the ſucceſs of ſome of theſe diſputes, he has ſo elated his inſolence, and by reflection upon the general hatred which they have brought upon him, ſo irritated his virulence, that his whole life is ſpent in meditating or executing miſchief. It is his common practice to procure his hedges to be broken in the night, and then to demand ſatisfaction for damages which his grounds have ſuffered from his neighbour's cattle. An old widow was yeſterday ſoliciting *Eugenio* to enable her to replevin her only cow then in the pound by ſquire *Bluſter*'s order, who had ſent one of his agents to take advantage of her calamity, and perſuade her to ſell the cow at an under rate. He has driven a day-labourer from his cottage, for gathering blackberries in a hedge for

his

his children; and has now an old woman in the county-jail for a treſpaſs which ſhe committed, by coming into his ground to pick up acorns for her hog.

Money, in whatever hands, will confer power. Diſtreſs will fly to immediate refuge, without much conſideration of remote conſequences. *Bluſter* has therefore a deſpotick authority in many families, whom he has aſſiſted, on preſſing occaſions, with larger ſums than they can eaſily repay. The only viſits that he makes are to theſe houſes of misfortune, where he enters with the inſolence of abſolute command, enjoys the terrors of the family, exacts their obedience, riots at their charge, and in the height of his joy inſults the father with menaces, and the daughters with obſcenity.

He is of late ſomewhat leſs offenſive; for one of his debtors, after gentle expoſtulations, by which he was only irritated to groſſer outrage, ſeized him by the ſleeve, led him trembling into the court-yard, and cloſed the door upon him in a ſtormy night. He took his uſual revenge next morning by a writ; but the debt was diſcharged by the aſſiſtance of *Eugenio*.

It is his rule to ſuffer his tenants to owe him rent, becauſe by this indulgence he ſecures to himſelf the power of ſeizure whenever he has an inclination to amuſe himſelf with calamity, and feaſt his ears with entreaties and lamentations. Yet as he is ſometimes capriciouſly liberal to thoſe whom he happens to adopt as favourites, and lets his lands at a cheap rate, his farms are never long unoccupied; and when one is ruined by oppreſſion, the poſſibi-

lity

lity of better fortune quickly lures another to ſupply his place.

Such is the life of ſquire *Bluſter*; a man in whoſe power fortune has liberally placed the means of happineſs, but who has defeated all her gifts of their end by the depravity of his mind. He is wealthy without followers; he is magnificent without witneſſes; he has birth without alliance, and influence without dignity. His neighbours ſcorn him as a brute; his dependents dread him as an oppreſſor; and he has only the gloomy comfort of reflecting, that if he is hated, he is likewiſe feared.

I am, SIR, &c.

VAGULUS.

NUMB. 143. TUESDAY, *July* 30, 1751.

——*Moveat cornicula rifum*
Furtivis nudata coloribus.—— HOR.

Left when the birds their various colours claim
Stripp'd of his ftolen pride, the crow forlorn
Should ftand the laughter of the publick fcorn. FRANCIS.

AMONG the innumerable practices by which intereft or envy have taught thofe who live upon literary fame to difturb each other at their airy banquets, one of the moft common is the charge of plagiarifm. When the excellence of a new compofition can no longer be contefted, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applaufe, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, by which the author may be degraded, though his work be reverenced; and the excellence which we cannot obfcure, may be fet at fuch a diftance as not to overpower our fainter luftre.

This accufation is dangerous, becaufe, even when it is falfe, it may be fometimes urged with probability. *Bruyere* declares, that we are come into the world too late to produce any thing new, that nature and life are preoccupied, and that defcription and fentiment have been long exhaufted. It is indeed certain, that whoever attempts any common topick, will find unexpected coincidences of his thoughts with thofe of other writers; nor can the niceft judgment always diftinguifh accidental fimilitude from

artful imitation. There is likewise a common stock of images, a settled mode of arrangement, and a beaten track of transition, which all authors suppose themselves at liberty to use, and which produce the resemblance generally observable among cotemporaries. So that in books which best deserve the name of originals, there is little new beyond the disposition of materials already provided; the same ideas and combinations of ideas have been long in the possession of other hands; and by restoring to every man his own, as the *Romans* must have returned to their cots from the possession of the world, so the most inventive and fertile genius would reduce his folios to a few pages. Yet the author who imitates his predecessors only by furnishing himself with thoughts and elegancies out of the same general magazine of literature, can with little more propriety be reproached as a plagiary, than the architect can be censured as a mean copier of *Angelo* or *Wren*, because he digs his marble from the same quarry, squares his stones by the same art, and unites them in columns of the same orders.

Many subjects fall under the consideration of an author, which being limited by nature can admit only of slight and accidental diversities. All definitions of the same thing must be nearly the same; and descriptions, which are definitions of a more lax and fanciful kind, must always have in some degree that resemblance to each other which they all have to their object. Different poets describing the spring or the sea would mention the zephyrs and the flowers, the billows and the rocks; reflecting on human life, they would, without any com-

munication

munication of opinions, lament the deceitfulneſs of hope, the fugacity of pleaſure, the fragility of beauty, and the frequency of calamity; and for palliatives of theſe incurable miſeries, they would concur in recommending kindneſs, temperance, caution, and fortitude.

When therefore there are found in *Virgil* and *Horace* two ſimilar paſſages,

Hæ tibi erunt artes——
Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos.—— VIRG.

To tame the proud, the fetter'd ſlave to free:
Theſe are imperial arts, and worthy thee. DRYDEN.

Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hoſtem. HOR.

Let *Cæſar* ſpread his conqueſts far,
Leſs pleas'd to triumph than to ſpare.

it is ſurely not neceſſary to ſuppoſe with a late critick that one is copied from the other, ſince neither *Virgil* nor *Horace* can be ſuppoſed ignorant of the common duties of humanity, and the virtue of moderation in ſucceſs.

Cicero and *Ovid* have on very different occaſions remarked how little of the honour of a victory belongs to the general, when his ſoldiers and his fortune have made their deductions; yet why ſhould *Ovid* be ſuſpected to have owed to *Tully* an obſervation which perhaps occurs to every man that ſees or hears of military glories?

Tully obſerves of *Achilles*, that had not *Homer* written, his valour had been without praiſe.

Niſi

Nisi Ilias illa extitisset, idem tumulus qui corpus ejus contexerat, nomen ejus obruisset.

Unless the *Iliad* had been published, his name had been lost in the tomb that covered his body.

Horace tells us with more energy that there were brave men before the wars of *Troy*, but they were lost in oblivion for want of a poet.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Before great *Agamemnon* reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave:
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown:
No bard had they to make all time their own. FRANCIS.

Tully enquires, in the same oration, why, but for fame, we disturb a short life with so many fatigues?

Quid est quod in hoc tam exiguo vitæ curriculo et tam brevi, tantis nos in laboribus exerceamus?

Why in so small a circuit of life should we employ ourselves in so many fatigues?

Horace enquires in the same manner,

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?

Why do we aim, with eager strife,
At things beyond the mark of life? FRANCIS.

when our life is of so short duration, why we form such numerous designs? But *Horace*, as well as

Tully, might diſcover that records are needful to preſerve the memory of actions, and that no records were ſo durable as poems; either of them might find out that life is ſhort, and that we conſume it in unneceſſary labour.

There are other flowers of fiction ſo widely ſcattered and ſo eaſily cropped, that it is ſcarcely juſt to tax the uſe of them as an act by which any particular writer is deſpoiled of his garland; for they may be ſaid to have been planted by the ancients in the open road of poetry for the accommodation of their ſucceſſors, and to be the right of every one that has art to pluck them without injuring their colours or their fragance. The paſſage of *Orpheus* to hell, with the recovery and ſecond loſs of *Eurydice*, have been deſcribed after *Boetius* by *Pope*, in ſuch a manner as might juſtly leave him ſuſpected of imitation, were not the images ſuch as they might both have derived from more ancient writers.

Quæ ſontes agitant metu
Ultrices ſcelerum deæ
Jam mœſtæ lacrymis madent,
Non Ixionium caput
Velox præcipitat rota.

The pow'rs of vengeance, while they hear,
Touch'd with compaſſion, drop a tear;
Ixion's rapid wheel is bound,
Fix'd in attention to the ſound. F. Lewis.

Thy ſtone, O *Syſiphus*, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The furies ſink upon their iron beds.

Tandem,

Tandem, vincimur, arbiter
Umbrarum, miſerans, ait——
Donemus, comitem viro,
Emtam carmine, conjugem.

Subdu'd at length, *Hell*'s pitying monarch cry'd,
The ſong rewarding, let us yield the bride. F. Lewis.

He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern *Proſerpine* relented,
And gave him back the fair.

Heu, noctis prope terminos
Orpheus Euryciden *ſuam*
Vidit, perdidit, occidit.

Nor yet the golden verge of day begun,
When *Orpheus*, her unhappy lord,
Eurydice to life reſtor'd,
At once beheld, and loſt, and was undone. F. Lewis.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!

No writer can be fully convicted of imitation, except there is a concurrence of more reſemblance than can be imagined to have happened by chance; as where the ſame ideas are conjoined without any natural ſeries or neceſſary coherence, or where not only the thought but the words are copied. Thus it can ſcarcely be doubted, that in the firſt of the following paſſages *Pope* remembered *Ovid*, and that in the ſecond he copied *Craſhaw*.

Sæpe pater dixit, ſtudium quid inutile tentas?
Mæonides nullas ipſe reliquit opes——
Sponte ſuâ carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod conabar ſcribere, verſus erat. Ovid.

Quit, quit this barren trade, my father cry'd;
Ev'n *Homer* left no riches when he dy'd——
In verſe ſpontaneous flow'd my native ſtrain,
Forc'd by no ſweat or labour of the brain. F. LEWIS.

I left no calling for this idle trade;
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd;
While yet a child, ere yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came. POPE.

——This plain floor,
Believe me, reader, can ſay more
Than many a braver marble can,
Here lies a truly honeſt man. CRASHAW.

This modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt man. POPE.

Conceits, or thoughts not immediately impreſſed by ſenſible objects, or neceſſarily ariſing from the coalition or compariſon of common ſentiments, may be with great juſtice ſuſpected whenever they are found a ſecond time. Thus *Waller* probably owed to *Grotius* an elegant compliment.

Here lies the learned *Savil*'s heir,
So early wiſe, and laſting fair,
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old. WALLER.

Unica lux ſæcli, genitoris gloria, nemo
Quem puerum, nemo credidit eſſe ſenem. GROT.

The age's miracle, his father's joy!
Nor old you wou'd pronounce him, nor a boy.
F. LEWIS.

And *Prior* was indebted for a pretty illuſtration to *Alleyne*'s poetical hiſtory of *Henry* the ſeventh.

For

For nought but light itſelf, itſelf can ſhow,
And only kings can write, what kings can do.
ALLEYNE.

Your muſick's power, your muſick muſt diſcloſe,
For what light is, 'tis only light that ſhews. PRIOR.

And with yet more certainty may the ſame writer be cenſured, for endeavouring the clandeſtine appropriation of a thought which he borrowed, ſurely without thinking himſelf diſgraced, from an epigram of *Plato*.

Τῆ Παφίη τὸ κάτοπτρον· ἔπει τοίη μὲν ὁρᾶσθαι
Οὐκ ἐθελω, ὅιη δ' ἦν πάρος, ȣ̓ δυναμαι.

Venus, take my votive glaſs,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I ſhall be,
Venus let me never ſee.

As not every inſtance of ſimilitude can be conſidered as a proof of imitation, ſo not every imitation ought to be ſtigmatized as plagiariſm. The adoption of a noble ſentiment, or the inſertion of a borrowed ornament, may ſometimes diſplay ſo much judgment as will almoſt compenſate for invention; and an inferior genius may, without any imputation of ſervility, purſue the path of the ancients, provided he declines to tread in their footſteps.

NUMB. 144. SATURDAY, *August* 3, 1751.

Daphnidis arcum
Fregisti et calamos: quæ tu, perverse Menalca,
Et cum vidisti puero donata, dolebas;
Et si non aliqua nocuisses, mortuus esses. VIRG.

The bow of *Daphnis* and the shafts you broke;
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And but for mischief, you had dy'd for spite. DRYDEN.

IT is impossible to mingle in conversation without observing the difficulty with which a new name makes its way into the world. The first appearance of excellence unites multitudes against it; unexpected opposition rises up on every side; the celebrated and the obscure join in the confederacy; subtilty furnishes arms to impudence, and invention leads on credulity.

The strength and unanimity of this alliance is not easily conceived. It might be expected that no man should suffer his heart to be inflamed with malice, but by injuries; that none should busy himself in contesting the pretensions of another, but when some right of his own was involved in the question; that at least hostilities commenced without cause, should quickly cease; that the armies of malignity should soon disperse, when no common interest could be found to hold them together; and that the attack upon a rising character should be left

left to thoſe who had ſomething to hope or fear from the event.

The hazards of thoſe that aſpire to eminence, would be much diminiſhed if they had none but acknowledged rivals to encounter. Their enemies would then be few, and what is of yet greater importance, would be known. But what caution is ſufficient to ward off the blows of inviſible aſſailants, or what force can ſtand againſt uninterrupted attacks, and a continual ſucceſſion of enemies? Yet ſuch is the ſtate of the world, that no ſooner can any man emerge from the crowd, and fix the eyes of the publick upon him, than he ſtands as a mark to the arrows of lurking calumny, and receives in the tumult of hoſtility, from diſtant and from nameleſs hands, wounds not always eaſy to be cured.

It is probable that the onſet againſt the candidates for renown, is originally incited by thoſe who imagine themſelves in danger of ſuffering by their ſucceſs; but when war is once declared, volunteers flock to the ſtandard, multitudes follow the camp only for want of employment, and flying ſquadrons are diſperſed to every part, ſo pleaſed with an opportunity of miſchief that they toil without proſpect of praiſe, and pillage without hope of profit.

When any man has endeavoured to deſerve diſtinction, he will be ſurpriſed to hear himſelf cenſured where he could not expect to have been named; he will find the utmoſt acrimony of malice among thoſe whom he never could have offended.

As there are to be found in the service of envy men of every diversity of temper and degree of understanding, calumny is diffused by all arts and methods of propagation. Nothing is too gross or too refined, too cruel or too trifling to be practised; very little regard is had to the rules of honourable hostility, but every weapon is accounted lawful, and those that cannot make a thrust at life are content to keep themselves in play with petty malevolence, to teize with feeble blows and impotent disturbance.

But as the industry of observation has divided the most miscellaneous and confused assemblages into proper classes, and ranged the insects of the summer, that torment us with their drones or stings, by their several tribes; the persecutors of merit, notwithstanding their numbers, may be likewise commodiously distinguished into Roarers, Whisperers, and Moderators.

The Roarer is an enemy rather terrible than dangerous. He has no other qualification for a champion of controversy than a hardened front and strong voice. Having seldom so much desire to confute as to silence, he depends rather upon vociferation than argument, and has very little care to adjust one part of his accusation to another, to preserve decency in his language, or probability in his narratives. He has always a store of reproachful epithets and contemptuous appellations, ready to be produced as occasion may require, which by constant use he pours out with resistless volubility. If the wealth of a trader is mentioned, he without hesitation

ſitation devotes him to bankruptcy; if the beauty and elegance of a lady be commended, he wonders how the town can fall in love with ruſtick deformity; if a new performance of genius happens to be celebrated, he pronounces the writer a hopeleſs idiot, without knowledge of books or life, and without the underſtanding by which it muſt be acquired. His exaggerations are generally without effect upon thoſe whom he compels to hear them; and though it will ſometimes happen that the timorous are awed by his violence, and the credulous miſtake his confidence for knowledge, yet the opinions which he endeavours to ſuppreſs ſoon recover their former ſtrength, as the trees that bend to the tempeſt erect themſelves again when its force is paſt.

The Whiſperer is more dangerous. He eaſily gains attention by a ſoft addreſs, and excites curioſity by an air of importance. As ſecrets are not to be made cheap by promiſcuous publication, he calls a ſelect audience about him, and gratifies their vanity with an appearance of truſt by communicating his intelligence in a low voice. Of the trader he can tell that though he ſeems to manage an extenſive commerce, and talks in high terms of the funds, yet his wealth is not equal to his reputation; he has lately ſuffered much by an expenſive project, and had a greater ſhare than is acknowledged in the rich ſhip that periſhed by the ſtorm. Of the beauty he has little to ſay, but that they who ſee her in a morning do not diſcover all thoſe graces which are admired in the park. Of the writer he affirms with great certainty, that, though the excellence of the work be inconteſtable, he can claim

but

but a ſmall part of the reputation; that he owed moſt of the images and ſentiments to a ſecret friend; and that the accuracy and equality of the ſtyle was produced by the ſucceſſive correction of the chief criticks of the age.

As every one is pleaſed with imagining that he knows ſomething not yet commonly divulged, ſecret hiſtory eaſily gains credit; but it is for the moſt part believed only while it circulates in whiſpers; and when once it is openly told, is openly confuted.

The moſt pernicious enemy is the man of Moderation. Without intereſt in the queſtion, or any motive but honeſt curioſity, this impartial and zealous enquirer after truth is ready to hear either ſide, and always diſpoſed to kind interpretations and favourable opinions. He hath heard the trader's affairs reported with great variation, and after a diligent compariſon of the evidence, concludes it probable that the ſplendid ſuperſtructure of buſineſs being originally built upon a narrow baſis, has lately been found to totter; but between dilatory payment and bankruptcy there is a great diſtance; many merchants have ſupported themſelves by expedients for a time, without any final injury to their creditors; and what is loſt by one adventure may be recovered by another. He believes that a young lady pleaſed with admiration, and deſirous to make perfect what is already excellent, may heighten her charms by artificial improvements, but ſurely moſt of her beauties muſt be genuine, and who can ſay that he is wholly what he endeavours to appear? The author he knows to be a man of diligence, who

perhaps does not ſparkle with the fire of *Homer*, but has the judgment to diſcover his own deficiencies, and to ſupply them by the help of others; and in his opinion modeſty is a quality ſo amiable and rare, that it ought to find a patron wherever it appears, and may juſtly be preferred by the publick ſuffrage to petulant wit and oſtentatious literature.

He who thus diſcovers failings with unwillingneſs, and extenuates the faults which cannot be denied, puts an end at once to doubt or vindication; his hearers repoſe upon his candour and veracity, and admit the charge without allowing the excuſe.

Such are the arts by which the envious, the idle, the peeviſh, and the thoughtleſs, obſtruct that worth which they cannot equal, and by artifices thus eaſy, ſordid, and deteſtable, is induſtry defeated, beauty blaſted, and genius depreſſed.

NUMB. 145. TUESDAY, *August* 6, 1751.

Non si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Ceæque & Alcæi minaces
Stesichorique graves Camœnæ. HOR.

What though the muse her *Homer* thrones
High above all the immortal quire;
Nor *Pindar*'s rapture she disowns,
Nor hides the plaintive *Cæan* lyre:
Alcæus strikes the tyrant's soul with dread,
Nor yet is grave *Stesichorus* unread. FRANCIS.

IT is allowed that vocations and employments of least dignity are of the most apparent use; that the meanest artisan or manufacturer contributes more to the accommodation of life, than the profound scholar and argumentative theorist; and that the publick would suffer less present inconvenience from the banishment of philosophers than from the extinction of any common trade.

Some have been so forcibly struck with this observation, that they have, in the first warmth of their discovery, thought it reasonable to alter the common distribution of dignity, and ventured to condemn mankind of universal ingratitude. For justice exacts, that those by whom we are most benefited should be most honoured. And what labour can be more useful than that which procures to families and communities those necessaries which supply the wants of

nature, or thofe conveniencies by which eafe, fecurity, and elegance are conferred?

This is one of the innumerable theories which the firft attempt to reduce them into practice certainly deftroys. If we eftimate dignity by immediate ufefulnefs, agriculture is undoubtedly the firft and nobleft fcience; yet we fee the plow driven, the clod broken, the manure fpread, the feeds fcattered, and the harveft reaped, by men whom thofe that feed upon their induftry will never be perfuaded to admit into the fame rank with heroes, or with fages; and who, after all the confeffions which truth may extort in favour of their occupation, muft be content to fill up the loweft clafs of the commonwealth, to form the bafe of the pyramid of fubordination, and lie buried in obfcurity themfelves, while they fupport all that is fplendid, confpicuous, or exalted.

It will be found upon a clofer infpection, that this part of the conduct of mankind is by no means contrary to reafon or equity. Remuneratory honours are proportioned at once to the ufefulnefs and difficulty of performances, and are properly adjufted by comparifon of the mental and corporeal abilities, which they appear to employ. That work, however neceffary, which is carried on only by mufcular ftrength and manual dexterity, is not of equal efteem, in the confideration of rational beings, with the tafks that exercife the intellectual powers, and require the active vigour of imagination, or the gradual and laborious inveftigations of reafon.

The merit of all manual occupations feems to terminate in the inventor; and furely the firft ages cannot be charged with ingratitude; fince thofe who

civilized

civilized barbarians, and taught them how to ſecure themſelves from cold and hunger, were numbered amongſt their deities. But theſe arts once diſcovered by philoſophy, and facilitated by experience, are afterwards practiſed with very little aſſiſtance from the faculties of the ſoul; nor is any thing neceſſary to the regular diſcharge of theſe inferior duties, beyond that rude obſervation which the moſt ſluggiſh intellect may practiſe, and that induſtry which the ſtimulations of neceſſity naturally enforce.

Yet though the refuſal of ſtatues and panegyrick to thoſe who employ only their hands and feet in the ſervice of mankind may be eaſily juſtified, I am far from intending to incite the petulance of pride, to juſtify the ſuperciliouſneſs of grandeur, or to intercept any part of that tenderneſs and benevolence which by the privilege of their common nature one man may claim from another.

That it would be neither wiſe nor equitable to diſcourage the huſbandman, the labourer, the miner, or the ſmith, is generally granted; but there is another race of beings equally obſcure and equally indigent, who, becauſe their uſefulneſs is leſs obvious to vulgar apprehenſions, live unrewarded and die unpitied, and who have been long expoſed to inſult without a defender, and to cenſure without an apologiſt.

The authors of *London* were formerly computed by *Swift* at ſeveral thouſands, and there is not any reaſon for ſuſpecting that their number has decreaſed. Of theſe only a very few can be ſaid to produce, or endeavour to produce new ideas, to extend any principle of ſcience, or gratify the imagination with any uncommon train of images or contexture of events; the

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the rest, however laborious, however arrogant, can only be considered as the drudges of the pen, the manufacturers of literature, who have set up for authors, either with or without a regular initiation, and, like other artificers, have no other care than to deliver their tale of wares at the stated time.

It has been formerly imagined, that he who intends the entertainment or instruction of others, must feel in himself some peculiar impulse of genius; that he must watch the happy minute in which his natural fire is excited, in which his mind is elevated with nobler sentiments, enlightened with clearer views, and invigorated with stronger comprehension; that he must carefully select his thoughts and polish his expressions; and animate his efforts with the hope of raising a monument of learning, which neither time nor envy shall be able to destroy.

But the authors whom I am now endeavouring to recommend have been too long *hackneyed in the ways of men* to indulge the chimerical ambition of immortality; they have seldom any claim to the trade of writing, but that they have tried some other without success; they perceive no particular summons to composition, except the sound of the clock; they have no other rule than the law or the fashion for admitting their thoughts or rejecting them; and about the opinion of posterity they have little solicitude, for their productions are seldom intended to remain in the world longer than a week.

That such authors are not to be rewarded with praise is evident, since nothing can be admired when it ceases to exist; but surely though they cannot

aſpire to honour, they may be exempted from ignominy, and adopted in that order of men which deſerves our kindneſs, though not our reverence. Theſe papers of the day, the *Ephemeræ* of learning, have uſes more adequate to the purpoſes of common life than more pompous and durable volumes. If it is neceſſary for every man to be more acquainted with his contemporaries than with paſt generations, and to rather know the events which may immediately affect his fortune or quiet, than the revolutions of ancient kingdoms, in which he has neither poſſeſſions nor expectations; if it be pleaſing to hear of the preferment and diſmiſſion of ſtateſmen, the birth of heirs, and the marriage of beauties, the humble author of journals and gazettes muſt be conſidered as a liberal diſpenſer of beneficial knowledge.

Even the abridger, compiler, and tranſlator, though their labours cannot be ranked with thoſe of the diurnal hiſtoriographer, yet muſt not be raſhly doomed to annihilation. Every ſize of readers requires a genius of correſpondent capacity; ſome delight in abſtracts and epitomes, becauſe they want room in their memory for long details, and content themſelves with effects, without enquiry after cauſes; ſome minds are overpowered by ſplendor of ſentiment, as ſome eyes are offended by a glaring light; ſuch will gladly contemplate an author in an humble imitation, as we look without pain upon the ſun in the water.

As every writer has his uſe, every writer ought to have his patrons; and ſince no man, however high he may now ſtand, can be certain that he ſhall not be ſoon thrown down from his elevation by criticiſm

or

or caprice, the common intereſt of learning requires that her ſons ſhould ceaſe from inteſtine hoſtilities, and inſtead of ſacrificing each other to malice and contempt, endeavour to avert perſecution from the meaneſt of their fraternity.

NUMB. 146. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 10, 1751.

Sunt illic duo, treſve, qui revolvant
Noſtrarum tineas ineptiarum:
Sed cum ſponſio, fabulæque laſſæ
De ſcorpo fuerint et incitato. MART.

'Tis poſſible that one or two
Theſe fooleries of mine may view;
But then the bettings muſt be o'er,
Nor *Crab* or *Childers* talk'd of more. F. LEWIS.

NONE of the projects or deſigns which exerciſe the mind of man are equally ſubject to obſtructions and diſappointments with the purſuit of fame. Riches cannot eaſily be denied to them who have ſomething of greater value to offer in exchange; he whoſe fortune is endangered by litigation, will not refuſe to augment the wealth of the lawyer; he whoſe days are darkened by languor, or whoſe nerves are excruciated by pain, is compelled to pay tribute to the ſcience of healing. But praiſe may be always omitted without inconvenience. When once a man has made celebrity neceſſary to his happineſs, he has put it in the power of the weakeſt and moſt timorous malignity, if not to take away his ſatisfaction,

tion, at leaſt to withhold it. His enemies may indulge their pride by airy negligence, and gratify their malice by quiet neutrality. They that could never have injured a character by invectives, may combine to annihilate it by ſilence; as the women of *Rome* threatened to put an end to conqueſt and dominion, by ſupplying no children to the commonwealth.

When a writer has with long toil produced a work intended to burſt upon mankind with unexpected luſtre, and withdraw the attention of the learned world from every other controverſy or enquiry, he is ſeldom contented to wait long without the enjoyment of his new praiſes. With an imagination full of his own importance, he walks out like a monarch in diſguiſe, to learn the various opinions of his readers. Prepared to feaſt upon admiration; compoſed to encounter cenſures without emotion; and determined not to ſuffer his quiet to be injured by a ſenſibility too exquiſite of praiſe or blame, but to laugh with equal contempt at vain objections and injudicious commendations, he enters the places of mingled converſation, ſits down to his tea in an obſcure corner, and while he appears to examine a file of antiquated journals, catches the converſation of the whole room. He liſtens, but hears no mention of his book, and therefore ſuppoſes that he has diſappointed his curioſity by delay; and that as men of learning would naturally begin their converſation with ſuch a wonderful novelty, they had digreſſed to other ſubjects before his arrival. The company diſperſes, and their places are ſupplied by others equally ignorant, or equally careleſs. The ſame expectation hurries him

to another place, from which the ſame diſappointment drives him ſoon away. His impatience then grows violent and tumultuous; he ranges over the town with reſtleſs curioſity, and hears in one quarter of a cricket-match, in another of a pick-pocket; is told by ſome of an unexpected bankruptcy; by others of a turtle feaſt; is ſometimes provoked by importunate enquiries after the white bear, and ſometimes with praiſes of the dancing dog; he is afterwards entreated to give his judgment upon a wager about the height of the Monument; invited to ſee a foot-race in the adjacent villages; deſired to read a ludicrous advertiſement; or conſulted about the moſt effectual method of making enquiry after a favourite cat. The whole world is buſied in affairs, which he thinks below the notice of reaſonable creatures, and which are nevertheleſs ſufficient to withdraw all regard from his labours and his merits.

He reſolves at laſt to violate his own modeſty, and to recall the talkers from their folly by an enquiry after himſelf. He finds every one provided with an anſwer; one has ſeen the work advertiſed, but never met with any that had read it; another has been ſo often impoſed upon by ſpecious titles, that he never buys a book till its character is eſtabliſhed; a third wonders what any man can hope to produce after ſo many writers of greater eminence; the next has enquired after the author, but can hear no account of him, and therefore ſuſpects the name to be fictitious; and another knows him to be a man condemned by indigence to write too frequently what he does not underſtand.

Many are the consolations with which the unhappy author endeavours to allay his vexation, and fortify his patience. He has written with too little indulgence to the understanding of common readers; he has fallen upon an age in which solid knowledge, and delicate refinement, have given way to low merriment, and idle buffoonery, and therefore no writer can hope for distinction, who has any higher purpose than to raise laughter. He finds that his enemies, such as superiority will always raise, have been industrious, while his performance was in the press, to vilify and blast it; and that the bookseller, whom he had resolved to enrich, has rivals that obstruct the circulation of his copies. He at last reposes upon the consideration, that the noblest works of learning and genius have always made their way slowly against ignorance and prejudice; and that reputation, which is never to be lost, must be gradually obtained, as animals of longest life are observed not soon to attain their full stature and strength.

By such arts of voluntary delusion does every man endeavour to conceal his own unimportance from himself. It is long before we are convinced of the small proportion which every individual bears to the collective body of mankind; or learn how few can be interested in the fortune of any single man; how little vacancy is left in the world for any new object of attention; to how small extent the brightest blaze of merit can be spread amidst the mists of business and of folly; and how soon it is clouded by the intervention of other novelties. Not only the writer of books, but the commander of armies, and the deliverer of nations, will easily outlive all noisy and popular

popular reputation: he may be celebrated for a time by the publick voice, but his actions and his name will ſoon be conſidered as remote and unaffecting, and be rarely mentioned but by thoſe whoſe alliance gives them ſome vanity to gratify by frequent commemoration.

It ſeems not to be ſufficiently conſidered how little renown can be admitted in the world. Mankind are kept perpetually buſy by their fears or deſires, and have not more leiſure from their own affairs, than to acquaint themſelves with the accidents of the current day. Engaged in contriving ſome refuge from calamity, or in ſhortening the way to ſome new poſſeſſion, they ſeldom ſuffer their thoughts to wander to the paſt or future; none but a few ſolitary ſtudents have leiſure to enquire into the claims of ancient heroes or ſages; and names which hoped to range over kingdoms and continents ſhrink at laſt into cloiſters or colleges.

Nor is it certain, that even of theſe dark and narrow habitations, theſe laſt retreats of fame, the poſſeſſion will be long kept. Of men devoted to literature very few extend their views beyond ſome particular ſcience, and the greater part ſeldom enquire, even in their own profeſſion, for any authors but thoſe whom the preſent mode of ſtudy happens to force upon their notice; they deſire not to fill their minds with unfaſhionable knowledge, but contentedly reſign to oblivion thoſe books which they now find cenſured or neglected.

The hope of fame is neceſſarily connected with ſuch conſiderations as muſt abate the ardor of confidence, and repreſs the vigour of purſuit. Who-

ever claims renown from any kind of excellence, expects to fill the place which is now poſſeſſed by another; for there are already names of every claſs ſufficient to employ all that will deſire to remember them; and ſurely he that is puſhing his predeceſſors into the gulph of obſcurity, cannot but ſometimes ſuſpect, that he muſt himſelf ſink in like manner, and as he ſtands upon the ſame precipice, be ſwept away with the ſame violence.

It ſometimes happens, that fame begins when life is at an end; but far the greater number of candidates for applauſe have owed their reception in the world to ſome favourable caſualties, and have therefore immediately ſunk into neglect, when death ſtripped them of their caſual influence, and neither fortune nor patronage operated in their favour. Among thoſe who have better claims to regard, the honour paid to their memory is commonly proportionate to the reputation which they enjoyed in their lives, though ſtill growing fainter, as it is at a greater diſtance from the firſt emiſſion; and ſince it is ſo difficult to obtain the notice of contemporaries, how little is it to be hoped from future times? What can merit effect by its own force, when the help of art or friendſhip can ſcarcely ſupport it?

Numb. 147. Tuesday, *August* 13, 1751.

Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ. Hor.

——You are of too quick a ſight,
Not to diſcern which way your talent lies. Roscommon.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS little things grow great by continual accumulation, I hope you will not think the dignity of your character impaired by an account of a ludicrous perſecution, which, though it produces no ſcenes of horror or of ruin, yet, by inceſſant importunity of vexation, wears away my happineſs, and conſumes thoſe years which nature ſeems particularly to have aſſigned to cheerfulneſs, in ſilent anxiety and helpleſs reſentment.

I am the eldeſt ſon of a gentleman, who having inherited a large eſtate from his anceſtors, and feeling no deſire either to increaſe or leſſen it, has from the time of his marriage generally reſided at his own ſeat; where, by dividing his time among the duties of a father, a maſter, and a magiſtrate, the ſtudy of literature, and the offices of civility, he finds means to rid himſelf of the day, without any of thoſe amuſements, which all thoſe with whom my reſidence in this place has made me acquainted, think neceſſary to lighten the burthen of exiſtence.

When my age made me capable of inſtruction, my father prevailed upon a gentleman, long known at *Oxford* for the extent of his learning and purity of his manners, to undertake my education. The regard with which I ſaw him treated diſpoſed me to conſider his inſtructions as important, and I therefore ſoon formed a habit of attention, by which I made very quick advances in different kinds of learning, and heard, perhaps too often, very flattering compariſons of my own proficiency with that of others, either leſs docile by nature, or leſs happily forwarded by inſtruction. I was careſſed by all that exchanged viſits with my father; and as young men are with little difficulty taught to judge favourably of themſelves, began to think that cloſe application was no longer neceſſary, and that the time was now come when I was at liberty to read only for amuſement, and was to receive the reward of my fatigues in praiſe and admiration.

While I was thus banqueting upon my own perfections, and longing in ſecret to eſcape from tutorage, my father's brother came from *London* to paſs a ſummer at his native place. A lucrative employment which he poſſeſſed, and a fondneſs for the converſation and diverſions of the gay part of mankind, had ſo long kept him from rural excurſions, that I had never ſeen him ſince my infancy. My curioſity was therefore ſtrongly excited by the hope of obſerving a character more nearly, which I had hitherto reverenced only at a diſtance.

From all private and intimate converſation I was long withheld by the perpetual confluence of viſitants, with whom the firſt news of my uncle's

arrival

arrival crowded the houſe; but was amply recompenſed by ſeeing an exact and punctilious practice of the arts of a courtier, in all the ſtratagems of endearment, the gradations of reſpect, and variations of courteſy. I remarked with what juſtice of diſtribution he divided his talk to a wide circle; with what addreſs he offered to every man an occaſion of indulging ſome favourite topick, or diſplaying ſome particular attainment; the judgment with which he regulated his enquiries after the abſent; and the care with which he ſhewed all the companions of his early years how ſtrongly they were infixed in his memory, by the mention of paſt incidents, and the recital of puerile kindneſſes, dangers, and frolicks. I ſoon diſcovered that he poſſeſſed ſome ſcience of graciouſneſs and attraction which books had not taught, and of which neither I nor my father had any knowledge; that he had the power of obliging thoſe whom he did not benefit; that he diffuſed, upon his curſory behaviour and moſt trifling actions, a gloſs of ſoftneſs and delicacy by which every one was dazzled; and that by ſome occult method of captivation, he animated the timorous, ſoftened the ſupercilious, and opened the reſerved. I could not but repine at the inelegance of my own manners which left me no hopes but not to offend, and at the inefficacy of ruſtick benevolence which gained no friends but by real ſervice.

My uncle ſaw the veneration with which I caught every accent of his voice, and watched every motion of his hand; and the awkward diligence with which I endeavoured to imitate his embrace of fondneſs, and his bow of reſpect. He was, like others, eaſily flattered

flattered by an imitator by whom he could not fear ever to be rivalled, and repaid my aſſiduities with compliments and profeſſions. Our fondneſs was ſo increaſed by a mutual endeavour to pleaſe each other, that when he returned to *London*, he declared himſelf unable to leave a nephew ſo amiable and ſo accompliſhed behind him; and obtained my father's permiſſion to enjoy my company for a few months, by a promiſe to initiate me in the arts of politeneſs, and introduce me into publick life.

The courtier had little inclination to fatigue, and therefore, by travelling very ſlowly, afforded me time for more looſe and familiar converſation; but I ſoon found, that by a few enquiries which he was not well prepared to ſatisfy, I had made him weary of his young companion. His element was a mixed aſſembly, where ceremony and healths, compliments and common topicks, kept the tongue employed with very little aſſiſtance from memory or reflexion; but in the chariot, where he was neceſſitated to ſupport a regular tenour of converſation, without any relief from a new comer, or any power of ſtarting into gay digreſſions, or deſtroying argument by a jeſt, he ſoon diſcovered that poverty of ideas which had been hitherto concealed under the tinſel of politeneſs. The firſt day he entertained me with the novelties and wonders with which I ſhould be aſtoniſhed at my entrance into *London*, and cautioned me with apparent admiration of his own wiſdom againſt the arts by which ruſticity is frequently deluded. The ſame detail and the ſame advice he would have repeated on the ſecond day; but as I every moment diverted the diſcourſe to the hiſtory of the towns by which we

paſſed,

paſſed, or ſome other ſubject of learning or of reaſon, he ſoon loſt his vivacity, grew peeviſh and ſilent, wrapped his cloke about him, compoſed himſelf to ſlumber, and reſerved his gaiety for fitter auditors.

At length I entered *London*, and my uncle was reinſtated in his ſuperiority. He awaked at once to loquacity as ſoon as our wheels rattled on the pavement, and told me the name of every ſtreet as we croſſed it, and owner of every houſe as we paſſed by. He preſented me to my aunt, a lady of great eminence for the number of her acquaintances, and ſplendor of her aſſemblies, and either in kindneſs or revenge conſulted with her, in my preſence, how I might be moſt advantageouſly dreſſed for my firſt appearance, and moſt expeditiouſly diſencumbered from my villatick baſhfulneſs. My indignation at familiarity thus contemptuous fluſhed in my face; they miſtook anger for ſhame, and alternately exerted their eloquence upon the benefits of publick education, and the happineſs of an aſſurance early acquired.

Aſſurance is indeed the only qualification to which they ſeem to have annexed merit, and aſſurance therefore is perpetually recommended to me as the ſupply of every defect, and the ornament of every excellence. I never ſit ſilent in company when ſecret hiſtory is circulating, but I am reproached for want of aſſurance. If I fail to return the ſtated anſwer to a compliment; if I am diſconcerted by unexpected raillery; if I bluſh when I am diſcovered gazing on a beauty, or heſitate when I find myſelf embarraſſed in an argument; if I am unwilling to talk of what I do not underſtand, or timorous in un-

dertaking

dertaking offices which I cannot gracefully perform; if I ſuffer a more lively tatler to recount the caſualties of a game, or a nimbler fop to pick up a fan, I am cenſured between pity and contempt, as a wretch doomed to grovel in obſcurity for want of aſſurance.

I have found many young perſons haraſſed in the ſame manner, by thoſe to whom age has given nothing but the aſſurance which they recommend; and therefore cannot but think it uſeful to inform them, that cowardice and delicacy are not to be confounded; and that he whoſe ſtupidity has armed him againſt the ſhafts of ridicule, will always act and ſpeak with greater audacity, than they whoſe ſenſibility repreſſes their ardor, and who dare never let their confidence outgrow their abilities.

Numb. 148. Saturday, *August* 17, 1751.

Me pater sævis oneret catenis
Quod viro clemens misero peperci,
Me vel extremis Numidarum in oris
Classe releget. Hor.

Me let my father load with chains,
Or banish to *Numidia*'s farthest plains!
My crime, that I a loyal wife,
In kind compassion spar'd my husband's life. Francis.

POLITICIANS remark, that no oppression is so heavy or lasting as that which is inflicted by the perversion and exorbitance of legal authority. The robber may be seized, and the invader repelled, whenever they are found; they who pretend no right but that of force, may by force be punished or suppressed. But when plunder bears the name of impost, and murder is perpetrated by a judicial sentence, fortitude is intimidated, and wisdom confounded; resistance shrinks from an alliance with rebellion, and the villain remains secure in the robes of the magistrate.

Equally dangerous and equally detestable are the cruelties often exercised in private families, under the venerable sanction of parental authority; the power which we are taught to honour from the first moments of reason; which is guarded from insult and violation by all that can impress awe upon the mind of man; and which therefore may wanton in cruelty without controul, and trample the bounds of right

right with innumerable tranſgreſſions, before duty and piety will dare to ſeek redreſs, or think themſelves at liberty to recur to any other means of deliverance than ſupplications by which inſolence is elated, and tears by which cruelty is gratified.

It was for a long time imagined by the *Romans*, that no ſon could be the murderer of his father; and they had therefore no puniſhment appropriated to parricide. They ſeem likewiſe to have believed with equal confidence, that no father could be cruel to his child; and therefore they allowed every man the ſupreme judicature in his own houſe, and put the lives of his offspring into his hands. But experience informed them by degrees, that they determined too haſtily in favour of human nature; they found that inſtinct and habit were not able to contend with avarice or malice; that the neareſt relation might be violated; and that power, to whomſoever intruſted, might be ill employed. They were therefore obliged to ſupply and to change their inſtitutions; to deter the parricide by a new law, and to transfer capital puniſhments from the parent to the magiſtrate.

There are indeed many houſes which it is impoſſible to enter familiarly, without diſcovering that parents are by no means exempt from the intoxications of dominion; and that he who is in no danger of hearing remonſtrances but from his own conſcience, will ſeldom be long without the art of controlling his convictions, and modifying juſtice by his own will.

If in any ſituation the heart were inacceſſible to malignity, it might be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently ſecured by parental relation. To have voluntarily become to any being the occaſion of its exiſtence,

produces

produces an obligation to make that exiſtence happy. To ſee helpleſs infancy ſtretching out her hands, and pouring out her cries in teſtimony of dependence, without any powers to alarm jealouſy, or any guilt to alienate affection, muſt ſurely awaken tenderneſs in every human mind; and tenderneſs once excited will be hourly increaſed by the natural contagion of felicity, by the repercuſſion of communicated pleaſure, by the conſciouſneſs of the dignity of benefaction. I believe no generous or benevolent man can ſee the vileſt animal courting his regard, and ſhrinking at his anger, playing his gambols of delight before him, calling on him in diſtreſs, and flying to him in danger, without more kindneſs than he can perſuade himſelf to feel for the wild and unſocial inhabitants of the air and water. We naturally endear to ourſelves thoſe to whom we impart any kind of pleaſure, becauſe we imagine their affection and eſteem ſecured to us by the benefits which they receive.

There is indeed another method by which the pride of ſuperiority may be likewiſe gratified. He that has extinguiſhed all the ſenſations of humanity, and has no longer any ſatisfaction in the reflection that he is loved as the diſtributor of happineſs, may pleaſe himſelf with exciting terror as the inflictor of pain: he may delight his ſolitude with contemplating the extent of his power and the force of his commands, in imagining the deſires that flutter on the tongue which is forbidden to utter them, or the diſcontent which preys on the heart in which fear confines it: he may amuſe himſelf with new contrivances of detection, multiplications of prohibition, and varieties of puniſhment; and ſwell with exulta-

tion when he confiders how little of the homage that he receives he owes to choice.

That princes of this character have been known, the hiftory of all abfolute kingdoms will inform us; and fince, as *Ariftotle* obferves, ἡ οἰκονομικὴ μοναρχία, *the government of a family is naturally monarchical,* it is like other monarchies too often arbitrarily adminiftered. The regal and parental tyrant differ only in the extent of their dominions, and the number of their flaves. The fame paffions caufe the fame miferies; except that feldom any prince, however defpotick, has fo far fhaken off all awe of the publick eye, as to venture upon thofe freaks of injuftice, which are fometimes indulged under the fecrecy of a private dwelling. Capricious injunctions, partial decifions, unequal allotments, diftributions of reward not by merit but by fancy, and punifhments regulated not by the degree of the offence, but by the humour of the judge, are too frequent where no power is known but that of a father.

That he delights in the mifery of others no man will confefs, and yet what other motive can make a father cruel? The king may be inftigated by one man to the deftruction of another; he may fometimes think himfelf endangered by the virtues of a fubject; he may dread the fuccefsful general or the popular orator; his avarice may point out golden confifcations; and his guilt may whifper that he can only be fecure by cutting off all power of revenge.

But what can a parent hope from the oppreffion of thofe who were born to his protection, of thofe who can difturb him with no competition, who can enrich him with no fpoils? Why cowards are cruel may

may be eaſily diſcovered; but for what reaſon, not more infamous than cowardice, can that man delight in oppreſſion who has nothing to fear?

The unjuſtifiable ſeverity of a parent is loaded with this aggravation, that thoſe whom he injures are always in his ſight. The injuſtice of a prince is often exerciſed upon thoſe of whom he never had any perſonal or particular knowledge; and the ſentence which he pronounces, whether of baniſhment, impriſonment, or death, removes from his view the man whom he condemns. But the domeſtick oppreſſor dooms himſelf to gaze upon thoſe faces which he clouds with terror and with ſorrow; and beholds every moment the effects of his own barbarities. He that can bear to give continual pain to thoſe who ſurround him, and can walk with ſatisfaction in the gloom of his own preſence; he that can ſee ſubmiſſive miſery without relenting, and meet without emotion the eye that implores mercy, or demands juſtice, will ſcarcely be amended by remonſtrance or admonition; he has found means of ſtopping the avenues of tenderneſs, and arming his heart againſt the force of reaſon.

Even though no conſideration ſhould be paid to the great law of ſocial beings, by which every individual is commanded to conſult the happineſs of others, yet the harſh parent is leſs to be vindicated than any other criminal, becauſe he leſs provides for the happineſs of himſelf. Every man, however little he loves others, would willingly be loved; every man hopes to live long, and therefore hopes for that time at which he ſhall ſink back to imbecility, and muſt depend for eaſe and cheerfulneſs upon the offi-

cioufnefs of others. But how has he obviated the inconveniences of old age, who alienates from him the affiftance of his children, and whofe bed muft be furrounded in his laft hours, in the hours of languor and dejection, of impatience and of pain, by ftrangers to whom his life is indifferent, or by enemies to whom his death is defirable?

Piety will indeed in good minds overcome provocation, and thofe who have been haraffed by brutality will forget the injuries which they have suffered, fo far as to perform the laft duties with alacrity and zeal. But furely no refentment can be equally painful with kindnefs thus undeferved, nor can feverer punifhment be imprecated upon a man not wholly loft in meannefs and ftupidity, than, through the tedioufnefs of decrepitude, to be reproached by the kindnefs of his own children, to receive not the tribute but the alms of attendance, and to owe every relief of his miferies, not to gratitude but to mercy.

THE TAGORE ... MAHARAJA ...

NUMB. 149. TUESDAY, *August* 20, 1751.

Quod non ſit Pylades hoc tempore, non ſit Oreſtes
Miraris? Pylades, Marce, bibebat idem.
Nec melior panis, turduſve dabatur Oreſti:
Sed par, atque eadem cœna duobus erat.——
Te Cadmæa Tyros, me pinguis Gallia veſtit:
Vis te purpureum, Marce, ſagatus amem?
Ut præſtem Pyladen, aliquis mihi præſtet Oreſtem;
Hoc non ſit verbis: Marce, ut ameris, ama.

You wonder now that no man ſees
Such friends as thoſe of ancient *Greece.*
Here lay the point——*Oreſtes'* meat
Was juſt the ſame his friend did eat;
Nor can it yet be found, his wine
Was better, *Pylades,* than thine.
In home-ſpun ruſſet I am dreſt,
Your cloth is always of the beſt;
But, honeſt *Marcus,* if you pleaſe
To chuſe me for your *Pylades,*
Remember, words alone are vain;
Love——if you wou'd be lov'd again. F. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

NO depravity of the mind has been more frequently or juſtly cenſured than ingratitude. There is indeed ſufficient reaſon for looking on thoſe that can return evil for good, and repay kindneſs and aſſiſtance with hatred or neglect, as corrupted beyond the common degrees of wickedneſs; nor will he, who has once been clearly detected in acts

of injury to his benefactor, deserve to be numbered among social beings; he has endeavoured to destroy confidence, to intercept sympathy, and to turn every man's attention wholly on himself.

There is always danger lest the honest abhorrence of a crime should raise the passions with too much violence against the man to whom it is imputed. In proportion as guilt is more enormous, it ought to be ascertained by stronger evidence. The charge against ingratitude is very general; almost every man can tell what favours he has conferred upon insensibility, and how much happiness he has bestowed without return; but perhaps, if these patrons and protectors were confronted with any whom they boast of having befriended, it would often appear that they consulted only their pleasure or vanity, and repaid themselves their petty donatives by gratifications of insolence and indulgence of contempt.

It has happened that much of my time has been passed in a dependent state, and consequently I have received many favours in the opinion of those at whose expence I have been maintained; yet I do not feel in my heart any burning gratitude or tumultuous affection; and, as I would not willingly suppose myself less susceptible of virtuous passions than the rest of mankind, I shall lay the history of my life before you, that you may, by your judgment of my conduct, either reform or confirm my present sentiments.

My father was the second son of a very ancient and wealthy family. He married a lady of equal birth, whose fortune, joined to his own, might have supported his posterity in honour; but being gay and ambitious, he prevailed on his friends to procure him

a post,

a post, which gave him an opportunity of displaying his elegance and politeness. My mother was equally pleased with splendor, and equally careless of expence; they both justified their profusion to themselves, by endeavouring to believe it necessary to the extension of their acquaintance, and improvement of their interest; and whenever any place became vacant, they expected to be repaid. In the midst of these hopes my father was snatched away by an apoplexy; and my mother, who had no pleasure but in dress, equipage, assemblies, and compliments, finding that she could live no longer in her accustomed rank, sunk into dejection, and in two years wore out her life with envy and discontent.

I was sent with a sister, one year younger than myself, to the elder brother of my father. We were not yet capable of observing how much fortune influences affection, but flattered ourselves on the road with the tenderness and regard with which we should be treated by our uncle. Our reception was rather frigid than malignant; we were introduced to our young cousins, and for the first month more frequently consoled than upbraided; but in a short time we found our prattle repressed, our dress neglected, our endearments unregarded, and our requests referred to the housekeeper.

The forms of decency were now violated, and every day produced new insults. We were soon brought to the necessity of receding from our imagined equality with our cousins, to whom we sunk into humble companions without choice or influence, expected only to echo their opinions, facilitate their desires, and accompany their rambles. It was unfortunate

that our early introduction into polite company, and habitual knowledge of the arts of civility, had given us such an appearance of superiority to the awkward bashfulness of our relations, as naturally drew respect and preference from every stranger; and my aunt was forced to assert the dignity of her own children while they were sculking in corners for fear of notice, and hanging down their heads in silent confusion, by relating the indiscretion of our father, displaying her own kindness, lamenting the misery of birth without estate, and declaring her anxiety for our future provision, and the expedients which she had formed to secure us from those follies or crimes, to which the conjunction of pride and want often gives occasion. In a short time care was taken to prevent such vexatious mistakes; we were told, that fine clothes would only fill our heads with false expectations, and our dress was therefore accommodated to our fortune.

Childhood is not easily dejected or mortified. We felt no lasting pain from insolence or neglect; but finding that we were favoured and commended by all whose interest did not prompt them to discountenance us, preserved our vivacity and spirit to years of greater sensibility. It then became irksome and disgusting to live without any principle of action but the will of another, and we often met privately in the garden to lament our condition, and to ease our hearts with mutual narratives of caprice, peevishness, and affront.

There are innumerable modes of insult and tokens of contempt, for which it is not easy to find a name, which vanish to nothing in an attempt to describe

them,

them, and yet may, by continual repetition, make day paſs after day in ſorrow and in terror. Phraſes of curſory compliment and eſtabliſhed ſalutation may, by a different modulation of the voice, or caſt of the countenance, convey contrary meanings, and be changed from indications of reſpect to expreſſions of ſcorn. The dependant who cultivates delicacy in himſelf very little conſults his own tranquillity. My unhappy vigilance is every moment diſcovering ſome petulance of accent, or arrogance of mien, ſome vehemence of interrogation, or quickneſs of reply, that recalls my poverty to my mind, and which I feel more acutely as I know not how to reſent it.

You are not however to imagine, that I think myſelf diſcharged from the duties of gratitude, only becauſe my relations do not adjuſt their looks, or tune their voices to my expectation. The inſolence of benefaction terminates not in negative rudeneſs or obliquities of inſult. I am often told in expreſs terms of the miſeries from which charity has ſnatched me, while multitudes are ſuffered by relations equally near to devolve upon the pariſh; and have more than once heard it numbered among other favours, that I am admitted to the ſame table with my couſins.

That I ſit at the firſt table I muſt acknowledge, but I ſit there only that I may feel the ſtings of inferiority. My enquiries are neglected, my opinion is overborn, my aſſertions are controverted; and as inſolence always propagates itſelf, the ſervants overlook me, in imitation of their maſter; if I call modeſtly, I am not heard; if loudly, my uſurpation of authority is checked by a general frown. I am often obliged to look uninvited upon delicacies, and ſometimes deſired to riſe upon very ſlight pretences.

The incivilities to which I am expoſed would give me leſs pain, were they not aggravated by the tears of my ſiſter, whom the young ladies are hourly tormenting with every art of feminine perſecution. As it is ſaid of the ſupreme magiſtrate of *Venice*, that he is a prince in one place and a ſlave in another, my ſiſter is a ſervant to her couſins in their apartments, and a companion only at the table. Her wit and beauty draw ſo much regard away from them, that they never ſuffer her to appear with them in any place where they ſolicit notice, or expect admiration; and when they are viſited by neighbouring ladies, and paſs their hours in domeſtick amuſements, ſhe is ſometimes called to fill a vacancy, inſulted with contemptuous freedoms, and diſmiſſed to her needle when her place is ſupplied. The heir has of late, by the inſtigation of his ſiſters, begun to haraſs her with clowniſh jocularity; he ſeems inclined to make his firſt rude eſſays of waggery upon her; and by the connivance, if not encouragement of his father, treats her with ſuch licentious brutality, as I cannot bear, though I cannot puniſh it.

I beg to be informed, Mr. Rambler, how much we can be ſuppoſed to owe to beneficence, exerted on terms like theſe? to beneficence which pollutes its gifts with contumely, and may be truly ſaid to pander to pride? I would willingly be told, whether inſolence does not reward its own liberalities, and whether he that exacts ſervility can with juſtice at the ſame time expect affection?

I am, SIR, &c.

HYPERDULUS.

Numb. 150. Saturday, *August* 24, 1751.

O munera nondum
Intellecta Deûm! Lucan.

——Thou chiefest good!
Bestow'd by Heav'n, but seldom understood. Rowe.

As daily experience makes it evident that misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor escaped by flight; neither awed by greatness, nor eluded by obscurity; philosophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to mend, by persuading us that most of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverseness, and that nature has annexed to every vicissitude of external circumstances, some advantage sufficient to overbalance all its inconveniences.

This attempt may perhaps be justly suspected of resemblance to the practice of physicians, who, when they cannot mitigate pain, destroy sensibility, and endeavour to conceal by opiates the inefficacy of their other medicines. The panegyrists of calamity have more frequently gained applause to their wit, than acquiescence to their arguments; nor has it appeared that the most musical oratory or subtle ratiocination has been able long to overpower the anguish of oppression, the tediousness of languor, or the longings of want.

Yet it may be generally remarked, that where much has been attempted, ſomething has been performed; though the diſcoveries or acquiſitions of man are not always adequate to the expectations of his pride, they are at leaſt ſufficient to animate his induſtry. The antidotes with which philoſophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it ſalubrity and ſweetneſs, have at leaſt allayed its bitterneſs, and contempered its malignity; the balm which ſhe drops upon the wounds of the mind abates their pain, though it cannot heal them.

By ſuffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we ſecure ourſelves from vain and immoderate diſquiet; we preſerve for better purpoſes that ſtrength which would be unprofitably waſted in wild efforts of deſperation, and maintain that circumſpection which may enable us to ſeize every ſupport, and improve every alleviation. This calmneſs will be more eaſily obtained, as the attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingled unabated evil, and diverted to thoſe accidental benefits which prudence may confer on every ſtate.

Seneca has attempted not only to pacify us in miſfortune, but almoſt to allure us to it, by repreſenting it as neceſſary to the pleaſures of the mind. *He that never was acquainted with adverſity*, ſays he, *has ſeen the world but on one ſide, and is ignorant of half the ſcenes of nature.* He invites his pupil to calamity, as the Syrens allured the paſſenger to their coaſts, by promiſing that he ſhall return πλέιονα εἰδὼς, with increaſe of knowledge, with enlarged views, and multiplied ideas.

Curioſity

Curiosity is, in great and generous minds, the first passion and the last; and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative faculties. He who easily comprehends all that is before him, and soon exhausts any single subject, is always eager for new enquiries; and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider prospect, it must be gratified with variety by more rapid flights, and bolder excursions; nor perhaps can there be proposed to those who have been accustomed to the pleasures of thought, a more powerful incitement to any undertaking, than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reason.

When *Jason*, in *Valerius Flaccus*, would incline the young prince *Acastus* to accompany him in the first essay of navigation, he disperses his apprehensions of danger by representations of the new tracts of earth and heaven which the expedition would spread before their eyes; and tells him with what grief he will hear, at their return, of the countries which they shall have seen, and the toils which they have surmounted.

O quantum terræ, quantum cognoscere cœli,
Permissum est! pelagus quantos aperimus in usus!
Nunc forsan grave reris opus: sed læta recurret
Cum ratis, & caram cum jam mihi reddet Iolcon;
Quis pudor heu nostros tibi tunc audire labores!
Quam referam visas tua per suspiria gentes!

Led by our stars, what tracts immense we trace!
From seas remote, what funds of science raise!
A pain to thought! but when th' heroick band
Returns applauded to their native land,
A life domestick you will then deplore,
And sigh, while I describe the various shore. EDW. CAVE.

Acastus

Acastus was soon prevailed upon by his curiosity to set rocks and hardships at defiance, and commit his life to the winds; and the same motives have in all ages had the same effect upon those whom the desire of fame or wisdom has distinguished from the lower orders of mankind.

If therefore it can be proved that distress is necessary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy situation hides from us so large a part of the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the sight of affluence and splendor will be much diminished; for such is the delight of mental superiority, that none on whom nature or study have conferred it, would purchase the gifts of fortune by its loss.

It is certain, that however the rhetorick of *Seneca* may have dressed adversity with extrinsick ornaments, he has justly represented it as affording some opportunities of observation, which cannot be found in continual success; he has truly asserted, that to escape misfortune is to want instruction, and that to live at ease is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happiness without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is necessary to a just sense of better fortune; for the good of our present state is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be sufficient to disturb and harass him, if he does not know how much he escapes. The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the shades. The highest pleasure which nature has indulged to sensitive perception, is that of rest after fatigue; yet

yet that ſtate which labour heightens into delight, is of itſelf only eaſe, and is incapable of ſatisfying the mind without the ſuperaddition of diverſified amuſements.

Proſperity, as is truly aſſerted by *Seneca*, very much obſtructs the knowledge of ourſelves. No man can form a juſt eſtimate of his own powers by unactive ſpeculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has ſurmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at beſt be conſidered but as gold not yet brought to the teſt, of which therefore the true value cannot be aſſigned. *He that traverſes the liſts without an adverſary, may receive*, ſays the philoſopher, *the reward of victory, but he has no pretenſions to the honour.* If it be the higheſt happineſs of man to contemplate himſelf with ſatisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own conſcience, he whoſe courage has made way amidſt the turbulence of oppoſition, and whoſe vigour has broken through the ſnares of diſtreſs, has many advantages over thoſe that have ſlept in the ſhades of indolence, and whoſe retroſpect of time can entertain them with nothing but day riſing upon day, and year gliding after year.

Equally neceſſary is ſome variety of fortune to a nearer inſpection of the manners, principles, and affections of mankind. Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their ſubjects, find it neceſſary to ſteal away from guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have the power

of

of doing good or harm, nothing is ſhown in its natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reaſonings determined by his opinions; whatever can alarm ſuſpicion, or excite reſentment, is carefully ſuppreſſed, and nothing appears but uniformity of ſentiments and ardor of affection. It may be obſerved that the unvaried complaiſance which ladies have the right of exacting, keeps them generally unſkilled in human nature; proſperity will always enjoy the female prerogatives, and therefore muſt be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is ſcarcely to be heard, but by thoſe from whom it can ſerve no intereſt to conceal it.

THE TAYLOR

NUMB. 151. TUESDAY, *August* 27, 1751.

Ἀμφὶ δ' ἀνθρώ-
πων φρεσὶν ἀμπλακίαι
ἀναρίθμητοι κρέμανται
τοῦτο δ' ἀμήχανον εὑρεῖν
Ὅτι νῦν, καὶ ἐν τελευ-
τᾷ φέρτατον ἀνδρὶ τυχεῖν. PIND.

But wrapt in error is the human mind,
  And human bliſs is ever inſecure:
Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
  Know we how long the preſent ſhall endure? WEST.

THE writers of medicine and phyſiology have traced, with great appearance of accuracy, the effects of time upon the human body, by marking the various periods of the conſtitution, and the ſeveral ſtages by which animal life makes its progreſs from infancy to decrepitude. Though their obſervations have not enabled them to diſcover how manhood may be accelerated, or old age retarded, yet ſurely, if they be conſidered only as the amuſements of curioſity, they are of equal importance with conjectures on things more remote, with catalogues of the fixed ſtars, and calculations of the bulk of planets.

It had been a taſk worthy of the moral philoſophers to have conſidered with equal care the climactericks of the mind; to have pointed out the time at which every paſſion begins and ceaſes to predominate, and noted the regular variations of deſire, and the ſucceſſion of one appetite to another.

The periods of mental change are not to be ſtated with equal certainty: our bodies grow up under the care of nature, and depend ſo little on our own management, that ſomething more than negligence is neceſſary to diſcompoſe their ſtructure, or impede their vigour. But our minds are committed in a great meaſure firſt to the direction of others, and afterwards of ourſelves. It would be difficult to protract the weakneſs of infancy beyond the uſual time, but the mind may be very eaſily hindered from its ſhare of improvement, and the bulk and ſtrength of manhood muſt, without the aſſiſtance of education and inſtruction, be informed only with the underſtanding of a child.

Yet amidſt all the diſorder and inequality which variety of diſcipline, example, converſation, and employment produce in the intellectual advances of different men, there is ſtill diſcovered by a vigilant ſpectator, ſuch a general and remote ſimilitude, as may be expected in the ſame common nature affected by external circumſtances indefinitely varied. We all enter the world in equal ignorance, gaze round about us on the ſame objects, and have our firſt pains and pleaſures, our firſt hopes and fears, our firſt averſions and deſires, from the ſame cauſes; and though, as we proceed farther, life opens wider proſpects to our view, and accidental impulſes determine us to different paths, yet as every mind, however vigorous or abſtracted, is neceſſitated, in its preſent ſtate of union, to receive its informations, and execute its purpoſes, by the intervention of the body, the uniformity of our corporeal nature communicates itſelf to our intellectual operations; and

thoſe

thoſe whoſe abilities or knowledge incline them moſt to deviate from the general round of life, are recalled from excentricity by the laws of their exiſtence.

If we conſider the exerciſes of the mind, it will be found that in each part of life ſome particular faculty is more eminently employed. When the treaſures of knowledge are firſt opened before us, while novelty blooms alike on either hand, and every thing equally unknown and unexamined ſeems of equal value, the power of the ſoul is principally exerted in a vivacious and deſultory curioſity. She applies by turns to every object, enjoys it for a ſhort time, and flies with equal ardour to another. She delights to catch up looſe and unconnected ideas, but ſtarts away from ſyſtems and complications which would obſtruct the rapidity of her tranſitions, and detain her long in the ſame purſuit.

When a number of diſtinct images are collected by theſe erratick and haſty ſurveys, the fancy is buſied in arranging them; and combines them into pleaſing pictures with more reſemblance to the realities of life as experience advances, and new obſervations rectify the former. While the judgment is yet uninformed and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters: But in proportion as we have more opportunities of acquainting ourſelves with living nature, we are ſooner diſguſted with copies in which there appears no reſemblance. We firſt diſcard abſurdity and impoſſibility, then exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at laſt become

cold and insensible to the charms of falsehood, however specious, and from the imitations of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affection to truth itself.

Now commences the reign of judgment or reason; we begin to find little pleasure but in comparing arguments, stating propositions, disentangling perplexities, clearing ambiguities, and deducing consequences. The painted vales of imagination are deserted, and our intellectual activity is exercised in winding through the labyrinths of fallacy, and toiling with firm and cautious steps up the narrow tracks of demonstration. Whatever may lull vigilance, or mislead attention, is contemptuously rejected, and every disguise in which error may be concealed, is carefully observed, till by degrees a certain number of incontestable or unsuspected propositions are established, and at last concatenated into arguments, or compacted into systems.

At length weariness succeeds to labour, and the mind lies at ease in the contemplation of her own attainments, without any desire of new conquests or excursions. This is the age of recollection and narrative; the opinions are settled, and the avenues of apprehension shut against any new intelligence; the days that are to follow must pass in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and assertion of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward so odious as opposition, so insolent as doubt, or so dangerous as novelty.

In like manner the passions usurp the separate command of the successive periods of life. To the happiness of our first years nothing more seems ne-

ceſſary than freedom from reſtraint: Every man may remember that if he was left to himſelf, and indulged in the diſpoſal of his own time, he was once content without the ſuperaddition of any actual pleaſure. The new world is itſelf a banquet; and till we have exhauſted the freſhneſs of life, we have always about us ſufficient gratifications: the ſunſhine quickens us to play, and the ſhade invites us to ſleep.

But we ſoon become unſatisfied with negative felicity, and are ſolicited by our ſenſes and appetites to more powerful delights, as the taſte of him who has ſatisfied his hunger muſt be excited by artificial ſtimulations. The ſimplicity of natural amuſement is now paſt, and art and contrivance muſt improve our pleaſures; but in time, art, like nature, is exhauſted, and the ſenſes can no longer ſupply the cravings of the intellect.

The attention is then transferred from pleaſure to intereſt, in which pleaſure is perhaps included, though diffuſed to a wider extent, and protracted through new gradations. Nothing now dances before the eyes but wealth and power, nor rings in the ear but the voice of fame; wealth, to which, however variouſly denominated, every man at ſome time or other aſpires; power, which all wiſh to obtain within their circle of action; and fame, which no man, however high or mean, however wiſe or ignorant, was yet able to deſpiſe. Now prudence and foreſight exert their influence: No hour is devoted wholly to any preſent enjoyment, no act or purpoſe terminates in itſelf, but every motion is referred to ſome diſtant end; the accompliſhment of one de-

ſign begins another, and the ultimate wiſh is always puſhed off to its former diſtance.

At length fame is obſerved to be uncertain, and power to be dangerous; the man whoſe vigour and alacrity begin to forſake him, by degrees contracts his deſigns, remits his former multiplicity of purſuits, and extends no longer his regard to any other honour than the reputation of wealth, or any other influence than his power. Avarice is generally the laſt paſſion of thoſe lives of which the firſt part has been ſquandered in pleaſure, and the ſecond devoted to ambition. He that ſinks under the fatigue of getting wealth, lulls his age with the milder buſineſs of ſaving it.

I have in this view of life conſidered men as actuated only by natural deſires, and yielding to their own inclinations, without regard to ſuperior principles by which the force of external agents may be counteracted, and the temporary prevalence of paſſions reſtrained. Nature will indeed always operate, human deſires will be always ranging; but theſe motions, though very powerful, are not reſiſtleſs; nature may be regulated, and deſires governed; and to contend with the predominance of ſucceſſive paſſions, to be endangered firſt by one affection, and then by another, is the condition upon which we are to paſs our time, the time of our preparation for that ſtate which ſhall put an end to experiment, to diſappointment, and to change.

THE TANJORE ...

NUMB. 152. SATURDAY, *August* 31, 1751.

Tristia mæstum
Vultum verba decent, iratum plena minarum. HOR.

Disastrous words can best disaster show;
In angry phrase the angry passions glow. ELPHINSTON.

"IT was the wisdom," says *Seneca*, "of ancient "times, to consider what is most useful as most "illustrious." If this rule be applied to works of genius, scarcely any species of composition deserves more to be cultivated than the epistolary style, since none is of more various or frequent use, through the whole subordination of human life.

It has yet happened that among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, equal perhaps always in force and genius, and of late in elegance and accuracy, to those of any other country, very few have endeavoured to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in the discharge of publick trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs; which, though they afford precedents to the minister, and memorials to the historian, are of no use as examples of the familiar style or models of private correspondence.

If it be enquired by foreigners, how this deficiency has happened in the literature of a country, where all indulge themselves with so little danger in speaking and writing, may we not without either bigotry or arrogance inform them, that it must be

imputed to our contempt of trifles, and our due ſenſe of the dignity of the publick? We do not think it reaſonable to fill the world with volumes from which nothing can be learned, nor expect that the employments of the buſy, or the amuſements of the gay, ſhould give way to narratives of our private affairs, complaints of abſence, expreſſions of fondneſs, or declarations of fidelity.

A ſlight peruſal of the innumerable letters by which the wits of *France* have ſignalized their names, will prove that other nations need not be diſcouraged from the like attempts by the conſciouſneſs of inability; for ſurely it is not very difficult to aggravate trifling misfortunes, to magnify familiar incidents, repeat adulatory profeſſions, accumulate ſervile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the deſpicable remains of *Voiture* and *Scarron*.

Yet as much of life muſt be paſſed in affairs conſiderable only by their frequent occurrence, and much of the pleaſure which our condition allows, muſt be produced by giving elegance to trifles, it is neceſſary to learn how to become little without becoming mean, to maintain the neceſſary intercourſe of civility, and fill up the vacuities of actions by agreeable appearances. It had therefore been of advantage, if ſuch of our writers as have excelled in the art of decorating inſignificance, had ſupplied us with a few ſallies of innocent gaiety, effuſions of honeſt tenderneſs, or exclamations of unimportant hurry.

Precept has generally been poſterior to performance. The art of compoſing works of genius has never been taught but by the example of thoſe who performed

performed it by natural vigour of imagination, and rectitude of judgment. As we have few letters, we have likewise few criticisms upon the epistolary style. The observation with which *Walsh* has introduced his pages of inanity, are such as give him little claim to the rank assigned him by *Dryden* among the criticks. *Letters*, says he, *are intended as resemblances of conversation, and the chief excellencies of conversation are good-humour and good-breeding.* This remark, equally valuable for its novelty and propriety, he dilates and enforces with an appearance of complete acquiescence in his own discovery.

No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter. It has been always known that he who endeavours to please must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness must not practise it. But the question among those who establish rules for an epistolary performance is how gaiety or civility may be properly expressed; as among the criticks in history it is not contested whether truth ought to be preserved, but by what mode of diction it is best adorned.

As letters are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled rules, or described by any single characteristick; and we may safely disentangle our minds from critical embarrassments, by determining that a letter has no peculiarity but its form, and that nothing is to be refused admission, which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject. The qualities of the epistolary style most frequently required are ease and simplicity, an even flow of unlaboured diction, and an artless arrange-

ment of obvious ſentiments. But theſe directions are no ſooner applied to uſe, than their ſcantineſs and imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the great and to the mean, to the learned and the ignorant, at reſt and in diſtreſs, in ſport and in paſſion. Nothing can be more improper than eaſe and laxity of expreſſion, when the importance of the ſubject impreſſes ſolicitude, or the dignity of the perſon exacts reverence.

That letters ſhould be written with ſtrict conformity to nature is true, becauſe nothing but conformity to nature can make any compoſition beautiful or juſt. But it is natural to depart from familiarity of language upon occaſions not familiar. Whatever elevates the ſentiments will conſequently raiſe the expreſſion; whatever fills us with hope or terror, will produce ſome perturbation of images, and ſome figurative diſtortions of phraſe. Wherever we are ſtudious to pleaſe, we are afraid of truſting our firſt thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by ſtudied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of ſtyle.

If the perſonages of the comick ſcene be allowed by *Horace* to raiſe their language in the tranſports of anger to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epiſtolary writer may likewiſe without cenſure comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may with all the ſolemnity of an hiſtorian deduce them from their cauſes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their conſequences. If a diſputed poſition is to be eſtabliſhed, or a remote principle to be inveſtigated, he may detail his reaſonings with all the nicety of ſyllo-

ſyllogiſtick method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticiſm, call every power of rhetorick to his aſſiſtance, and try every inlet at which love or pity enters the heart.

Letters that have no other end than the entertainment of the correſpondents are more properly regulated by critical precepts, becauſe the matter and ſtyle are equally arbitrary, and rules are more neceſſary, as there is a larger power of choice. In letters of this kind, ſome conceive art graceful, and others think negligence amiable; ſome model them by the ſonnet, and will allow them no means of delighting but the ſoft lapſe of calm mellifluence; others adjuſt them by the epigram, and expect pointed ſentences and forcible periods. The one party conſiders exemption from faults as the height of excellence, the other looks upon neglect of excellence as the moſt diſguſting fault; one avoids cenſure, the other aſpires to praiſe; one is always in danger of inſipidity, the other continually on the brink of affectation.

When the ſubject has no intrinſick dignity, it muſt neceſſarily owe its attractions to artificial embelliſhments, and may catch at all advantages which the art of writing can ſupply. He that, like *Pliny*, ſends his friend a portion for his daughter, will, without *Pliny*'s eloquence or addreſs, find means of exciting gratitude, and ſecuring acceptance; but he that has no preſent to make but a garland, a ribbon, or ſome petty curioſity, muſt endeavour to recommend it by his manner of giving it.

The

The purpose for which letters are written when no intelligence is communicated, or business transacted, is to preserve in the minds of the absent either love or esteem; to excite love we must impart pleasure, and to raise esteem we must discover abilities. Pleasure will generally be given, as abilities are displayed by scenes of imagery, points of conceit, unexpected sallies, and artful compliments. Trifles always require exuberance of ornament; the building which has no strength can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble must be polished with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things.

Numb. 153. Tuesday, *September* 3, 1751.

Turba Remi ſequitur fortunam, ut ſemper, et odit
Damnatos. Juv.

The fickle crowd with fortune comes and goes;
Wealth ſtill finds followers, and misfortune foes.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THERE are occaſions on which all apology is rudeneſs. He that has an unwelcome meſſage to deliver, may give ſome proof of tenderneſs and delicacy, by a ceremonial introduction and gradual diſcovery, becauſe the mind, upon which the weight of ſorrow is to fall, gains time for the collection of its powers; but nothing is more abſurd than to delay the communication of pleaſure, to torment curioſity by impatience, and to delude hope by anticipation.

I ſhall therefore forbear the arts by which correſpondents generally ſecure admiſſion, for I have too long remarked the power of vanity, to doubt that I ſhall be read by you with a diſpoſition to approve, when I declare that my narrative has no other tendency than to illuſtrate and corroborate your own obſervations.

I was the ſecond ſon of a gentleman, whoſe patrimony had been waſted by a long ſucceſſion of ſquanderers,

derers, till he was unable to ſupport any of his children, except his heir, in the hereditary dignity of idleneſs. Being therefore obliged to employ that part of life in ſtudy which my progenitors had devoted to the hawk and hound, I was in my eighteenth year diſpatched to the univerſity, without any rural honours. I had never killed a ſingle woodcock, nor partaken one triumph over a conquered fox.

At the univerſity I continued to enlarge my acquiſitions with little envy of the noiſy happineſs which my elder brother had the fortune to enjoy, and having obtained my degree, retired to conſider at leiſure to what profeſſion I ſhould confine that application which had hitherto been diſſipated in general knowledge. To deliberate upon a choice which cuſtom and honour forbid to be retracted, is certainly reaſonable, yet to let looſe the attention equally to the advantages and inconveniencies of every employment is not without danger; new motives are every moment operating on every ſide; and mechanicks have long ago diſcovered, that contrariety of equal attractions is equivalent to reſt.

While I was thus trifling in uncertainty, an old adventurer, who had been once the intimate friend of my father, arrived from the *Indies* with a large fortune; which he had ſo much haraſſed himſelf in obtaining, that ſickneſs and infirmity left him no other deſire than to die in his native country. His wealth eaſily procured him an invitation to paſs his life with us, and being incapable of any amuſement but converſation, he neceſſarily became familiariſed to me, whom he found ſtudious and domeſtick. Pleaſed with

with an opportunity of imparting my knowledge, and eager of any intelligence that might increaſe it, I delighted his curioſity with hiſtorical narratives and explications of nature, and gratified his vanity by enquiries after the products of diſtant countries, and the cuſtoms of their inhabitants.

My brother ſaw how much I advanced in the favour of our gueſt, who being without heirs, was naturally expected to enrich the family of his friend, but neither attempted to alienate me, nor to ingratiate himſelf. He was indeed little qualified to ſolicit the affection of a traveller, for the remiſſneſs of his education had left him without any rule of action but his preſent humour. He often forſook the old gentleman in the midſt of an adventure, becauſe the horn ſounded in the court-yard, and would have loſt an opportunity, not only of knowing the hiſtory, but ſharing the wealth of the mogul, for the trial of a new pointer, or the ſight of a horſe-race.

It was therefore not long before our new friend declared his intention of bequeathing to me the profits of his commerce, as the only man in the family by whom he could expect them to be rationally enjoyed. This diſtinction drew upon me the envy not only of my brother but my father.

As no man is willing to believe that he ſuffers by his own fault, they imputed the preference which I had obtained to adulatory compliances, or malignant calumnies. To no purpoſe did I call upon my patron to atteſt my innocence, for who will believe what he wiſhes to be falſe? In the heat of diſappointment they forced their inmate by repeated inſults to

depart

depart from the houſe, and I was ſoon, by the ſame treatment, obliged to follow him.

He choſe his reſidence in the confines of *London*, where reſt, tranquillity, and medicine, reſtored him to part of the health which he had loſt. I pleaſed myſelf with perceiving that I was not likely to obtain an immediate poſſeſſion of wealth which no labour of mine had contributed to acquire; and that he, who had thus diſtinguiſhed me, might hope to end his life without a total fruſtration of thoſe bleſſings, which, whatever be their real value, he had ſought with ſo much diligence, and purchaſed with ſo many viciſſitudes of danger and fatigue.

He indeed left me no reaſon to repine at his recovery, for he was willing to accuſtom me early to the uſe of money, and ſet apart for my expences ſuch a revenue as I had ſcarcely dared to image. I can yet congratulate myſelf that fortune has ſeen her golden cup once taſted without inebriation. Neither my modeſty nor prudence were overwhelmed by affluence; my elevation was without inſolence, and my expence without profuſion. Employing the influence which money always confers to the improvement of my underſtanding, I mingled in parties of gaiety, and in conferences of learning, appeared in every place where inſtruction was to be found, and imagined that by ranging through all the diverſities of life, I had acquainted myſelf fully with human nature, and learned all that was to be known of the ways of men.

It happened, however, that I ſoon diſcovered how much was wanted to the completion of my knowledge,

ledge, and found that, according to *Seneca*'s remark, I had hitherto ſeen the world but on one ſide. My patron's confidence in his increaſe of ſtrength tempted him to careleſſneſs and irregularity; he caught a fever by riding in the rain, of which he died delirious on the third day. I buried him without any of the heir's affected grief or ſecret exultation; then preparing to take a legal poſſeſſion of his fortune, opened his cloſet, where I found a will, made at his firſt arrival, by which my father was appointed the chief inheritor, and nothing was left me but a legacy ſufficient to ſupport me in the proſecution of my ſtudies.

I had not yet found ſuch charms in proſperity as to continue it by any acts of forgery or injuſtice, and made haſte to inform my father of the riches which had been given him, not by the preference of kindneſs, but by the delays of indolence, and cowardice of age. The hungry family flew like vultures on their prey, and ſoon made my diſappointment publick by the tumult of their claims, and the ſplendor of their ſorrow.

It was now my part to conſider how I ſhould repair the diſappointment. I could not but triumph in my long liſt of friends, which compriſed almoſt every name that power or knowledge intitled to eminence, and in the proſpect of the innumerable roads to honour and preferment, which I had laid open to myſelf by the wiſe uſe of temporary riches. I believed nothing neceſſary but that I ſhould continue that acquaintance to which I had been ſo readily admitted, and which had hitherto been cultivated on both ſides with equal ardour.

Full

Full of theſe expectations, I one morning ordered a chair, with an intention to make my uſual circle of morning viſits. Where I firſt ſtopped I ſaw two footmen lolling at the door, who told me, without any change of poſture, or collection of countenance, that their maſter was at home; and ſuffered me to open the inner door without aſſiſtance. I found my friend ſtanding, and as I was tattling with my former freedom, was formally intreated to ſit down; but did not ſtay to be favoured with any further condeſcenſions.

My next experiment was made at the levee of a ſtateſman, who received me with an embrace of tenderneſs, that he might with more decency publiſh my change of fortune to the ſycophants about him. After he had enjoyed the triumph of condolence, he turned to a wealthy ſtockjobber, and left me expoſed to the ſcorn of thoſe who had lately courted my notice, and ſolicited my intereſt.

I was then ſet down at the door of another, who upon my entrance adviſed me with great ſolemnity to think of ſome ſettled proviſion for life. I left him and hurried away to an old friend, who profeſſed himſelf unſuſceptible of any impreſſions from proſperity or misfortune, and begged that he might ſee me when he was more at leiſure.

At ſixty-ſeven doors at which I knocked in the firſt week after my appearance in a mourning dreſs, I was denied admiſſion at forty-ſix; was ſuffered at fourteen to wait in the outer-room till buſineſs was diſpatched; at four was entertained with a few queſtions about the weather; at one heard the footmen rated for bringing my name; and at two was informed,

formed, in the flow of casual conversation, how much a man of rank degrades himself by mean company.

My curiosity now led me to try what reception I should find among the ladies; but I found that my patron had carried all my powers of pleasing to the grave. I had formerly been celebrated as a wit, and not perceiving any languor in my imagination, I essayed to revive that gaiety which had hitherto broken out involuntarily before my sentences were finished. My remarks were now heard with a steady countenance, and if a girl happened to give way to habitual merriment, her forwardness was repressed with a frown by her mother or her aunt.

Wherever I come I scatter infirmity and disease; every lady whom I meet in the Mall is too weary to walk; all whom I intreat to sing are troubled with colds: if I propose cards, they are afflicted with the head-ach; if I invite them to the gardens, they cannot bear a crowd.

All this might be endured; but there is a class of mortals who think my understanding impaired with my fortune, exalt themselves to the dignity of advice, and whenever we happen to meet, presume to prescribe my conduct, regulate my œconomy, and direct my pursuits. Another race, equally impertinent and equally despicable, are every moment recommending to me an attention to my interest, and think themselves entitled, by their superior prudence, to reproach me if I speak or move without regard to profit.

Such, Mr. *Rambler*, is the power of wealth, that it commands the ear of greatness and the eye of beauty, gives spirit to the dull, and authority to the

 timorous,

timorous, and leaves him from whom it departs, without virtue and without underſtanding, the ſport of caprice, the ſcoff of inſolence, the ſlave of meanneſs, and the pupil of ignorance.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 154. SATURDAY, *September* 7, 1751.

——*Tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis*
Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes. VIRG.

For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
And treat of arts diſclos'd in ancient days;
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring. DRYDEN.

THE direction of *Ariſtotle* to thoſe that ſtudy politicks, is, firſt to examine and underſtand what has been written by the ancients upon government; then to caſt their eyes round upon the world, and conſider by what cauſes the proſperity of communities is viſibly influenced, and why ſome are worſe, and others better adminiſtered.

The ſame method muſt be purſued by him who hopes to become eminent in any other part of knowledge. The firſt taſk is to ſearch books, the next to contemplate nature. He muſt firſt poſſeſs himſelf of the intellectual treaſures which the diligence of former ages has accumulated, and then endeavour to increaſe them by his own collections.

The mental diſeaſe of the preſent generation, is impatience of ſtudy, contempt of the great maſters of

of ancient wiſdom, and a diſpoſition to rely wholly upon unaſſiſted genius and natural ſagacity. The wits of theſe happy days have diſcovered a way to fame, which the dull caution of our laborious anceſtors durſt never attempt; they cut the knots of ſophiſtry which it was formerly the buſineſs of years to untie, ſolve difficulties by ſudden irradiations of intelligence, and comprehend long proceſſes of argument by immediate intuition.

Men who have flattered themſelves into this opinion of their own abilities, look down on all who waſte their lives over books, as a race of inferior beings condemned by nature to perpetual pupillage, and fruitleſsly endeavouring to remedy their barrenneſs by inceſſant cultivation, or ſuccour their feebleneſs by ſubſidiary ſtrength. They preſume that none would be more induſtrious than they, if they were not more ſenſible of deficiencies; and readily conclude, that he who places no confidence in his own powers, owes his modeſty only to his weakneſs.

It is however certain, that no eſtimate is more in danger of erroneous calculations than thoſe by which a man computes the force of his own genius. It generally happens at our entrance into the world, that by the natural attraction of ſimilitude, we aſſociate with men like ourſelves, young, ſprightly, and ignorant, and rate our accompliſhments by compariſon with theirs; when we have once obtained an acknowledged ſuperiority over our acquaintances, imagination and deſire eaſily extend it over the reſt of mankind, and if no accident forces us into new emulations, we grow old, and die in admiration of ourſelves.

Vanity, thus confirmed in her dominion, readily liſtens to the voice of idleneſs, and ſoothes the ſlumber of life with continual dreams of excellence and greatneſs. A man elated by confidence in his natural vigour of fancy and ſagacity of conjecture, ſoon concludes that he already poſſeſſes whatever toil and enquiry can confer. He then liſtens with eagerneſs to the wild objections which folly has raiſed againſt the common means of improvement; talks of the dark chaos of indigeſted knowledge; deſcribes the miſchievous effects of heterogeneous ſciences fermenting in the mind; relates the blunders of lettered ignorance; expatiates on the heroick merit of thoſe who deviate from preſcription, or ſhake off authority; and gives vent to the inflations of his heart by declaring that he owes nothing to pedants and univerſities.

All theſe pretenſions, however confident, are very often vain. The laurels which ſuperficial acuteneſs gains in triumphs over ignorance unſupported by vivacity, are obſerved by *Locke* to be loſt, whenever real learning and rational diligence appear againſt her; the ſallies of gaiety are ſoon repreſſed by calm confidence; and the artifices of ſubtilty are readily detected by thoſe who, having carefully ſtudied the queſtion, are not eaſily confounded or ſurpriſed.

But though the contemner of books had neither been deceived by others nor himſelf, and was really born with a genius ſurpaſſing the ordinary abilities of mankind; yet ſurely ſuch gifts of providence may be more properly urged as incitements to labour, than encouragements to negligence. He that neglects the culture of ground, naturally fertile, is more ſhamefully

fully culpable than he whose field would scarcely recompense his husbandry.

Cicero remarks, that not to know what has been transacted in former times, is to continue always a child. If no use is made of the labours of past ages, the world must remain always in the infancy of knowledge. The discoveries of every man must terminate in his own advantage, and the studies of every age be employed on questions which the past generation had discussed and determined. We may with as little reproach borrow science as manufactures from our ancestors; and it is as rational to live in caves till our own hands have erected a palace, as to reject all knowledge of architecture, which our understandings will not supply.

To the strongest and quickest mind it is far easier to learn than to invent. The principles of arithmetick and geometry may be comprehended by a close attention in a few days; yet who can flatter himself that the study of a long life would have enabled him to discover them, when he sees them yet unknown to so many nations, whom he cannot suppose less liberally endowed with natural reason, than the *Grecians* or *Egyptians*?

Every science was thus far advanced towards perfection, by the emulous diligence of contemporary students, and the gradual discoveries of one age improving on another. Sometimes unexpected flashes of instruction were struck out by the fortuitous collision of happy incidents, or an involuntary concurrence of ideas, in which the philosopher to whom they happened had no other merit than that of knowing their value, and transmitting, unclouded to posterity,

that light which had been kindled by caufes out of his power. The happinefs of thefe cafual illuminations no man can promife to himfelf, becaufe no endeavours can procure them; and therefore whatever be our abilities or application, we muft fubmit to learn from others what perhaps would have lain hid for ever from human penetration, had not fome remote enquiry brought it to view; as treafures are thrown up by the ploughman and the digger in the rude exercife of their common occupations.

The man whofe genius qualifies him for great undertakings, muft at leaft be content to learn from books the prefent ftate of human knowledge; that he may not afcribe to himfelf the invention of arts generally known; weary his attention with experiments of which the event has been long regiftered; and wafte, in attempts which have already fucceeded or mifcarried, that time which might have been fpent with ufefulnefs and honour upon new undertakings.

But though the ftudy of books is neceffary, it is not fufficient to conftitute literary eminence. He that wifhes to be counted among the benefactors of pofterity, muft add by his own toil to the acquifitions of his anceftors, and fecure his memory from neglect by fome valuable improvement. This can only be effected by looking out upon the waftes of the intellectual world, and extending the power of learning over regions yet undifciplined and barbarous; or by furveying more exactly her ancient dominions, and driving ignorance from the fortreffes and retreats where fhe fkulks undetected and undifturbed. Every fcience has its difficulties which yet call for folution before we attempt new fyftems of knowledge; as

every

every country has its forefts and marfhes, which it would be wife to cultivate and drain, before diftant colonies are projected as a neceffary difcharge of the exuberance of inhabitants.

No man ever yet became great by imitation. Whatever hopes for the veneration of mankind muft have invention in the defign or the execution; either the effect muft itfelf be new, or the means by which it is produced. Either truths hitherto unknown muft be difcovered, or thofe which are already known enforced by ftronger evidence, facilitated by clearer method, or elucidated by brighter illuftrations.

Fame cannot fpread wide or endure long that is not rooted in nature, and manured by art. That which hopes to refift the blaft of malignity, and ftand firm againft the attacks of time, muft contain in itfelf fome original principle of growth. The reputation which arifes from the detail or tranfpofition of borrowed fentiments, may fpread for a while, like ivy on the rind of antiquity, but will be torn away by accident or contempt, and fuffered to rot unheeded on the ground.

NUMB. 155. TUESDAY, *September* 10, 1751.

——*Steriles transmisimus annos,*
Hæc ævi mihi prima dies, hæc limina vitæ. STAT.

——Our barren years are past;
Be this of life the first, of sloth the last. ELPHINSTON.

NO weakness of the human mind has more frequently incurred animadversion, than the negligence with which men overlook their own faults, however flagrant, and the easiness with which they pardon them, however frequently repeated.

It seems generally believed, that, as the eye cannot see itself, the mind has no faculties by which it can contemplate its own state, and that therefore we have not means of becoming acquainted with our real characters; an opinion which, like innumerable other postulates, an enquirer finds himself inclined to admit upon very little evidence, because it affords a ready solution of many difficulties. It will explain why the greatest abilities frequently fail to promote the happiness of those who possess them; why those who can distinguish with the utmost nicety the boundaries of vice and virtue, suffer them to be confounded in their own conduct; why the active and vigilant resign their affairs implicitly to the management of others; and why the cautious and fearful make hourly approaches towards ruin, without one sigh of solicitude or struggle for escape.

When

When a poſition teems thus with commodious conſequences, who can without regret confeſs it to be falſe? Yet it is certain that declaimers have indulged a diſpoſition to deſcribe the dominion of the paſſions as extended beyond the limits that nature aſſigned. Self-love is often rather arrogant than blind; it does not hide our faults from ourſelves, but perſuades us that they eſcape the notice of others, and diſpoſes us to reſent cenſures leſt we ſhould confeſs them to be juſt. We are ſecretly conſcious of defects and vices which we hope to conceal from the publick eye, and pleaſe ourſelves with innumerable impoſtures, by which, in reality, no body is deceived.

In proof of the dimneſs of our internal ſight, or the general inability of man to determine rightly concerning his own character, it is common to urge the ſucceſs of the moſt abſurd and incredible flattery, and the reſentment always raiſed by advice, however ſoft, benevolent, and reaſonable. But flattery, if its operation be nearly examined, will be found to owe its acceptance, not to our ignorance but knowledge of our failures, and to delight us rather as it conſoles our wants than diſplays our poſſeſſions. He that ſhall ſolicit the favour of his patron by praiſing him for qualities which he can find in himſelf, will be defeated by the more daring panegyriſt who enriches him with adſcititious excellence. Juſt praiſe is only a debt, but flattery is a preſent. The acknowledgment of thoſe virtues on which conſcience congratulates us, is a tribute that we can at any time exact with confidence; but the celebration of thoſe which we only feign, or de-

ſire

ſire without any vigorous endeavours to attain them, is received as a confeſſion of ſovereignty over regions never conquered, as a favourable deciſion of diſputable claims, and is more welcome as it is more gratuitous.

Advice is offenſive, not becauſe it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which had eſcaped our notice, but becauſe it ſhows us that we are known to others as well as to ourſelves; and the officious monitor is perſecuted with hatred, not becauſe his accuſation is falſe, but becauſe he aſſumes that ſuperiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we deſired to conceal.

For this reaſon advice is commonly ineffectual. If thoſe who follow the call of their deſires, without enquiry whither they are going, had deviated ignorantly from the paths of wiſdom, and were ruſhing upon dangers unforeſeen, they would readily liſten to information that recals them from their errors, and catch the firſt alarm by which deſtruction or infamy is denounced. Few that wander in the wrong way miſtake it for the right, they only find it more ſmooth and flowery, and indulge their own choice rather than approve it: therefore few are perſuaded to quit it by admonition or reproof, ſince it impreſſes no new conviction, nor confers any powers of action or reſiſtance. He that is gravely informed how ſoon profuſion will annihilate his fortune, hears with little advantage what he knew before, and catches at the next occaſion of expence, becauſe advice has no force to ſuppreſs his vanity. He that is told how certainly

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intemperance will hurry him to the grave, runs with his uſual ſpeed to a new courſe of luxury, becauſe his reaſon is not invigorated, nor his appetite weakened.

The miſchief of flattery is, not that it perſuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it ſuppreſſes the influence of honeſt ambition, by raiſing an opinion that honour may be gained without the toil of merit; and the benefit of advice ariſes commonly, not from any new light imparted to the mind, but from the diſcovery which it affords of the publick ſuffrages. He that could withſtand conſcience is frighted at infamy, and ſhame prevails when reaſon was defeated.

As we all know our own faults, and know them commonly with many aggravations which human perſpicacity cannot diſcover, there is, perhaps, no man, however hardened by impudence or diſſipated by levity, ſheltered by hypocriſy or blaſted by diſgrace, who does not intend ſome time to review his conduct, and to regulate the remainder of his life by the laws of virtue. New temptations indeed attack him, new invitations are offered by pleaſure and intereſt, and the hour of reformation is always delayed; every delay gives vice another opportunity of fortifying itſelf by habit; and the change of manners, though ſincerely intended and rationally planned, is referred to the time when ſome craving paſſion ſhall be fully gratified, or ſome powerful allurement ceaſe its importunity.

Thus procraſtination is accumulated on procraſtination, and one impediment ſucceeds another,

ther, till age ſhatters our reſolution, or death intercepts the project of amendment. Such is often the end of ſalutary purpoſes, after they have long delighted the imagination, and appeaſed that diſquiet which every mind feels from known miſconduct, when the attention is not diverted by buſineſs or by pleaſure.

Nothing ſurely can be more unworthy of a reaſonable nature, than to continue in a ſtate ſo oppoſite to real happineſs, as that all the peace of ſolitude, and felicity of meditation, muſt ariſe from reſolutions of forſaking it. Yet the world will often afford examples of men, who paſs months and years in a continual war with their own convictions, and are daily dragged by habit, or betrayed by paſſion, into practices which they cloſed and opened their eyes with purpoſes to avoid; purpoſes which, though ſettled on conviction, the firſt impulſe of momentary deſire totally overthrows.

The influence of cuſtom is indeed ſuch, that to conquer it will require the utmoſt efforts of fortitude and virtue; nor can I think any man more worthy of veneration and renown, than thoſe who have burſt the ſhackles of habitual vice. This victory however has different degrees of glory as of difficulty; it is more heroick as the objects of guilty gratification are more familiar, and the recurrence of ſolicitation more frequent. He that from experience of the folly of ambition reſigns his offices, may ſet himſelf free at once from temptation to ſquander his life in courts, becauſe he cannot regain his former ſtation. He who is enſlaved by an amorous paſſion, may quit his tyrant in diſguſt,

guſt, and abſence will, without the help of reaſon, overcome by degrees the deſire of returning. But thoſe appetites to which every place affords their proper object, and which require no preparatory meaſures or gradual advances, are more tenaciouſly adheſive; the wiſh is ſo near the enjoyment, that compliance often precedes conſideration, and before the powers of reaſon can be ſummoned, the time for employing them is paſt.

Indolence is therefore one of the vices from which thoſe whom it once infects are ſeldom reformed. Every other ſpecies of luxury operates upon ſome appetite that is quickly ſatiated, and requires ſome concurrence of art or accident which every place will not ſupply; but the deſire of eaſe acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increaſed. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapſe to indolence is ſoft and imperceptible, becauſe it is only a mere ceſſation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, becauſe it implies a change from reſt to motion, from privation to reality.

Facilis deſcenſus averni:
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, ſuperaſque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt. VIRG.

The gates of *Hell* are open night and day;
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way;
But to return, and view the cheerful ſkies,
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies. DRYDEN.

Of

Of this vice, as of all others, every man who indulges it is conſcious; we all know our own ſtate, if we could be induced to conſider it; and it might perhaps be uſeful to the conqueſt of all theſe enſnarers of the mind, if at certain ſtated days life was reviewed. Many things neceſſary are omitted, becauſe we vainly imagine that they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain will for ever be delayed, if the time of doing it be left unſettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can ſcarcely prevail in a mind regularly and frequently awakened by periodical remorſe. He that thus breaks his life into parts, will find in himſelf a deſire to diſtinguiſh every ſtage of his exiſtence by ſome improvement, and delight himſelf with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new ſeries of virtue and felicity.

NUMB. 156. SATURDAY, *September* 14, 1751.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud ſapientia dicit. JUV.

For Wiſdom ever echoes Nature's voice.

EVERY government, ſay the politicians, is perpetually degenerating towards corruption, from which it muſt be reſcued at certain periods by the reſuſcitation of its firſt principles, and the re-eſtabliſhment of its original conſtitution. Every animal body, according to the methodick phyſicians, is, by the predominance of ſome exuberant quality, continually declining towards diſeaſe and death, which muſt be obviated by a ſeaſonable reduction of the peccant humour to the juſt equipoiſe which health requires.

In the ſame manner the ſtudies of mankind, all at leaſt which, not being ſubject to rigorous demonſtration, admit the influence of fancy and caprice, are perpetually tending to error and confuſion. Of the great principles of truth which the firſt ſpeculatiſts diſcovered, the ſimplicity is embarraſſed by ambitious additions, or the evidence obſcured by inaccurate argumentation; and as they deſcend from one ſucceſſion of writers to another, like light tranſmitted from room to room, they loſe their ſtrength and ſplendour, and fade at laſt in total evaneſcence.

The ſyſtems of learning therefore muſt be ſometimes reviewed, complications analyſed into principles, and knowledge diſentangled from opinion.

It is not always poſſible, without a cloſe inſpection, to ſeparate the genuine ſhoots of conſequential reaſoning, which grow out of ſome radical poſtulate, from the branches which art has grafted on it. The accidental preſcriptions of authority, when time has procured them veneration, are often confounded with the laws of nature, and thoſe rules are ſuppoſed coeval with reaſon, of which the firſt riſe cannot be diſcovered.

Criticiſm has ſometimes permitted fancy to dictate the laws by which fancy ought to be reſtrained, and fallacy to perplex the principles by which fallacy is to be detected; her ſuperintendence of others has betrayed her to negligence of herſelf; and, like the ancient *Scythians*, by extending her conqueſts over diſtant regions, ſhe has left her throne vacant to her ſlaves.

Among the laws of which the deſire of extending authority, or ardour of promoting knowledge, has prompted the preſcription, all which writers have received, had not the ſame original right to our regard. Some are to be conſidered as fundamental and indiſpenſable, others only as uſeful and convenient; ſome as dictated by reaſon and neceſſity, others as enacted by deſpotick antiquity; ſome as invincibly ſupported by their conformity to the order of nature and operations of the intellect; others as formed by accident, or inſtituted by example, and therefore always liable to diſpute and alteration.

That many rules have been advanced without conſulting nature or reaſon, we cannot but ſuſpect, when we find it peremptorily decreed by the ancient maſters,

masters, that *only three speaking personages should appear at once upon the stage*; a law which, as the variety and intricacy of modern plays has made it impossible to be observed, we now violate without scruple, and, as experience proves, without inconvenience.

The original of this precept was merely accidental. Tragedy was a monody or solitary song in honour of *Bacchus*, improved afterwards into a dialogue by the addition of another speaker; but the ancients, remembering that the tragedy was at first pronounced only by one, durst not for some time venture beyond two; at last, when custom and impunity had made them daring, they extended their liberty to the admission of three, but restrained themselves by a critical edict from further exorbitance.

By what accident the number of acts was limited to five, I know not that any author has informed us; but certainly it is not determined by any necessity arising either from the nature of action or propriety of exhibition. An act is only the representation of such a part of the business of the play as proceeds in an unbroken tenor, or without any intermediate pause. Nothing is more evident than that of every real, and by consequence of every dramatick action, the intervals may be more or fewer than five; and indeed the rule is upon the *English* stage every day broken in effect, without any other mischief than that which arises from an absurd endeavour to observe it in appearance. Whenever the scene is shifted the act ceases, since some time is necessarily supposed to elapse while the personages of the drama change their place.

With no greater right to our obedience have the criticks confined the dramatick action to a certain number of hours. Probability requires that the time of action should approach somewhat nearly to that of exhibition, and those plays will always be thought most happily conducted which crowd the greatest variety into the least space. But since it will frequently happen that some delusion must be admitted, I know not where the limits of imagination can be fixed. It is rarely observed that minds, not prepossessed by mechanical criticism, feel any offence from the extension of the intervals between the acts; nor can I conceive it absurd or impossible, that he who can multiply three hours into twelve or twenty-four, might image with equal ease a greater number.

I know not whether he that professes to regard no other laws than those of nature, will not be inclined to receive tragi-comedy to his protection, whom, however generally condemned, her own laurels have hitherto shaded from the fulminations of criticism. For what is there in the mingled drama which impartial reason can condemn? The connexion of important with trivial incidents, since it is not only common but perpetual in the world, may surely be allowed upon the stage, which pretends only to be the mirrour of life. The impropriety of suppressing passions before we have raised them to the intended agitation, and of diverting the expectation from an event which we keep suspended only to raise it, may be speciously urged. But will not experience shew this objection to be rather subtle than just? Is it not certain that the tragick and comick affections have

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been moved alternately with equal force, and that no plays have oftener filled the eye with tears, and the breaſt with palpitation, than thoſe which are variegated with interludes of mirth?

I do not however think it ſafe to judge of works of genius merely by the event. The reſiſtleſs viciſſitudes of the heart, this alternate prevalence of merriment and ſolemnity, may ſometimes be more properly aſcribed to the vigour of the writer than the juſtneſs of the deſign: and inſtead of vindicating tragi-comedy by the ſucceſs of *Shakeſpeare*, we ought perhaps to pay new honours to that tranſcendent and unbounded genius that could preſide over the paſſions in ſport; who, to actuate the affections, needed not the ſlow gradation of common means, but could fill the heart with inſtantaneous jollity or ſorrow, and vary our diſpoſition as he changed his ſcenes. Perhaps the effects even of *Shakeſpeare*'s poetry might have been yet greater, had he not counteracted himſelf; and we might have been more intereſted in the diſtreſſes of his heroes, had we not been ſo frequently diverted by the jokes of his buffoons.

There are other rules more fixed and obligatory. It is neceſſary that of every play the chief action ſhould be ſingle; for ſince a play repreſents ſome tranſaction, through its regular maturation to its final event, two actions equally important muſt evidently conſtitute two plays.

As the deſign of tragedy is to inſtruct by moving the paſſions, it muſt always have a hero, a perſonage apparently and inconteſtably ſuperior to the reſt, upon whom the attention may be fixed, and the anxiety ſuſpended. For though of two perſons op-

posing each other with equal abilities and equal virtue, the auditor will inevitably in time choose his favourite, yet as that choice must be without any cogency of conviction, the hopes or fears which it raises will be faint and languid. Of two heroes acting in confederacy against a common enemy, the virtues or dangers will give little emotion, because each claims our concern with the same right, and the heart lies at rest between equal motives.

It ought to be the first endeavour of a writer to distinguish nature from custom; or that which is established because it is right, from that which is right only because it is established; that he may neither violate essential principles by a desire of novelty, nor debar himself from the attainment of beauties within his view, by a needless fear of breaking rules which no literary dictator had authority to enact.

NUMB. 157. TUESDAY, *September* 17, 1751.

——Οἱ αἰδὼς
Γίγνεται, ἥ ἄνδρας μέγα σίνεται ἠδ᾽ ὀνίνησιν. HOM.

Shame greatly hurts or greatly helps mankind.
ELPHINSTON.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH one of your correſpondents has preſumed to mention with ſome contempt that preſence of attention and eaſineſs of addreſs, which the polite have long agreed to celebrate and eſteem, yet I cannot be perſuaded to think them unworthy of regard or cultivation; but am inclined to believe that, as we ſeldom value rightly what we have never known the miſery of wanting, his judgment has been vitiated by his happineſs; and that a natural exuberance of aſſurance has hindered him from diſcovering its excellence and uſe.

This felicity, whether beſtowed by conſtitution, or obtained by early habitudes, I can ſcarcely contemplate without envy. I was bred under a man of learning in the country, who inculcated nothing but the dignity of knowledge, and the happineſs of virtue. By frequency of admonition, and confidence of aſſertion, he prevailed upon me to believe, that the ſplendour of literature would always attract reverence, if not darkened by corruption. I therefore purſued my ſtudies with inceſſant induſtry, and avoided every thing which I had been taught to con-

ſider either as vicious or tending to vice, becauſe I regarded guilt and reproach as inſeparably united, and thought a tainted reputation the greateſt calamity.

At the univerſity, I found no reaſon for changing my opinion; for though many among my fellow-ſtudents took the opportunity of a more remiſs diſcipline to gratify their paſſions; yet virtue preſerved her natural ſuperiority, and thoſe who ventured to neglect, were not ſuffered to inſult her. The ambition of petty accompliſhments found its way into the receptacles of learning, but was obſerved to ſeize commonly on thoſe who either neglected the ſciences or could not attain them; and I was therefore confirmed in the doctrines of my old maſter, and thought nothing worthy of my care but the means of gaining or imparting knowledge.

This purity of manners, and intenſeneſs of application, ſoon extended my renown, and I was applauded by thoſe, whoſe opinion I then thought unlikely to deceive me, as a young man that gave uncommon hopes of future eminence. My performances in time reached my native province, and my relations congratulated themſelves upon the new honours that were added to their family.

I returned home covered with academical laurels, and fraught with criticiſm and philoſophy. The wit and the ſcholar excited curioſity, and my acquaintance was ſolicited by innumerable invitations. To pleaſe will always be the wiſh of benevolence, to be admired muſt be the conſtant aim of ambition; and I therefore conſidered myſelf as about to receive the reward of my honeſt labours, and to find the efficacy of learning and of virtue.

The

The third day after my arrival I dined at the houſe of a gentlemnn who had ſummoned a multitude of his friends to the annual celebration of his wedding-day. I ſet forward with great exultation, and thought myſelf happy that I had an opportunity of diſplaying my knowledge to ſo numerous an aſſembly. I felt no ſenſe of my own inſufficiency, till going up ſtairs to the dining-room, I heard the mingled roar of obſtreperous merriment. I was however diſguſted rather than terrified, and went forward without dejection. The whole company roſe at my entrance; but when I ſaw ſo many eyes fixed at once upon me, I was blaſted with a ſudden imbecility, I was quelled by ſome nameleſs power which I found impoſſible to be reſiſted. My ſight was dazzled, my cheeks glowed, my perceptions were confounded; I was haraſſed by the multitude of eager ſalutations, and returned the common civilities with heſitation and impropriety; the ſenſe of my own blunders increaſed my confuſion, and before the exchange of ceremonies allowed me to ſit down, I was ready to ſink under the oppreſſion of ſurprize; my voice grew weak, and my knees trembled.

The aſſembly then reſumed their places, and I ſat with my eyes fixed upon the ground. To the queſtions of curioſity, or the appeals of complaiſance, I could ſeldom anſwer but with negative monoſyllables, or profeſſions of ignorance; for the ſubjects on which they converſed, were ſuch as are ſeldom diſcuſſed in books, and were therefore out of my range of knowledge. At length an old clergyman, who rightly conjectured the reaſon of my conciſeneſs, relieved me by ſome queſtions about the preſent ſtate

of natural knowledge, and engaged me by an appearance of doubt and oppoſition, in the explication and defence of the *Newtonian* philoſophy.

The conſciouſneſs of my own abilities rouſed me from depreſſion, and long familiarity with my ſubject enabled me to diſcourſe with eaſe and volubility; but however I might pleaſe myſelf, I found very little added by my demonſtrations to the ſatisfaction of the company and my antagoniſt, who knew the laws of converſation too well to detain their attention long upon an unpleaſing topick, after he had commended my acuteneſs and comprehenſion, diſmiſſed the controverſy, and reſigned me to my former inſignificance and perplexity.

After dinner, I received from the ladies, who had heard that I was a wit, an invitation to the tea-table. I congratulated myſelf upon an opportunity to eſcape from the company, whoſe gaiety began to be tumultuous, and among whom ſeveral hints had been dropped of the uſeleſſneſs of univerſities, the folly of book-learning, and the awkwardneſs of ſcholars. To the ladies therefore I flew, as to a refuge from clamour, inſult, and ruſticity; but found my heart ſink as I approached their apartment, and was again diſconcerted by the ceremonies of entrance, and confounded by the neceſſity of encountering ſo many eyes at once.

When I ſat down I conſidered that ſomething pretty was always ſaid to ladies, and reſolved to recover my credit by ſome elegant obſervation or graceful compliment. I applied myſelf to the recollection of all that I had read or heard in praiſe of beauty, and endeavoured to accommodate ſome claſſical compliment

pliment to the preſent occaſion. I ſunk into profound meditation, revolved the characters of the heroines of old, conſidered whatever the poets have ſung in their praiſe, and after having borrowed and invented, choſen and rejected a thouſand ſentiments, which, if I had uttered them, would not have been underſtood, I was awakened from my dream of learned gallantry, by the ſervant who diſtributed the tea.

There are not many ſituations more inceſſantly uneaſy than that in which the man is placed who is watching an opportunity to ſpeak, without courage to take it when it is offered, and who, though he reſolves to give a ſpecimen of his abilities, always finds ſome reaſon or other for delaying it to the next minute. I was aſhamed of ſilence, yet could find nothing to ſay of elegance or importance equal to my wiſhes. The ladies, afraid of my learning, thought themſelves not qualified to propoſe any ſubject of prattle to a man ſo famous for diſpute, and there was nothing on either ſide but impatience and vexation.

In this conflict of ſhame, as I was reaſſembling my ſcattered ſentiments, and, reſolving to force my imagination to ſome ſprightly ſally, had juſt found a very happy compliment, by too much attention to my own meditations, I ſuffered the ſaucer to drop from my hand. The cup was broken, the lap-dog was ſcalded, a brocaded petticoat was ſtained, and the whole aſſembly was thrown into diſorder. I now conſidered all hopes of reputation as at an end, and while they were conſoling and aſſiſting one another, ſtole away in ſilence.

The miſadventures of this unhappy day are not yet at an end; I am afraid of meeting the meaneſt of

them

them that triumphed over me in this ſtate of ſtupidity and contempt, and feel the ſame terrors encroaching upon my heart at the ſight of thoſe who have once impreſſed them. Shame, above any other paſſion, propagates itſelf. Before thoſe who have ſeen me confuſed, I can never appear without new confuſion, and the remembrance of the weakneſs which I formerly diſcovered, hinders me from acting or ſpeaking with my natural force.

But is this miſery, Mr. *Rambler*, never to ceaſe? have I ſpent my life in ſtudy only to become the ſport of the ignorant, and debarred myſelf from all the common enjoyments of youth to collect ideas which muſt ſleep in ſilence, and form opinions which I muſt not divulge? Inform me, dear Sir, by what means I may reſcue my faculties from theſe ſhackles of cowardice, how I may riſe to a level with my fellow-beings, recal myſelf from this languor of involuntary ſubjection to the free exertion of my intellects, and add to the power of reaſoning the liberty of ſpeech.

I am, SIR, &c.

VERECUNDULUS.

NUMB. 158. SATURDAY, *September* 21, 1751.

Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est. HOR.

——Criticks yet contend,
And of their vain disputings find no end. FRANCIS.

CRITICISM, though dignified from the earliest ages by the labours of men eminent for knowledge and sagacity, and, since the revival of polite literature, the favourite study of *European* scholars, has not yet attained the certainty and stability of science. The rules hitherto received, are seldom drawn from any settled principle or self-evident postulate, or adapted to the natural and invariable constitution of things; but will be found upon examination the arbitrary edicts of legislators, authorised only by themselves, who, out of various means by which the same end may be attained, selected such as happened to occur to their own reflexion, and then, by a law which idleness and timidity were too willing to obey, prohibited new experiments of wit, restrained fancy from the indulgence of her innate inclination to hazard and adventure, and condemned all future flights of genius to pursue the path of the *Meonian* eagle.

This authority may be more justly opposed, as it is apparently derived from them whom they endeavour to controul; for we owe few of the rules of writing

writing to the acuteneſs of criticks, who have generally no other merit than that, having read the works of great authors with attention, they have obſerved the arrangement of their matter, or the graces of their expreſſion, and then expected honour and reverence for precepts which they never could have invented: ſo that practice has introduced rules, rather than rules have directed practice.

For this reaſon the laws of every ſpecies of writing have been ſettled by the ideas of him who firſt raiſed it to reputation, without enquiry whether his performances were not yet ſuſceptible of improvement. The excellencies and faults of celebrated writers have been equally recommended to poſterity; and ſo far has blind reverence prevailed, that even the number of their books has been thought worthy of imitation.

The imagination of the firſt authors of lyrick poetry was vehement and rapid, and their knowledge various and extenſive. Living in an age when ſcience had been little cultivated, and when the minds of their auditors, not being accuſtomed to accurate inſpection, were eaſily dazzled by glaring ideas, they applied themſelves to inſtruct, rather by ſhort ſentences and ſtriking thoughts, than by regular argumentation; and finding attention more ſucceſsfully excited by ſudden ſallies and unexpected exclamations, than by the more artful and placid beauties of methodical deduction, they looſed their genius to its own courſe, paſſed from one ſentiment to another without expreſſing the intermediate ideas, and roved at large over the ideal world with ſuch

lightneſs

lightneſs and agility, that their footſteps are ſcarcely to be traced.

From this accidental peculiarity of the ancient writers the criticks deduce the rules of lyrick poetry, which they have ſet free from all the laws by which other compoſitions are confined, and allow to neglect the niceties of tranſition, to ſtart into remote digreſſions, and to wander without reſtraint from one ſcene of imagery to another.

A writer of later times has, by the vivacity of his eſſays, reconciled mankind to the ſame licentiouſneſs in ſhort diſſertations; and he therefore who wants ſkill to form a plan, or diligence to purſue it, needs only entitle his performance an eſſay, to acquire the right of heaping together the collections of half his life, without order, coherence, or propriety.

In writing, as in life, faults are endured without diſguſt when they are aſſociated with tranſcendent merit, and may be ſometimes recommended to weak judgments by the luſtre which they obtain from their union with excellence; but it is the buſineſs of thoſe who preſume to ſuperintend the taſte or morals of mankind, to ſeparate deluſive combinations, and diſtinguiſh that which may be praiſed from that which can only be excuſed. As vices never promote happineſs, though when overpowered by more active and more numerous virtues, they cannot totally deſtroy it; ſo confuſion and irregularity produce no beauty, though they cannot always obſtruct the brightneſs of genius and learning. To proceed from one truth to another, and connect diſtant propoſitions by regular conſequences, is the

great

great prerogative of man. Independent and unconnected ſentiments flaſhing upon the mind in quick ſucceſſion, may, for a time, delight by their novelty, but they differ from ſyſtematical reaſoning, as ſingle notes from harmony; as glances of lightning from the radiance of the ſun.

When rules are thus drawn, rather from precedents than reaſon, there is danger not only from the faults of an author, but from the errors of thoſe who criticiſe his works; ſince they may often miſlead their pupils by falſe repreſentations, as the *Ciceronians* of the ſixteenth century were betrayed into barbariſms by corrupt copies of their darling writer.

It is eſtabliſhed at preſent, that the proemial lines of a poem, in which the general ſubject is propoſed, muſt be void of glitter and embelliſhment. "The "firſt lines of *Paradiſe Loſt*," ſays *Addiſon*, "are "perhaps as plain, ſimple, and unadorned, as any "of the whole poem, in which particular the author "has conformed himſelf to the example of *Homer*, "and the precept of *Horace*."

This obſervation ſeems to have been made by an implicit adoption of the common opinion, without conſideration either of the precept or example. Had *Horace* been conſulted, he would have been found to direct only what ſhould be compriſed in the propoſition, not how it ſhould be expreſſed, and to have commended *Homer* in oppoſition to a meaner poet, not for the gradual elevation of his diction, but the judicious expanſion of his plan; for diſplaying unpromiſed events, not for producing unexpected elegancies.

—— *Specioſa*

—— *Speciosa dehinc miracula promit,*
Antiphaten Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdim.

But from a cloud of smoke he breaks to light,
And pours his specious miracles to sight;
Antiphates his hideous feast devours,
Charybdis barks, and *Polyphemus* roars. FRANCIS.

If the exordial verses of *Homer* be compared with the rest of the poem, they will not appear remarkable for plainness or simplicity, but rather eminently adorned and illuminated.

Ανδρά μοι ἔννεπε Μοῦσα πολύτροπον, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ
Πλαγχθη, ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερον πτολίεθρον ἔπερσε·
Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα, κ̀ νόον ἔγνω
Πολλὰ δ' ὅγ ἐν πόντῳ πάθεν ἄλγεα ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν,
Ἀρνύμενος ἥν τε ψυχὴν κ̀ νόστον ἑταίρων·
Ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὧς ἀτρειυς ἐρρύσσατο ἱέμενός περ·
Αυτῶν γὰρ σφελέρῃσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο
Νήπιοι οἱ κατὰ βοῦς ὑπερίονος ἠελίοιο
Ἤσθιον· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσιν αφείλετο νόστιμον ἦμαρ.
Τῶν ἁμόθεν γε, θεὰ, θύγατερ Διὸς, εἰπὲ και ἡμῖν.

The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, O muse! resound.
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
Of sacred *Troy*, and raz'd her heav'n-built wall,
Wand'ring from clime to clime observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd,
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day:
The god vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah men unbless'd) to touch that natal shore.
O snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial muse! and to our world relate. POPE.

The first verses of the *Iliad* are in like manner particularly splendid, and the proposition of the *Eneid* closes with dignity and magnificence not often to be found even in the poetry of *Virgil*.

The intent of the introduction is to raise expectation, and suspend it; something therefore must be discovered, and something concealed; and the poet, while the fertility of his invention is yet unknown, may properly recommend himself by the grace of his language.

He that reveals too much, or promises too little; he that never irritates the intellectual appetite, or that immediately satiates it, equally defeats his own purpose. It is necessary to the pleasure of the reader, that the events should not be anticipated, and how then can his attention be invited, but by grandeur of expression?

[library stamp]

NUMB. 159. TUESDAY, *September* 24, 1751.

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis et magnam morbi deponere partem. HOR.

The pow'r of words, and soothing sounds, appease
The raging pain, and lessen the disease. FRANCIS.

THE imbecility with which *Verecundulus* complains that the presence of a numerous assembly freezes his faculties, is particularly incident to the studious part of mankind, whose education necessarily secludes them in their earlier years from mingled converse, till at their dismission from schools and academies they plunge at once into the tumult of the world, and coming forth from the gloom of solitude are overpowered by the blaze of publick life.

It is perhaps kindly provided by nature, that, as the feathers and strength of a bird grow together, and her wings are not completed till she is able to fly, so some proportion should be preserved in the human kind between judgment and courage; the precipitation of inexperience is therefore restrained by shame, and we remain shackled by timidity, till we have learned to speak and act with propriety.

I believe few can review the days of their youth, without recollecting temptations, which shame, rather than virtue, enabled them to resist; and opinions which, however erroneous in their principles,

and dangerous in their confequences, they have panted to advance at the hazard of contempt and hatred, when they found themfelves irrefiftibly depreffed by a languid anxiety, which feized them at the moment of utterance, and ftill gathered ftrength from their endeavours to refift it.

It generally happens that affurance keeps an even pace with ability, and the fear of mifcarriage, which hinders our firft attempts, is gradually diffipated as our fkill advances towards certainty of fuccefs. That bafhfulnefs therefore which prevents difgrace, that fhort and temporary fhame, which fecures us from the danger of lafting reproach, cannot be properly counted among our misfortunes.

Bafhfulnefs, however it may incommode for a moment, fcarcely ever produces evils of long continuance; it may flufh the cheek, flutter in the heart, deject the eyes, and enchain the tongue, but its mifchiefs foon pafs off without remembrance. It may fometimes exclude pleafure, but feldom opens any avenue to forrow or remorfe. It is obferved fomewhere, that *few have repented of having forborne to fpeak.*

To excite oppofition, and inflame malevolence, is the unhappy privilege of courage made arrogant by confcioufnefs of ftrength. No man finds in himfelf any inclination to attack or oppofe him who confeffes his fuperiority by blufhing in his prefence. Qualities exerted with apparent fearfulnefs, receive applaufe from every voice, and fupport from every hand. Diffidence may check refolution and obftruct performance, but compenfates its embarraffments by more important advantages; it

conciliates the proud, and ſoftens the ſevere, averts envy from excellence, and cenſure from miſcarriage.

It may indeed happen that knowledge and virtue remain too long congealed by this frigorifick power, as the principles of vegetation are ſometimes obſtructed by lingering froſts. He that enters late into a publick ſtation, though with all the abilities requiſite to the diſcharge of his duty, will find his powers at firſt impeded by a timidity which he himſelf knows to be vicious, and muſt ſtruggle long againſt dejection and reluctance, before he obtains the full command of his own attention, and adds the gracefulneſs of eaſe to the dignity of merit.

For this diſeaſe of the mind I know not whether any remedies of much efficacy can be found. To adviſe a man unaccuſtomed to the eyes of multitudes to mount a tribunal without perturbation, to tell him whoſe life has paſſed in the ſhades of contemplation, that he muſt not be diſconcerted or perplexed in receiving and returning the compliments of a ſplendid aſſembly, is to adviſe an inhabitant of *Braſil* or *Sumatra* not to ſhiver at an *Engliſh* winter, or him who has always lived upon a plain to look from a precipice without emotion. It is to ſuppoſe cuſtom inſtantaneouſly controllable by reaſon, and to endeavour to communicate by precept that which only time and habit can beſtow.

He that hopes by philoſophy and contemplation alone to fortify himſelf againſt that awe which all, at their firſt appearance on the ſtage of life, muſt feel from the ſpectators, will, at the hour of need, be mocked by his reſolution; and I doubt whether

the preſervatives which *Plato* relates *Alcibiades* to have received from *Socrates*, when he was about to ſpeak in publick, proved ſufficient to ſecure him from the powerful faſcination.

Yet as the effects of time may by art and induſtry be accelerated or retarded, it cannot be improper to conſider how this troubleſome inſtinct may be oppoſed when it exceeds its juſt proportion, and inſtead of repreſſing petulance and temerity, ſilences eloquence, and debilitates force; ſince, though it cannot be hoped that anxiety ſhould be immediately diſſipated, it may be at leaſt ſomewhat abated; and the paſſions will operate with leſs violence, when reaſon riſes againſt them, than while ſhe either ſlumbers in neutrality, or, miſtaking her intereſt, lends them her aſſiſtance.

No cauſe more frequently produces baſhfulneſs than too high an opinion of our own importance. He that imagines an aſſembly filled with his merit, panting with expectation, and huſhed with attention, eaſily terrifies himſelf with the dread of diſappointing them, and ſtrains his imagination in purſuit of ſomething that may vindicate the veracity of fame, and ſhew that his reputation was not gained by chance. He conſiders, that what he ſhall ſay or do will never be forgotten; that renown or infamy are ſuſpended upon every ſyllable, and that nothing ought to fall from him which will not bear the teſt of time. Under ſuch ſolicitude, who can wonder that the mind is overwhelmed, and by ſtruggling with attempts above her ſtrength, quickly ſinks into languiſhment and deſpondency?

The

The moſt uſeful medicines are often unpleaſing to the taſte. Thoſe who are oppreſſed by their own reputation, will perhaps not be comforted by hearing that their cares are unneceſſary. But the truth is, that no man is much regarded by the reſt of the world. He that conſiders how little he dwells upon the condition of others, will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himſelf. While we ſee multitudes paſſing before us, of whom perhaps not one appears to deſerve our notice, or excite our ſympathy, we ſhould remember, that we likewiſe are loſt in the ſame throng; that the eye which happens to glance upon us is turned in a moment on him that follows us, and that the utmoſt which we can reaſonably hope or fear, is to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotten.

NUMB. 160. SATURDAY, *September* 28, 1751.

——*Inter ſe convenit urſis.* JUV.

Beaſts of each kind their fellows ſpare;
Bear lives in amity with bear.

"THE world," ſays *Locke*, "has people of all "ſorts." As in the general hurry produced by the ſuperfluities of ſome, and neceſſities of others, no man needs to ſtand ſtill for want of employment, ſo in the innumerable gradations of ability, and endleſs varieties of ſtudy and inclination, no employment can be vacant for want of a man qualified to diſcharge it.

Such is probably the natural ſtate of the univerſe, but it is ſo much deformed by intereſt and paſſion, that the benefit of this adaptation of men to things is not always perceived. The folly or indigence of thoſe who ſet their ſervices to ſale, inclines them to boaſt of qualifications which they do not poſſeſs, and attempt buſineſs which they do not underſtand; and they who have the power of aſſigning to others the taſk of life, are ſeldom honeſt or ſeldom happy in their nominations. Patrons are corrupted by avarice, cheated by credulity, or overpowered by reſiſtleſs ſolicitation. They are ſometimes too ſtrongly influenced by honeſt prejudices of friendſhip, or the prevalence of virtuous compaſſion. For, whatever cool reaſon may direct, it is not eaſy for a man of tender and ſcrupulous goodneſs to overlook the immediate effect of his own actions,

actions, by turning his eyes upon remoter consequences, and to do that which must give present pain, for the sake of obviating evil yet unfelt, or securing advantage in time to come. What is distant is in itself obscure, and, when we have no wish to see it, easily escapes our notice, or takes such a form as desire or imagination bestows upon it.

Every man might for the same reason, in the multitudes that swarm about him, find some kindred mind with which he could unite in confidence and friendship; yet we see many straggling single about the world, unhappy for want of an associate, and pining with the necessity of confining their sentiments to their own bosoms.

This inconvenience arises in like manner from struggles of the will against the understanding. It is not often difficult to find a suitable companion, if every man would be content with such as he is qualified to please. But if vanity tempts him to forsake his rank, and post himself among those with whom no common interest or mutual pleasure can ever unite him, he must always live in a state of unsocial separation, without tenderness and without trust.

There are many natures which can never approach within a certain distance, and which, when any irregular motive impels them towards contact, seem to start back from each other by some invincible repulsion. There are others which immediately cohere whenever they come into the reach of mutual attraction, and with very little formality of preparation mingle intimately as soon as they meet. Every man, whom either business or curiosity has thrown at large into the world, will recollect many

inſtances of fondneſs and diſlike, which have forced themſelves upon him without the intervention of his judgment; of diſpoſitions to court ſome and avoid others, when he could aſſign no reaſon for the preference, or none adequate to the violence of his paſſions; of influence that acted inſtantaneouſly upon his mind, and which no arguments or perſuaſions could ever overcome.

Among thoſe with whom time and intercourſe have made us familiar, we feel our affections divided in different proportions without much regard to moral or intellectual merit. Every man knows ſome whom he cannot induce himſelf to truſt, though he has no reaſon to ſuſpect that they would betray him; thoſe to whom he cannot complain, though he never obſerved them to want compaſſion; thoſe in whoſe preſence he never can be gay, though excited by invitations to mirth and freedom; and thoſe from whom he cannot be content to receive inſtruction, though they never inſulted his ignorance by contempt or oſtentation.

That much regard is to be had to thoſe inſtincts of kindneſs and diſlike, or that reaſon ſhould blindly follow them, I am far from intending to inculcate: It is very certain that by indulgence we may give them ſtrength which they have not from nature, and almoſt every example of ingratitude and treachery proves, that by obeying them we may commit our happineſs to thoſe who are very unworthy of ſo great a truſt. But it may deſerve to be remarked, that ſince few contend much with their inclinations, it is generally vain to ſolicit the good-will of thoſe whom we perceive thus involuntarily alienated from us; neither

neither knowledge nor virtue will reconcile antipathy, and though officiousness may for a time be admitted, and diligence applauded, they will at last be dismissed with coldness, or discouraged by neglect.

Some have indeed an occult power of stealing upon the affections, of exciting universal benevolence, and disposing every heart to fondness and friendship. But this is a felicity granted only to the favourites of nature. The greater part of mankind find a different reception from different dispositions; they sometimes obtain unexpected caresses from those whom they never flattered with uncommon regard, and sometimes exhaust all their arts of pleasing without effect. To these it is necessary to look round and attempt every breast in which they find virtue sufficient for the foundation of friendship; to enter into the crowd, and try whom chance will offer to their notice, till they fix on some temper congenial to their own, as the magnet rolled in the dust collects the fragments of its kindred metal from a thousand particles of other substances.

Every man must have remarked the facility with which the kindness of others is sometimes gained by those to whom he never could have imparted his own. We are by our occupations, education, and habits of life, divided almost into different species, which regard one another for the most part with scorn and malignity. Each of these classes of the human race has desires, fears, and conversation, vexations and merriment, peculiar to itself; cares which another cannot feel; pleasures which he cannot partake; and modes of expressing every sensation which he

cannot underſtand. That frolick which ſhakes one man with laughter, will convulſe another with indignation; the ſtrain of jocularity which in one place obtains treats and patronage, would in another be heard with indifference, and in a third with abhorrence.

To raiſe eſteem we muſt benefit others, to procure love we muſt pleaſe them. *Ariſtotle* obſerves, that old men do not readily form friendſhips, becauſe they are not eaſily ſuſceptible of pleaſure. He that can contribute to the hilarity of the vacant hour, or partake with equal guſt the favourite amuſement, he whoſe mind is employed on the ſame objects, and who therefore never haraſſes the underſtanding with unaccuſtomed ideas, will be welcomed with ardour, and left with regret, unleſs he deſtroys thoſe recommendations by faults with which peace and ſecurity cannot conſiſt.

It were happy if, in forming friendſhips, virtue could concur with pleaſure; but the greateſt part of human gratifications approach ſo nearly to vice, that few who make the delight of others their rule of conduct, can avoid diſingenuous compliances; yet certainly he that ſuffers himſelf to be driven or allured from virtue, miſtakes his own intereſt, ſince he gains ſuccour by means, for which his friend, if ever he becomes wiſe, muſt ſcorn him, and for which at laſt he muſt ſcorn himſelf.

NUMB. 161. TUESDAY, *October* 1, 1751.

Οἵη γὰρ φύλλων γενεὴ, τοιήδε κ᾽ Ἀνδρῶν. HOM.

Frail as the leaves that quiver on the sprays,
Like them man flourishes, like them decays.

Mr. RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU have formerly observed that curiosity often terminates in barren knowledge, and that the mind is prompted to study and enquiry rather by the uneasiness of ignorance, than the hope of profit. Nothing can be of less importance to any present interest than the fortune of those who have been long lost in the grave, and from whom nothing now can be hoped or feared. Yet to rouse the zeal of a true antiquary, little more is necessary than to mention a name which mankind have conspired to forget; he will make his way to remote scenes of action through obscurity and contradiction, as *Tully* sought amidst bushes and brambles the tomb of *Archimedes*.

It is not easy to discover how it concerns him that gathers the produce, or receives the rent of an estate, to know through what families the land has passed, who is registered in the Conqueror's survey as its possessor, how often it has been forfeited by treason, or how often sold by prodigality. The power or wealth of the present inhabitants of a country cannot be much increased by an enquiry after

after the names of thoſe barbarians, who deſtroyed one another twenty centuries ago, in conteſts for the ſhelter of woods or convenience of paſturage. Yet we ſee that no man can be at reſt in the enjoyment of a new purchaſe till he has learned the hiſtory of his grounds from the ancient inhabitants of the pariſh, and that no nation omits to record the actions of their anceſtors, however bloody, ſavage, and rapacious.

The ſame diſpoſition, as different opportunities call it forth, diſcovers itſelf in great or little things. I have always thought it unworthy of a wiſe man to ſlumber in total inactivity, only becauſe he happens to have no employment equal to his ambition or genius; it is therefore my cuſtom to apply my attention to the objects before me, and as I cannot think any place wholly unworthy of notice that affords a habitation to a man of letters, I have collected the hiſtory and antiquities of the ſeveral garrets in which I have reſided.

Quantulacunque eſtis, vos ego magna voco.

How ſmall to others, but how great to me!

Many of theſe narratives my induſtry has been able to extend to a conſiderable length; but the woman with whom I now lodge has lived only eighteen months in the houſe, and can give no account of its ancient revolutions; the plaiſterer having, at her entrance, obliterated, by his white-waſh, all the ſmoky memorials which former tenants had left upon the ceiling, and perhaps drawn the veil of oblivion over politicians, philoſophers, and poets.

When

When I firſt cheapened my lodgings, the landlady told me, that ſhe hoped I was not an author, for the lodgers on the firſt floor had ſtipulated that the upper rooms ſhould not be occupied by a noiſy trade. I very readily promiſed to give no diſturbance to her family, and ſoon diſpatched a bargain on the uſual terms.

I had not ſlept many nights in my new apartment before I began to enquire after my predeceſſors, and found my landlady, whoſe imagination is filled chiefly with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curioſity, like all other deſires, produces pain as well as pleaſure. Before ſhe began her narrative, I had heated my head with expectations of adventures and diſcoveries, of elegance in diſguiſe, and learning in diſtreſs; and was ſomewhat mortified when I heard that the firſt tenant was a tailor, of whom nothing was remembered but that he complained of his room for want of light; and, after having lodged in it a month, and paid only a week's rent, pawned a piece of cloth which he was truſted to cut out, and was forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quarter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrived from the country, who lived for five weeks with great regularity, and became by frequent treats very much the favourite of the family, but at laſt received viſits ſo frequently from a couſin in *Cheapſide*, that ſhe brought the reputation of the houſe into danger, and was therefore diſmiſſed with good advice.

The

The room then ſtood empty for a fortnight; my landlady began to think that ſhe had judged hardly, and often wiſhed for ſuch another lodger. At laſt an elderly man of a grave aſpect read the bill, and bargained for the room at the very firſt price that was aſked. He lived in cloſe retirement, ſeldom went out till evening, and then returned early, ſometimes cheerful, and at other times dejected. It was remarkable, that whatever he purchaſed, he never had ſmall money in his pocket, and though cool and temperate on other occaſions, was always vehement and ſtormy till he received his change. He paid his rent with great exactneſs, and ſeldom failed once a week to requite my landlady's civility with a ſupper. At laſt, ſuch is the fate of human felicity, the houſe was alarmed at midnight by the conſtable, who demanded to ſearch the garrets. My landlady aſſuring him that he had miſtaken the door, conducted him up ſtairs, where he found the tools of a coiner; but the tenant had crawled along the roof to an empty houſe, and eſcaped; much to the joy of my landlady, who declares him a very honeſt man, and wonders why any body ſhould be hanged for making money when ſuch numbers are in want of it. She however confeſſes that ſhe ſhall for the future always queſtion the character of thoſe who take her garret without beating down the price.

The bill was then placed again in the window, and the poor woman was teazed for ſeven weeks by innumerable paſſengers, who obliged her to climb with them every hour up five ſtories, and then diſliked the proſpect, hated the noiſe of a publick ſtreet, thought the ſtairs narrow, objected to a low ceil-

ing

ing, required the walls to be hung with freſher paper, aſked queſtions about the neighbourhood, could not think of living ſo far from their acquaintance, wiſhed the windows had looked to the ſouth rather than the weſt, told how the door and chimney might have been better diſpoſed, bid her half the price that ſhe aſked, or promiſed to give her earneſt the next day, and came no more.

At laſt, a ſhort meagre man, in a tarniſhed waiſtcoat, deſired to ſee the garret, and when he had ſtipulated for two long ſhelves, and a larger table, hired it at a low rate. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great ſatisfaction, and repeated ſome words which the woman did not underſtand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took poſſeſſion of his room, and lived very inoffenſively, except that he frequently diſturbed the inhabitants of the next floor by unſeaſonable noiſes. He was generally in bed at noon, but from evening to midnight he ſometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, ſometimes ſtamped as in rage, ſometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then ſat down in deep thought, and again burſt out into loud vociferations; ſometimes he would ſigh as oppreſſed with miſery, and ſometimes ſhake with convulſive laughter. When he encountered any of the family, he gave way or bowed, but rarely ſpoke, except that as he went up ſtairs he often repeated,

——῞Ος υπέρτατα δώματα ναίει,

This habitant th' aerial regions boaſt,

hard

hard words, to which his neighbours liſtened ſo often, that they learned them without underſtanding them. What was his employment ſhe did not venture to aſk him, but at laſt heard a printer's boy enquire for the author.

My landlady was very often adviſed to beware of this ſtrange man, who, though he was quiet for the preſent, might perhaps become outrageous in the hot months; but as ſhe was punctually paid, ſhe could not find any ſufficient reaſon for diſmiſſing him, till one night he convinced her, by ſetting fire to his curtains, that it was not ſafe to have an author for her inmate.

She had then for ſix weeks a ſucceſſion of tenants, who left the houſe on Saturday, and inſtead of paying their rent, ſtormed at their landlady. At laſt ſhe took in two ſiſters, one of whom had ſpent her little fortune in procuring remedies for a lingering diſeaſe, and was now ſupported and attended by the other: ſhe climbed with difficulty to the apartment, where ſhe languiſhed eight weeks without impatience, or lamentation, except for the expence and fatigue which her ſiſter ſuffered, and then calmly and contentedly expired. The ſiſter followed her to the grave, paid the few debts which they had contracted, wiped away the tears of uſeleſs ſorrow, and returning to the buſineſs of common life, reſigned to me the vacant habitation.

Such, Mr. *Rambler*, are the changes which have happened in the narrow ſpace where my preſent fortune has fixed my reſidence. So true it is that amuſement and inſtruction are always at hand for

5 thoſe

those who have skill and willingness to find them; and so just is the observation of *Juvenal*, that a single house will shew whatever is done or suffered in the world.

I am, SIR, &c.

NUMB. 162. TUESDAY, *October* 5, 1751.

Orbus es, & locuples, & Bruto consule natus,
Esse tibi veras credis amicitias?
Sunt veræ; sed quas Juvenis, quas pauper habebas,
Quis novus est, mortem diligit ille tuam. MART.

What! old, and rich, and childless too,
And yet believe your friends are true?
Truth might perhaps to those belong,
To those who lov'd you poor and young;
But, trust me, for the new you have,
They'll love you dearly—in your grave. F. LEWIS.

ONE of the complaints uttered by *Milton*'s *Samson*, in the anguish of blindness, is, that he shall pass his life under the direction of others; that he cannot regulate his conduct by his own knowledge, but must lie at the mercy of those who undertake to guide him.

There is no state more contrary to the dignity of wisdom than perpetual and unlimited dependence, in which the understanding lies useless, and every motion is received from external impulse. Reason is the great distinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to some degree of association

with celestial intelligences; but as the excellence of every power appears only in its operations, not to have reason, and to have it useless and unemployed, is nearly the same.

Such is the weakness of man, that the essence of things is seldom so much regarded as external and accidental appendages. A small variation of trifling circumstances, a slight change of form by an artificial dress, or a casual difference of appearance, by a new light and situation, will conciliate affection or excite abhorrence, and determine us to pursue or to avoid. Every man considers a necessity of compliance with any will but his own, as the lowest state of ignominy and meanness; few are so far lost in cowardice or negligence, as not to rouse at the first insult of tyranny, and exert all their force against him who usurps their property, or invades any privilege of speech or action. Yet we see often those who never wanted spirit to repel encroachment or oppose violence, at last, by a gradual relaxation of vigilance, delivering up, without capitulation, the fortress which they defended against assault, and laying down unbidden the weapons which they grasped the harder for every attempt to wrest them from their hands. Men eminent for spirit and wisdom often resign themselves to voluntary pupilage, and suffer their lives to be modelled by officious ignorance, and their choice to be regulated by presumptuous stupidity.

This unresisting acquiescence in the determination of others may be the consequence of application to some study remote from the beaten track of life, some employment which does not allow leisure for sufficient inspection of those petty affairs, by which na-

ture has decreed a great part of our duration to be filled. To a mind thus withdrawn from common objects, it is more eligible to repose on the prudence of another, than to be exposed every moment to slight interruptions. The submission which such confidence requires, is paid without pain, because it implies no confession of inferiority. The business from which we withdraw our cognizance, is not above our abilities, but below our notice. We please our pride with the effects of our influence thus weakly exerted, and fancy ourselves placed in a higher orb, from which we regulate subordinate agents by a slight and distant superintendence. But whatever vanity or abstraction may suggest, no man can safely do that by others which might be done by himself; he that indulges negligence will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that trusts without reserve will at last be deceived.

It is however impossible but that, as the attention tends strongly towards one thing, it must retire from another; and he that omits the care of domestick business, because he is engrossed by enquiries of more importance to mankind, has at least the merit of suffering in a good cause. But there are many who can plead no such extenuation of their folly; who shake off the burthen of their station, not that they may soar with less incumbrance to the heights of knowledge or virtue, but that they may loiter at ease and sleep in quiet; and who select for friendship and confidence not the faithful and the virtuous, but the soft, the civil, and compliant.

This openness to flattery is the common disgrace of declining life. When men feel weakness increas-

ing on them, they naturally deſire to reſt from the ſtruggles of contradiction, the fatigue of reaſoning, the anxiety of circumſpection; when they are hourly tormented with pains and diſeaſes, they are unable to bear any new diſturbance, and conſider all oppoſition as an addition to miſery, of which they feel already more than they can patiently endure. Thus deſirous of peace, and thus fearful of pain, the old man ſeldom enquires after any other qualities in thoſe whom he careſſes, than quickneſs in conjecturing his deſires, activity in ſupplying his wants, dexterity in intercepting complaints before they approach near enough to diſturb him, flexibility to his preſent humour, ſubmiſſion to haſty petulance, and attention to weariſome narrations. By theſe arts alone many have been able to defeat the claims of kindred and of merit, and to enrich themſelves with preſents and legacies.

Thraſybulus inherited a large fortune, and augmented it by the revenues of ſeveral lucrative employments, which he diſcharged with honour and dexterity. He was at laſt wiſe enough to conſider, that life ſhould not be devoted wholly to accumulation, and therefore retiring to his eſtate, applied himſelf to the education of his children, and the cultivation of domeſtick happineſs.

He paſſed ſeveral years in this pleaſing amuſement, and ſaw his care amply recompenſed; his daughters were celebrated for modeſty and elegance, and his ſons for learning, prudence, and ſpirit. In time the eagerneſs with which the neighbouring gentlemen courted his alliance, obliged him to reſign his daughters to other families; the vivacity and curioſity of his

his ſons hurried them out of rural privacy into the open world, from whence they had not ſoon an inclination to return. This however he had always hoped; he pleaſed himſelf with the ſucceſs of his ſchemes, and felt no inconvenience from ſolitude till an apoplexy deprived him of his wife.

Thraſybulus had now no companion; and the maladies of increaſing years having taken from him much of the power of procuring amuſement for himſelf, he thought it neceſſary to procure ſome inferior friend who might eaſe him of his economical ſolicitudes, and divert him by cheerful converſation. All theſe qualities he ſoon recollected in *Vafer*, a clerk in one of the offices over which he had formerly preſided. *Vafer* was invited to viſit his old patron, and being by his ſtation acquainted with the preſent modes of life, and by conſtant practice dextrous in buſineſs, entertained him with ſo many novelties, and ſo readily diſentangled his affairs, that he was deſired to reſign his clerkſhip, and accept a liberal ſalary in the houſe of *Thraſybulus*.

Vafer having always lived in a ſtate of dependance, was well verſed in the arts by which favour is obtained, and could without repugnance or heſitation accommodate himſelf to every caprice, and echo every opinion. He never doubted but to be convinced, nor attempted oppoſition but to flatter *Thraſybulus* with the pleaſure of a victory. By this practice he found his way into his patron's heart, and having firſt made himſelf agreeable, ſoon became important. His inſidious diligence, by which the lazineſs of age was gratified, engroſſed the management of affairs; and his petty offices of civility, and occaſional inter-

cessions, persuaded the tenants to consider him as their friend and benefactor, and to entreat his enforcement of their representations of hard years, and his countenance to petitions for abatement of rent.

Thrasybulus had now banqueted on flattery, till he could no longer bear the harshness of remonstrance, or the insipidity of truth. All contrariety to his own opinion shocked him like a violation of some natural right, and all recommendation of his affairs to his own inspection was dreaded by him as a summons to torture. His children were alarmed by the sudden riches of *Vafer*, but their complaints were heard by their father with impatience, as the result of a conspiracy against his quiet, and a design to condemn him, for their own advantage, to groan out his last hours in perplexity and drudgery. The daughters retired with tears in their eyes, but the son continued his importunities till he found his inheritance hazarded by his obstinacy. *Vafer* triumphed over all their efforts, and continuing to confirm himself in authority, at the death of his master purchased an estate, and bade defiance to enquiry and justice.

[library stamp]

Numb. 163. Tuesday, *October* 8, 1751.

Mitte superba pati fastidia, spemque caducam
Despice; vive tibi, nam moriere tibi. Seneca.

Bow to no patron's insolence; rely
On no frail hopes, in freedom live and die. F. Lewis.

NONE of the cruelties exercised by wealth and power upon indigence and dependance is more mischievous in its consequences, or more frequently practised with wanton negligence, than the encouragement of expectations which are never to be gratified, and the elation and depression of the heart by needless vicissitudes of hope and disappointment.

Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments; any enlargement of wishes is therefore equally destructive to happiness with the diminution of possession, and he that teaches another to long for what he never shall obtain, is no less an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of part of his patrimony.

But representations thus refined exhibit no adequate idea of the guilt of pretended friendship; of artifices by which followers are attracted only to decorate the retinue of pomp, and swell the shout of popularity, and to be dismissed with contempt and ignominy, when their leader has succeeded or miscarried, when he is sick of show, and weary of noise. While a man, infatuated with the promises of greatness, wastes his hours and days in attendance and solicitation,

licitation, the honeſt opportunities of improving his condition paſs by without his notice; he neglects to cultivate his own barren ſoil, becauſe he expects every moment to be placed in regions of ſpontaneous fertility, and is ſeldom rouſed from his deluſion, but by the gripe of diſtreſs which he cannot reſiſt, and the ſenſe of evils which cannot be remedied.

The puniſhment of *Tantalus* in the infernal regions affords a juſt image of hungry ſervility, flattered with the approach of advantage, doomed to loſe it before it comes into his reach, always within a few days of felicity, and always ſinking back to his former wants.

> Καὶ μὲν Τάνταλον εἰσεῖδον χαλέπ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα
> Εϛάοτ, ἐν λίμνῃ, ἡ δὲ ϖροσέϖλαζε γενείῳ·
> Στεῦτο δὲ διψάων· ϖιέειν δ' ἐκ εἶχεν ἕλεσθαι.
> Οσσάκι γαρ κῦψει ὁ γέρων ϖιέειν μενεαίνων,
> Τοσσαχ' ἴδωρ αχολέσκετ ἀναβροχθὲν· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ
> Γαῖα μέλαινα φάνεσκε· καταζήνασκε δὲ δαίμων.
> Δένδρεα δ' ὑψιϖέτηλα καταχρῆθεν χέε καρϖὸν.
> Ὄχναι, ϗ ῥοιαὶ, ϗ μηλέαι ἀγλαόκαρϖον.
> Συκαῖ τέ γλυκεραὶ, ϗ ἐλαῖαι τηλεθόωσαι.
> Τῶν ὁϖότ' ἰθυσει ὁ γέρων ἐπὶ χερσὶ μάσασθαι
> Τάς δ' ἄνεμος ῥιϖίασκε ποτὶ νέφεα σκιόεντα.

“ I ſaw,” ſays *Homer's Ulyſſes*, “ the ſevere puniſhment of *Tantalus*. In a lake whoſe waters approached to his lips, he ſtood burning with thirſt, without the power to drink. Whenever he inclined his head to the ſtream, ſome deity commanded it to be dry, and the dark earth appeared at his feet. Around him lofty trees ſpread their fruits to view; the pear, the pomegranate, and “ the

" the apple, the green olive, and the luſcious fig " quivered before him, which, whenever he extend- " ed his hand to ſeize them, were ſnatched by the " winds into clouds and obſcurity."

This image of miſery was perhaps originally ſuggeſted to ſome poet by the conduct of his patron, by the daily contemplation of ſplendor which he never muſt partake, by fruitleſs attempts to catch at interdicted happineſs, and by the ſudden evaneſcence of his reward, when he thought his labours almoſt at an end. To groan with poverty, when all about him was opulence, riot, and ſuperfluity, and to find the favours which he had long been encouraged to hope, and had long endeavoured to deſerve, ſquandered at laſt on nameleſs ignorance, was to thirſt with water flowing before him, and to ſee the fruits to which his hunger was haſtening, ſcattered by the wind. Nor can my correſpondent, whatever he may have ſuffered, expreſs with more juſtneſs or force the vexations of dependance.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM one of thoſe mortals who have been courted and envied as the favourites of the great. Having often gained the prize of compoſition at the univerſity, I began to hope that I ſhould obtain the ſame diſtinction in every other place, and determined to forſake the profeſſion to which I was deſtined by my parents, and in which the intereſt of my family would have procured me a very advantageous ſettlement. The

The pride of wit fluttered in my heart, and when I prepared to leave the college, nothing entered my imagination but honours, careſſes, and rewards, riches without labour, and luxury without expence.

I however delayed my departure for a time, to finiſh the performance by which I was to draw the firſt notice of mankind upon me. When it was completed I hurried to *London*, and conſidered every moment that paſſed before its publication, as loſt in a kind of neutral exiſtence, and cut off from the golden hours of happineſs and fame. The piece was at laſt printed and diſſeminated by a rapid ſale; I wandered from one place of concourſe to another, feaſted from morning to night on the repetition of my own praiſes, and enjoyed the various conjectures of criticks, the miſtaken candour of my friends, and the impotent malice of my enemies. Some had read the manuſcript, and rectified its inaccuracies; others had ſeen it in a ſtate ſo imperfect, that they could not forbear to wonder at its preſent excellence; ſome had converſed with the author at the coffee-houſe; and others gave hints that they had lent him money.

I knew that no performance is ſo favourably read as that of a writer who ſuppreſſes his name, and therefore reſolved to remain concealed, till thoſe by whom literary reputation is eſtabliſhed had given their ſuffrages too publickly to retract them. At length my bookſeller informed me that *Aurantius*, the ſtanding patron of merit, had ſent enquiries after me, and invited me to his acquaintance.

The time which I had long expected was now arrived. I went to *Aurantius* with a beating heart, for I looked upon our interview as the critical moment of

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my deſtiny. I was received with civilities, which my academick rudeneſs made me unable to repay; but when I had recovered from my confuſion, I proſecuted the converſation with ſuch liveline ſs and propriety, that I confirmed my new friend in his eſteem of my abilities, and was diſmiſſed with the utmoſt ardour of profeſſion, and raptures of fondneſs.

I was ſoon ſummoned to dine with *Aurantius*, who had aſſembled the moſt judicious of his friends to partake of the entertainment. Again I exerted my powers of ſentiment and expreſſion, and again found every eye ſparkling with delight, and every tongue ſilent with attention. I now became familiar at the table of *Aurantius*, but could never, in his moſt private or jocund hours, obtain more from him than general declarations of eſteem, or endearments of tenderneſs, which included no particular promiſe, and therefore conferred no claim. This frigid reſerve ſomewhat diſguſted me, and when he complained of three days abſence, I took care to inform him with how much importunity of kindneſs I had been detained by his rival *Pollio*.

Aurantius now conſidered his honour as endangered by the deſertion of a wit, and leſt I ſhould have an inclination to wander, told me that I could never find a friend more conſtant and zealous than himſelf; that indeed he had made no promiſes, becauſe he hoped to ſurpriſe me with advancement, but had been ſilently promoting my intereſt, and ſhould continue his good offices, unleſs he found the kindneſs of others more deſired.

If you, Mr. *Rambler*, have ever ventured your philoſophy within the attraction of greatneſs, you know the

the force of ſuch language introduced with a ſmile of gracious tenderneſs, and impreſſed at the concluſion with an air of ſolemn ſincerity. From that inſtant I gave myſelf up wholly to *Aurantius*, and as he immediately reſumed his former gaiety, expected every morning a ſummons to ſome employment of dignity and profit. One month ſucceeded another, and in defiance of appearances I ſtill fancied myſelf nearer to my wiſhes, and continued to dream of ſucceſs, and wake to diſappointment. At laſt the failure of my little fortune compelled me to abate the finery which I hitherto thought neceſſary to the company with whom I aſſociated, and the rank to which I ſhould be raiſed. *Aurantius*, from the moment in which he diſcovered my poverty, conſidered me as fully in his power, and afterwards rather permitted my attendance than invited it; thought himſelf at liberty to refuſe my viſits, whenever he had other amuſements within reach, and often ſuffered me to wait, without pretending any neceſſary buſineſs. When I was admitted to his table, if any man of rank equal to his own was preſent, he took occaſion to mention my writings, and commend my ingenuity, by which he intended to apologize for the confuſion of diſtinctions, and the improper aſſortment of his company; and often called upon me to entertain his friends with my productions, as a ſportſman delights the ſquires of his neighbourhood with the curvets of his horſe, or the obedience of his ſpaniels.

To complete my mortification, it was his practice to impoſe taſks upon me, by requiring me to write upon ſuch ſubjects as he thought ſuſceptible of ornament and illuſtration. With theſe extorted perform-

ances,

ances he was little ſatisfied, becauſe he rarely found in them the ideas which his own imagination had ſuggeſted, and which he therefore thought more natural than mine.

When the pale of ceremony is broken, rudeneſs and inſult ſoon enter the breach. He now found that he might ſafely haraſs me with vexation, that he had fixed the ſhackles of patronage upon me, and that I could neither reſiſt him nor eſcape. At laſt, in the eighth year of my ſervitude, when the clamour of creditors was vehement, and my neceſſity known to be extreme, he offered me a ſmall office, but hinted his expectation that I ſhould marry a young woman with whom he had been acquainted.

I was not ſo far depreſſed by my calamities as to comply with his propoſal; but knowing that complaints and expoſtulations would but gratify his inſolence, I turned away with that contempt with which I ſhall never want ſpirit to treat the wretch who can outgo the guilt of a robber without the temptation of his profit, and who lures the credulous and thoughtleſs to maintain the ſhow of his levee, and the mirth of his table, at the expence of honour, happineſs, and life.

I am, SIR, &c.

LIBERALIS.

Numb. 164. Saturday, *October* 12, 1751.

——*Vitium, Gaure, Catonis habes.* Mart.

Gaurus pretends to *Cato*'s fame;
And proves——by *Cato*'s vice, his claim.

DISTINCTION is ſo pleaſing to the pride of man, that a great part of the pain and pleaſure of life ariſes from the gratification or diſappointment of an inceſſant wiſh for ſuperiority, from the ſucceſs or miſcarriage of ſecret competitions, from victories and defeats, of which, though they appear to us of great importance, in reality none are conſcious except ourſelves.

Proportionate to the prevalence of this love of praiſe is the variety of means by which its attainment is attempted. Every man, however hopeleſs his pretenſions may appear to all but himſelf, has ſome project by which he hopes to riſe to reputation; ſome art by which he imagines that the notice of the world will be attracted; ſome quality, good or bad, which diſcriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others may be perſuaded to love, or compelled to fear him. The aſcents of honour, however ſteep, never appear inacceſſible; he that deſpairs to ſcale the precipices by which valour and learning have conducted their favourites, diſcovers ſome by-path, or eaſier acclivity, which, though it cannot bring him to the ſummit, will yet enable him to overlook thoſe with whom he

he is now contending for eminence; and we ſeldom require more to the happineſs of the preſent hour, than to ſurpaſs him that ſtands next before us.

As the greater part of human kind ſpeak and act wholly by imitation, moſt of thoſe who aſpire to honour and applauſe propoſe to themſelves ſome example which ſerves as the model of their conduct, and the limit of their hopes. Almoſt every man, if cloſely examined, will be found to have enliſted himſelf under ſome leader whom he expects to conduct him to renown; to have ſome hero or other, living or dead, in his view, whoſe character he endeavours to aſſume, and whoſe performances he labours to equal.

When the original is well choſen and judiciouſly copied, the imitator often arrives at excellence, which he could never have attained without direction; for few are formed with abilities to diſcover new poſſibilities of excellence, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves by means never tried before.

But folly and idleneſs often contrive to gratify pride at a cheaper rate: not the qualities which are moſt illuſtrious, but thoſe which are of eaſieſt attainment, are ſelected for imitation; and the honours and rewards which publick gratitude has paid to the benefactors of mankind, are expected by wretches who can only imitate them in their vices and defects, or adopt ſome petty ſingularities, of which thoſe from whom they are borrowed, were ſecretly aſhamed.

No man riſes to ſuch a height as to become conſpicuous, but he is on one ſide cenſured by undiſcerning malice, which reproaches him for his beſt actions, and ſlanders his apparent and inconteſtable

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excellencies; and idolized on the other by ignorant admiration, which exalts his faults and follies into virtues. It may be obſerved, that he by whoſe intimacy his acquaintances imagine themſelves dignified, generally diffuſes among them his mien and his habits; and indeed without more vigilance than is generally applied to the regulation of the minuter parts of behaviour, it is not eaſy when we converſe much with one whoſe general character excites our veneration, to eſcape all contagion of his peculiarities, even when we do not deliberately think them worthy of our notice, and when they would have excited laughter or diſguſt had they not been protected by their alliance to nobler qualities, and accidentally conſorted with knowledge or with virtue.

The faults of a man loved or honoured, ſometimes ſteal ſecretly and imperceptibly upon the wiſe and virtuous, but by injudicious fondneſs or thoughtleſs vanity are adopted with deſign. There is ſcarce any failing of mind or body, any error of opinion, or depravity of practice, which, inſtead of producing ſhame and diſcontent, its natural effects, has not at one time or other gladdened vanity with the hopes of praiſe, and been diſplayed with oſtentatious induſtry by thoſe who ſought kindred minds among the wits or heroes, and could prove their relation only by ſimilitude of deformity.

In conſequence of this perverſe ambition, every habit which reaſon condemns may be indulged and avowed. When a man is upbraided with his faults, he may indeed be pardoned if he endeavours to run for ſhelter to ſome celebrated name; but it is not to be ſuffered that, from the retreats to which he fled

from

MAHARAJA ...

from infamy, he ſhould iſſue again with the confidence of conqueſts, and call upon mankind for praiſe. Yet we ſee men that waſte their patrimony in luxury, deſtroy their health with debauchery, and enervate their minds with idleneſs, becauſe there have been ſome whom luxury never could ſink into contempt, nor idleneſs hinder from the praiſe of genius.

This general inclination of mankind to copy characters in the groſs, and the force which the recommendation of illuſtrious examples adds to the allurements of vice, ought to be conſidered by all whoſe character excludes them from the ſhades of ſecrecy, as incitements to ſcrupulous caution and univerſal purity of manners. No man, however enſlaved to his appetites, or hurried by his paſſions, can, while he preſerves his intellects unimpaired, pleaſe himſelf with promoting the corruption of others. He whoſe merit has enlarged his influence, would ſurely wiſh to exert it for the benefit of mankind. Yet ſuch will be the effect of his reputation, while he ſuffers himſelf to indulge any favourite fault, that they who have no hope to reach his excellence will catch at his failings, and his virtues will be cited to juſtify the copiers of his vices.

It is particularly the duty of thoſe who conſign illuſtrious names to poſterity, to take care leſt their readers be miſled by ambiguous examples. That writer may be juſtly condemned as an enemy to goodneſs, who ſuffers fondneſs or intereſt to confound right with wrong, or to ſhelter the faults which even the wiſeſt and the beſt have committed from that ignominy which guilt ought always to ſuffer, and

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with which it ſhould be more deeply ſtigmatized when dignified by its neighbourhood to uncommon worth, ſince we ſhall be in danger of beholding it without abhorrence, unleſs its turpitude be laid open, and the eye ſecured from the deception of ſurrounding ſplendour.

NUMB. 165. TUESDAY, *October* 15, 1751.

Ἦν νέος, ἀλλὰ πένης· νῦν γηρῶν, πλούσιός εἰμι.
Ὢ μόνος ἐκ πάντων οἰκτρὸς ἐν ἀμφοτέροις,
Ὃς τότε μὲν χρῆσθαι δυνάμην, ὁπότ' οὐδὲν εἶχον.
Νῦν δ' ὁπότε χρῆσθαι μὴ δύναμαι, τότ' ἔχω. ANTIPHILUS.

Young was I once and poor, now rich and old;
A harder caſe than mine was never told;
Bleſt with the pow'r to uſe them—I had none;
Loaded with *riches* now, the pow'r is gone. F. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THE writers who have undertaken the unpromiſing taſk of moderating deſire, exert all the power of their eloquence, to ſhew that happineſs is not the lot of man, and have by many arguments and examples proved the inſtability of every condition by which envy or ambition are excited. They have ſet before our eyes all the calamities to which we are expoſed from the frailty of nature, the influence of accident, or the ſtratagems of malice; they have terrified greatneſs with conſpiracies, and riches with

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with anxieties, wit with criticifm, and beauty with difeafe.

All the force of reafon, and all the charms of language, are indeed neceffary to fupport pofitions which every man hears with a wifh to confute them. Truth finds an eafy entrance into the mind when fhe is introduced by defire, and attended by pleafure; but when fhe intrudes uncalled, and brings only fear and forrow in her train, the paffes of the intellect are barred againft her by prejudice and paffion; if fhe fometimes forces her way by the batteries of argument, fhe feldom long keeps poffeffion of her conquefts, but is ejected by fome favoured enemy, or at beft obtains only a nominal fovereignty, without influence and without authority.

That life is fhort we are all convinced, and yet fuffer not that conviction to reprefs our projects or limit our expectations; that life is miferable we all feel, and yet we believe that the time is near when we fhall feel it no longer. But to hope happinefs and immortality is equally vain. Our ftate may indeed be more or lefs imbittered, as our duration may be more or lefs contracted; yet the utmoft felicity which we can ever attain will be little better than alleviation of mifery, and we fhall always feel more pain from our wants than pleafure from our enjoyments. The incident which I am going to relate will fhew, that to deftroy the effect of all our fuccefs, it is not neceffary that any fignal calamity fhould fall upon us, that we fhould be haraffed by implacable perfecution, or excruciated by irremediable pains; the brighteft hours of profperity have

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their clouds, and the ſtream of life, if it is not ruffled by obſtructions, will grow putrid by ſtagnation.

My father reſolving not to imitate the folly of his anceſtors, who had hitherto left the younger ſons encumbrances on the eldeſt, deſtined me to a lucrative profeſſion; and I being careful to loſe no opportunity of improvement, was, at the uſual time in which young men enter the world, well qualified for the exerciſe of the buſineſs which I had choſen.

My eagerneſs to diſtinguiſh myſelf in publick, and my impatience of the narrow ſcheme of life to which my indigence confined me, did not ſuffer me to continue long in the town where I was born. I went away as from a place of confinement, with a reſolution to return no more, till I ſhould be able to dazzle with my ſplendour thoſe who now looked upon me with contempt, to reward thoſe who had paid honours to my dawning merit, and to ſhow all who had ſuffered me to glide by them unknown and neglected, how much they miſtook their intereſt in omitting to propitiate a genius like mine.

Such were my intentions when I ſallied forth into the unknown world, in queſt of riches and honours, which I expected to procure in a very ſhort time; for what could withhold them from induſtry and knowledge? He that indulges hope will always be diſappointed. Reputation I very ſoon obtained; but as merit is much more cheaply acknowledged than rewarded, I did not find myſelf yet enriched in proportion to my celebrity.

I had however in time ſurmounted the obſtacles by which envy and competition obſtruct the firſt attempts

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tempts of a new claimant, and ſaw my opponents and cenſurers tacitly confeſſing their deſpair of ſucceſs, by courting my friendſhip and yielding to my influence. They who once purſued me, were now ſatisfied to eſcape from me; and they who had before thought me preſumptuous in hoping to overtake them, had now their utmoſt wiſh, if they were permitted at no great diſtance quietly to follow me.

My wants were not madly multiplied as my acquiſitions increaſed, and the time came at length, when I thought myſelf enabled to gratify all reaſonable deſires, and when, therefore, I reſolved to enjoy that plenty and ſerenity which I had been hitherto labouring to procure, to enjoy them while I was yet neither cruſhed by age into infirmity, nor ſo habituated to a particular manner of life as to be unqualified for new ſtudies or entertainments.

I now quitted my profeſſion, and to ſet myſelf at once free from all importunities to reſume it, changed my reſidence, and devoted the remaining part of my time to quiet and amuſement. Amidſt innumerable projects of pleaſure which reſtleſs idleneſs incited me to form, and of which moſt, when they came to the moment of execution, were rejected for others of no longer continuance, ſome accident revived in my imagination the pleaſing ideas of my native place. It was now in my power to viſit thoſe from whom I had been ſo long abſent, in ſuch a manner as was conſiſtent with my former reſolution, and I wondered how it could happen that I had ſo long delayed my own happineſs.

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Full of the admiration which I ſhould excite, and the homage which I ſhould receive, I dreſſed my ſervants in a more oſtentatious livery, purchaſed a magnificent chariot, and reſolved to dazzle the inhabitants of the little town with an unexpected blaze of greatneſs.

While the preparations that vanity required were made for my departure, which, as workmen will not eaſily be hurried beyond their ordinary rate, I thought very tedious, I ſolaced my impatience with imaging the various cenſures that my appearance would produce, the hopes which ſome would feel from my bounty, the terror which my power would ſtrike on others; the awkward reſpect with which I ſhould be accoſted by timorous officiouſneſs; and the diſtant reverence with which others, leſs familiar to ſplendour and dignity, would be contented to gaze upon me. I deliberated a long time, whether I ſhould immediately deſcend to a level with my former acquaintances, or make my condeſcenſion more grateful by a gentle tranſition from haughtineſs and reſerve. At length I determined to forget ſome of my companions, till they diſcovered themſelves by ſome indubitable token, and to receive the congratulations of others upon my good fortune with indifference, to ſhow that I always expected what I had now obtained. The acclamations of the populace I purpoſed to reward with ſix hogſheads of ale, and a roaſted ox, and then recommend to them to return to their work.

At laſt all the trappings of grandeur were fitted, and I began the journey of triumph, which I could

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have wiſhed to have ended in the ſame moment; but my horſes felt none of their maſter's ardour, and I was ſhaken four days upon rugged roads. I then entered the town, and having graciouſly let fall the glaſſes, that my perſon might be ſeen, paſſed ſlowly through the ſtreet. The noiſe of the wheels brought the inhabitants to their doors, but I could not perceive that I was known by them. At laſt I alighted, and my name, I ſuppoſe, was told by my ſervants, for the barber ſtept from the oppoſite houſe, and ſeized me by the hand with honeſt joy in his countenance, which, according to the rule that I had preſcribed to myſelf, I repreſſed with a frigid graciouſneſs. The fellow, inſtead of ſinking into dejection, turned away with contempt, and left me to conſider how the ſecond ſalutation ſhould be received. The next friend was better treated, for I ſoon found that I muſt purchaſe by civility that regard which I had expected to enforce by inſolence.

There was yet no ſmoke of bonfires, no harmony of bells, no ſhout of crowds, nor riot of joy; the buſineſs of the day went forward as before; and after having ordered a ſplendid ſupper, which no man came to partake, and which my chagrin hindered me from taſting, I went to bed, where the vexation of diſappointment overpowered the fatigue of my journey, and kept me from ſleep.

I roſe ſo much humbled by thoſe mortifications, as to inquire after the preſent ſtate of the town, and found that I had been abſent too long to obtain the triumph which had flattered my expectation. Of the friends whoſe compliments I expected, ſome had long ago moved to diſtant provinces, ſome had loſt in

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in the maladies of age all ſenſe of another's proſperity, and ſome had forgotten our former intimacy amidſt care and diſtreſſes. Of three whom I had reſolved to puniſh for their former offences by a longer continuance of neglect, one was, by his own induſtry, raiſed above my ſcorn, and two were ſheltered from it in the grave. All thoſe whom I loved, feared, or hated, all whoſe envy or whoſe kindneſs I had hopes of contemplating with pleaſure, were ſwept away, and their place was filled by a new generation with other views and other competitions; and among many proofs of the impotence of wealth, I found that it conferred upon me very few diſtinctions in my native place.

I am, SIR, &c.

SEROTINUS.

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NUMB. 166. SATURDAY, *October* 19, 1751.

Pauper eris ſemper, ſi pauper es, Æmiliane,
Dantur opes nullis nunc niſi divitibus. MART.

Once poor, my friend, ſtill poor you muſt remain,
The rich alone have all the means of gain. EDW. CAVE.

NO complaint has been more frequently repeated in all ages than that of the neglect of merit aſſociated with poverty, and the difficulty with which valuable or pleaſing qualities force themſelves into view, when they are obſcured by indigence. It has been long obſerved, that native beauty has little power to charm without the ornaments which fortune beſtows, and that to want the favour of others is often ſufficient to hinder us from obtaining it.

Every day diſcovers that mankind are not yet convinced of their error, or that their conviction is without power to influence their conduct; for poverty ſtill continues to produce contempt, and ſtill obſtructs the claims of kindred and of virtue. The eye of wealth is elevated towards higher ſtations, and ſeldom deſcends to examine the actions of thoſe who are placed below the level of its notice, and who in diſtant regions and lower ſituations are ſtruggling with diſtreſs, or toiling for bread. Among the multitudes overwhelmed with inſuperable calamity, it is common to find thoſe whom a very little aſſiſt-

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aſſiſtance would enable to ſupport themſelves with decency, and who yet cannot obtain from near relations what they ſee hourly laviſhed in oſtentation, luxury, or frolick.

There are natural reaſons why poverty does not eaſily conciliate affection. He that has been confined from his infancy to the converſation of the loweſt claſſes of mankind, muſt neceſſarily want thoſe accompliſhments which are the uſual means of attracting favour; and though truth, fortitude, and probity, give an indiſputable right to reverence and kindneſs, they will not be diſtinguiſhed by common eyes, unleſs they are brightened by elegance of manners, but are caſt aſide like unpoliſhed gems, of which none but the artiſt knows the intrinſick value, till their aſperities are ſmoothed and their incruſtations rubbed away.

The groſſneſs of vulgar habits obſtructs the efficacy of virtue, as impurity and harſhneſs of ſtyle impair the force of reaſon, and rugged numbers turn off the mind from artifice of diſpoſition, and fertility of invention. Few have ſtrength of reaſon to over-rule the perceptions of ſenſe; and yet fewer have curioſity or benevolence to ſtruggle long againſt the firſt impreſſion: he therefore who fails to pleaſe in his ſalutation and addreſs, is at once rejected, and never obtains an opportunity of ſhowing his latent excellencies, or eſſential qualities.

It is indeed not eaſy to preſcribe a ſucceſsful manner of approach to the diſtreſſed or neceſſitous, whoſe condition ſubjects every kind of behaviour equally to miſcarriage. He whoſe confidence of merit incites him to meet without any apparent ſenſe of inferiority,

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the eyes of thoſe who flattered themſelves with their own dignity, is conſidered as an inſolent leveller, impatient of the juſt prerogatives of rank and wealth, eager to uſurp the ſtation to which he has no right, and to confound the ſubordinations of ſociety; and who would contribute to the exaltation of that ſpirit which even want and calamity are not able to reſtrain from rudeneſs and rebellion.

But no better ſucceſs will commonly be found to attend ſervility and dejection, which often give pride the confidence to treat them with contempt. A requeſt made with diffidence and timidity is eaſily denied, becauſe the petitioner himſelf ſeems to doubt its fitneſs.

Kindneſs is generally reciprocal; we are deſirous of pleaſing others, becauſe we receive pleaſure from them; but by what means can the man pleaſe, whoſe attention is engroſſed by his diſtreſſes, and who has no leiſure to be officious; whoſe will is reſtrained by his neceſſities, and who has no power to confer benefits; whoſe temper is perhaps vitiated by miſery, and whoſe underſtanding is impeded by ignorance?

It is yet a more offenſive diſcouragement, that the ſame actions performed by different hands produce different effects, and inſtead of rating the man by his performances, we rate too frequently the performance by the man. It ſometimes happens in the combinations of life, that important ſervices are performed by inferiors; but though their zeal and activity may be paid by pecuniary rewards, they ſeldom excite that flow of gratitude, or obtain that accumulation of recompence, with which all think it their duty to acknowledge the favour of thoſe who de-

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ſcend to their aſſiſtance from a higher elevation. To be obliged, is to be in ſome reſpect inferior to another; and few willingly indulge the memory of an action which raiſes one whom they have always been accuſtomed to think below them, but ſatisfy themſelves with faint praiſe and penurious payment, and then drive it from their own minds, and endeavour to conceal it from the knowledge of others.

It may be always objected to the ſervices of thoſe who can be ſuppoſed to want a reward, that they were produced not by kindneſs but intereſt; they are therefore, when they are no longer wanted, eaſily diſregarded as arts of inſinuation, or ſtratagems of ſelfiſhneſs. Benefits which are received as gifts from wealth, are exacted as debts from indigence; and he that in a high ſtation is celebrated for ſuperfluous goodneſs, would in a meaner condition have barely been confeſſed to have done his duty.

It is ſcarcely poſſible for the utmoſt benevolence to oblige, when exerted under the diſadvantages of great inferiority; for by the habitual arrogance of wealth, ſuch expectations are commonly formed as no zeal or induſtry can ſatisfy; and what regard can he hope, who has done leſs than was demanded from him?

There are indeed kindneſſes conferred which were never purchaſed by precedent favours, and there is an affection not ariſing from gratitude or groſs intereſt, by which ſimilar natures are attracted to each other, without proſpect of any other advantage than the pleaſure of exchanging ſentiments, and the hope of confirming their eſteem of themſelves by the approbation of each other. But this ſpontaneous fond-

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neſs ſeldom riſes at the ſight of poverty, which every one regards with habitual contempt, and of which the applauſe is no more courted by vanity, than the countenance is ſolicited by ambition. The moſt generous and diſintereſted friendſhip muſt be reſolved at laſt into the love of ourſelves; he therefore whoſe reputation or dignity inclines us to conſider his eſteem as a teſtimonial of deſert, will always find our hearts open to his endearments. We every day ſee men of eminence followed with all the obſequiouſneſs of dependance, and courted with all the blandiſhments of flattery, by thoſe who want nothing from them but profeſſions of regard, and who think themſelves liberally rewarded by a bow, a ſmile, or an embrace.

But thoſe prejudices which every mind feels more or leſs in favour of riches, ought, like other opinions which only cuſtom and example have impreſſed upon us, to be in time ſubjected to reaſon. We muſt learn how to ſeparate the real character from extraneous adheſions and caſual circumſtances, to conſider cloſely him whom we are about to adopt or to reject; to regard his inclinations as well as his actions; to trace out thoſe virtues which lie torpid in the heart for want of opportunity, and thoſe vices that lurk unſeen by the abſence of temptation; that when we find worth faintly ſhooting in the ſhades of obſcurity, we may let in light and ſunſhine upon it, and ripen barren volition into efficacy and power.

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NUMB. 167. TUESDAY, *October* 22, 1751.

Candida perpetuo reside concordia lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat ipsa senem quondam, sed et ipsa marito
Tum quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus. MART.

Their nuptial bed may smiling concord dress,
And *Venus* still the happy union bless!
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth
To their dim eyes recall the bloom of youth. F. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT is not common to envy those with whom we cannot easily be placed in comparison. Every man sees without malevolence the progress of another in the tracks of life, which he has himself no desire to tread, and hears, without inclination to cavils or contradiction, the renown of those whose distance will not suffer them to draw the attention of mankind from his own merit. The sailor never thinks it necessary to contest the lawyer's abilities; nor would the *Rambler*, however jealous of his reputation, be much disturbed by the success of rival wits at *Agra* or *Ispahan*.

We do not therefore ascribe to you any superlative degree of virtue, when we believe that we may inform you of our change of condition without danger of malignant fascination; and that when you read of the marriage of your correspondents *Hymenæus*

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menæus and *Tranquilla*, you will join your wiſhes to thoſe of their other friends for the happy event of an union in which caprice and ſelfiſhneſs had ſo little part.

There is at leaſt this reaſon why we ſhould be leſs deceived in our connubial hopes than many who enter into the ſame ſtate, that we have allowed our minds to form no unreaſonable expectations, nor vitiated our fancies, in the ſoft hours of courtſhip, with viſions of felicity which human power cannot beſtow, or of perfection which human virtue cannot attain. That impartiality with which we endeavoured to inſpect the manners of all whom we have known was never ſo much overpowered by our paſſion, but that we diſcovered ſome faults and weakneſſes in each other; and joined our hands in conviction, that as there are advantages to be enjoyed in marriage, there are inconveniencies likewiſe to be endured; and that, together with confederate intellects and auxiliar virtues, we muſt find different opinions and oppoſite inclinations.

We however flatter ourſelves, for who is not flattered by himſelf as well as by others on the day of marriage, that we are eminently qualified to give mutual pleaſure. Our birth is without any ſuch remarkable diſparity as can give either an opportunity of inſulting the other with pompous names and ſplendid alliances, or of calling in, upon any domeſtick controverſy, the overbearing aſſiſtance of powerful relations. Our fortune was equally ſuitable, ſo that we meet without any of thoſe obligations which always produce reproach or ſuſpicion, of reproach, which, though they may be forgotten in

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the gaieties of the firſt month, no delicacy will always ſuppreſs, or of which the ſuppreſſion muſt be conſidered as a new favour, to be repaid by tameneſs and ſubmiſſion, till gratitude takes the place of love, and the deſire of pleaſing degenerates by degrees into the fear of offending.

The ſettlements cauſed no delay; for we did not truſt our affairs to the negociation of wretches who would have paid their court by multiplying ſtipulations. *Tranquilla* ſcorned to detain any part of her fortune from him into whoſe hands ſhe delivered up her perſon; and *Hymenæus* thought no act of baſeneſs more criminal than his who enſlaves his wife by her own generoſity, who by marrying without a jointure condemns her to all the dangers of accident and caprice, and at laſt boaſts his liberality, by granting what only the indiſcretion of her kindneſs enabled him to withhold. He therefore received on the common terms the portion which any other woman might have brought him, and reſerved all the exuberance of acknowledgment for thoſe excellencies which he has yet been able to diſcover only in *Tranquilla*.

We did not paſs the weeks of courtſhip like thoſe who conſider themſelves as taking the laſt draught of pleaſure, and reſolve not to quit the bowl without a ſurfeit, or who know themſelves about to ſet happineſs to hazard, and endeavour to loſe their ſenſe of danger in the ebriety of perpetual amuſement, and whirl round the gulph before they ſink. *Hymenæus* often repeated a medical axiom, that *the ſuccours of ſickneſs ought not to be waſted in health.* We know that however our eyes may yet ſparkle,

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and our hearts bound at the presence of each other, the time of listlessness and satiety, of peevishness and discontent, must come at last, in which we shall be driven for relief to shows and recreations; that the uniformity of life must be sometimes diversified, and the vacuities of conversation sometimes supplied. We rejoice in the reflection that we have stores of novelty yet unexhausted, which may be opened when repletion shall call for change, and gratifications yet untasted, by which life, when it shall become vapid or bitter, may be restored to its former sweetness and sprightliness, and again irritate the appetite, and again sparkle in the cup.

Our time will probably be less tasteless than that of those whom the authority and avarice of parents unites almost without their consent in their early years, before they have accumulated any fund of reflection, or collected materials for mutual entertainment. Such we have often seen rising in the morning to cards, and retiring in the afternoon to dose, whose happiness was celebrated by their neighbours, because they happened to grow rich by parsimony, and to be kept quiet by insensibility, and agreed to eat and to sleep together.

We have both mingled with the world, and are therefore no strangers to the faults and virtues, the designs and competitions, the hopes and fears of our cotemporaries. We have both amused our leisure with books, and can therefore recount the events of former times, or cite the dictates of ancient wisdom. Every occurrence furnishes us with some hint which one or the other can improve, and if it should happen that memory or imagina-

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tion fail us, we can retire to no idle or unimproving ſolitude.

Though our characters, beheld at a diſtance, exhibit this general reſemblance, yet a nearer inſpection diſcovers ſuch a diſſimilitude of our habitudes and ſentiments, as leaves each ſome peculiar advantages, and affords that *concordia diſçors*, that ſuitable diſagreement which is always neceſſary to intellectual harmony. There may be a total diverſity of ideas which admits no participation of the ſame delight, and there may likewiſe be ſuch a conformity of notions, as leaves neither any thing to add to the deciſions of the other. With ſuch contrariety there can be no peace, with ſuch ſimilarity there can be no pleaſure. Our reaſonings, though often formed upon different views, terminate generally in the ſame concluſion. Our thoughts, like rivulets iſſuing from diſtant ſprings, are each impregnated in its courſe with various mixtures, and tinged by infuſions unknown to the other, yet at laſt eaſily unite into one ſtream, and purify themſelves by the gentle effervеſcence of contrary qualities.

Theſe benefits we receive in a greater degree as we converſe without reſerve, becauſe we have nothing to conceal. We have no debts to be paid by imperceptible deductions from avowed expences, no habits to be indulged by the private ſubſerviency of a favoured ſervant, no private interviews with needy relations, no intelligence with ſpies placed upon each other. We conſidered marriage as the moſt ſolemn league of perpetual friendſhip, a ſtate from which artifice and concealment are to be baniſhed for ever, and in which every act of diſſimulation is a breach of faith.

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The impetuous vivacity of youth, and that ardour of desire, which the first sight of pleasure naturally produces, have long ceased to hurry us into irregularity and vehemence; and experience has shewn us that few gratifications are too valuable to be sacrificed to complaisance. We have thought it convenient to rest from the fatigue of pleasure, and now only continue that course of life into which we had before entered, confirmed in our choice by mutual approbation, supported in our resolution by mutual encouragement, and assisted in our efforts by mutual exhortation.

Such, Mr. *Rambler*, is our prospect of life, a prospect which, as it is beheld with more attention, seems to open more extensive happiness, and spreads by degrees into the boundless regions of eternity. But if all our prudence has been vain, and we are doomed to give one instance more of the uncertainty of human discernment, we shall comfort ourselves amidst our disappointments, that we were not betrayed but by such delusions as caution could not escape, since we sought happiness only in the arms of virtue. We are,

SIR,

Your humble Servants,

HYMENÆUS,
TRANQUILLA.

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NUMB. 168. SATURDAY, *October* 26, 1751.

——Decipit
Frons prima multos, rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo. PHÆDRUS.

The tinsel glitter, and the ſpecious mien,
Delude the moſt; few pry behind the ſcene.

IT has been obſerved by *Boileau*, that "a mean "or common thought expreſſed in pompous dic-"tion, generally pleaſes more than a new or noble "ſentiment delivered in low and vulgar language; "becauſe the number is greater of thoſe whom cuſ-"tom has enabled to judge of words, than whom "ſtudy has qualified to examine things."

This ſolution might ſatisfy, if ſuch only were offended with meanneſs of expreſſion as are unable to diſtinguiſh propriety of thought, and to ſeparate propoſitions or images from the vehicles by which they are conveyed to the underſtanding. But this kind of diſguſt is by no means confined to the ignorant or ſuperficial; it operates uniformly and univerſally upon readers of all claſſes; every man, however profound or abſtracted, perceives himſelf irreſiſtibly alienated by low terms; they who profeſs the moſt zealous adherence to truth are forced to admit that ſhe owes part of her charms to her ornaments; and loſes much of her power over the ſoul, when ſhe appears diſgraced by a dreſs uncouth or ill-adjuſted.

We are all offended by low terms, but are not diſguſted alike by the ſame compoſitions, becauſe we do

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not all agree to censure the same terms as low. No word is naturally or intrinsically meaner than another; our opinion therefore of words, as of other things arbitrarily and capriciously established, depends wholly upon accident and custom. The cottager thinks those apartments splendid and spacious, which an inhabitant of palaces will despise for their inelegance; and to him who has passed most of his hours with the delicate and polite, many expressions will seem sordid, which another, equally acute, may hear without offence; but a mean term never fails to displease him to whom it appears mean, as poverty is certainly and invariably despised, though he who is poor in the eyes of some, may by others be envied for his wealth.

Words become low by the occasions to which they are applied, or the general character of them who use them; and the disgust which they produce, arises from the revival of those images with which they are commonly united. Thus if, in the most solemn discourse, a phrase happens to occur which has been successfully employed in some ludicrous narrative, the gravest auditor finds it difficult to refrain from laughter, when they who are not prepossessed by the same accidental association, are utterly unable to guess the reason of his merriment. Words which convey ideas of dignity in one age, are banished from elegant writing or conversation in another, because they are in time debased by vulgar mouths, and can be no longer heard without the involuntary recollection of unpleasing images.

When *Mackbeth* is confirming himself in the horrid purpose of stabbing his king, he breaks out

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amidſt his emotions into a wiſh natural to a murderer.

——Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold, hold!

In this paſſage is exerted all the force of poetry, that force which calls new powers into being, which embodies ſentiment, and animates matter; yet perhaps ſcarce any man now peruſes it without ſome diſturbance of his attention from the counteraction of the words to the ideas. What can be more dreadful than to implore the preſence of night, inveſted not in common obſcurity, but in the ſmoke of hell? Yet the efficacy of this invocation is deſtroyed by the inſertion of an epithet now ſeldom heard but in the ſtable, and *dun* night may come or go without any other notice than contempt.

If we ſtart into raptures when ſome hero of the Iliad tells us that δόρυ μαίνεται, his lance rages with eagerneſs to deſtroy; if we are alarmed at the terror of the ſoldiers commanded by *Cæſar* to hew down the ſacred grove, who dreaded, ſays *Lucan*, leſt the axe aimed at the oak ſhould fly back upon the ſtriker,

——Si robora ſacra ferirent,
In ſua credebant redituras membra ſecures,

None dares with impious ſteel the grove to rend,
Leſt on himſelf the deſtin'd ſtroke deſcend;

we cannot ſurely but ſympathiſe with the horrors of a wretch about to murder his maſter, his friend, his benefactor, who ſuſpects that the weapon will refuſe

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its office, and ſtart back from the breaſt which he is preparing to violate. Yet this ſentiment is weakened by the name of an inſtrument uſed by butchers and cooks in the meaneſt employments; we do not immediately conceive that any crime of importance is to be committed with a *knife*; or who does not, at laſt, from the long habit of connecting a knife with ſordid offices, feel averſion rather than terror?

Mackbeth proceeds to wiſh, in the madneſs of guilt, that the inſpection of heaven may be intercepted, and that he may, in the involutions of infernal darkneſs, eſcape the eye of providence. This is the utmoſt extravagance of determined wickedneſs; yet this is ſo debaſed by two unfortunate words, that while I endeavour to impreſs on my reader the energy of the ſentiment, I can ſcarce check my riſibility, when the expreſſion forces itſelf upon my mind; for who, without ſome relaxation of his gravity, can hear of the avengers of guilt *peeping through a blanket?*

Theſe imperfections of diction are leſs obvious to the reader, as he is leſs acquainted with common uſages; they are therefore wholly imperceptible to a foreigner, who learns our language from books, and will ſtrike a ſolitary academick leſs forcibly than a modiſh lady.

Among the numerous requiſites that moſt concur to complete an author, few are of more importance than an early entrance into the living world. The ſeeds of knowledge may be planted in ſolitude, but muſt be cultivated in publick. Argumentation may be taught in colleges, and theories formed in retirement; but the artifice of embelliſhment, and the powers of attraction, can be gained only by general converſe.

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An acquaintance with prevailing cuſtoms and faſhionable elegance is neceſſary likewiſe for other purpoſes. The injury that grand imagery ſuffers from unſuitable language, perſonal merit may fear from rudeneſs and indelicacy. When the ſucceſs of *Æneas* depended on the favour of the queen upon whoſe coaſts he was driven, his celeſtial protectreſs thought him not ſufficiently ſecured againſt rejection by his piety or bravery, but decorated him for the interview with preternatural beauty. Whoever deſires, for his writings or himſelf, what none can reaſonably contemn, the favour of mankind, muſt add grace to ſtrength, and make his thoughts agreeable as well as uſeful. Many complain of neglect who never tried to attract regard. It cannot be expected that the patrons of ſcience or virtue ſhould be ſolicitous to diſcover excellencies, which they who poſſeſs them ſhade and diſguiſe. Few have abilities ſo much needed by the reſt of the world as to be careſſed on their own terms; and he that will not condeſcend to recommend himſelf by external embelliſhments, muſt ſubmit to the fate of juſt ſentiment meanly expreſſed, and be ridiculed and forgotten before he is underſtood.

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NUMB. 169. TUESDAY, *October* 29, 1751.

Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorſos ſapit ungues. PERSIUS.

No blood from bitten nails thoſe poems drew;
But churn'd, like ſpittle, from the lips they flew.
DRYDEN.

NATURAL hiſtorians aſſert, that whatever is formed for long duration arrives ſlowly to its maturity. Thus the firmeſt timber is of tardy growth, and animals generally exceed each other in longevity, in proportion to the time between their conception and their birth.

The ſame obſervation may be extended to the offſpring of the mind. Haſty compoſitions, however they pleaſe at firſt by flowery luxuriance, and ſpread in the ſunſhine of temporary favour, can ſeldom endure the change of ſeaſons, but periſh at the firſt blaſt of criticiſm, or froſt of neglect. When *Apelles* was reproached with the paucity of his productions, and the inceſſant attention with which he retouched his pieces, he condeſcended to make no other anſwer, than that *he painted for perpetuity*.

No vanity can more juſtly incur contempt and indignation than that which boaſts of negligence and hurry. For who can bear with patience the writer who claims ſuch ſuperiority to the reſt of his ſpecies, as to imagine that mankind are at leiſure for attention to his extemporary ſallies, and that poſterity will

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repoſite his caſual effuſions among the treaſures of ancient wiſdom?

Men have ſometimes appeared of ſuch tranſcendent abilities, that their ſlighteſt and moſt curſory performances excel all that labour and ſtudy can enable meaner intellects to compoſe; as there are regions of which the ſpontaneous products cannot be equalled in other ſoils by care and culture. But it is no leſs dangerous for any man to place himſelf in this rank of underſtanding, and fancy that he is born to be illuſtrious without labour, than to omit the cares of huſbandry, and expect from his ground the bloſſoms of *Arabia*.

The greateſt part of thoſe who congratulate themſelves upon their intellectual dignity, and uſurp the privileges of genius, are men whom only themſelves would ever have marked out as enriched by uncommon liberalities of nature, or entitled to veneration and immortality on eaſy terms. This ardour of confidence is uſually found among thoſe who, having not enlarged their notions by books or converſation, are perſuaded, by the partiality which we all feel in our own favour, that they have reached the ſummit of excellence, becauſe they diſcover none higher than themſelves; and who acquieſce in the firſt thoughts that occur, becauſe their ſcantineſs of knowledge allows them little choice, and the narrowneſs of their views affords them no glimpſe of perfection of that ſublime idea which human induſtry has from the firſt ages been vainly toiling to approach. They ſee a little, and believe that there is nothing beyond their ſphere of viſion, as the *Patueços* of *Spain*, who inhabited

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inhabited a ſmall valley, conceived the ſurrounding mountains to be the boundaries of the world. In proportion as perfection is more diſtinctly conceived, the pleaſure of contemplating our own performances will be leſſened; it may therefore be obſerved, that they who moſt deſerve praiſe are often afraid to decide in favour of their own performances; they know how much is ſtill wanting to their completion, and wait with anxiety and terror the determination of the publick. *I pleaſe every one elſe*, ſays *Tully*, *but never ſatisfy myſelf*.

It has often been inquired, why, notwithſtanding the advances of latter ages in ſcience, and the aſſiſtance which the infuſion of ſo many new ideas has given us, we fall below the ancients in the art of compoſition. Some part of their ſuperiority may be juſtly aſcribed to the graces of their language, from which the moſt poliſhed of the preſent *European* tongues are nothing more than barbarous degenerations. Some advantage they might gain merely by priority, which put them in poſſeſſion of the moſt natural ſentiments, and left us nothing but ſervile repetition or forced conceits. But the greater part of their praiſe ſeems to have been the juſt reward of modeſty and labour. Their ſenſe of human weakneſs confined them commonly to one ſtudy, which their knowledge of the extent of every ſcience engaged them to proſecute with indefatigable diligence.

Among the writers of antiquity I remember none except *Statius* who ventures to mention the ſpeedy production of his writings, either as an extenuation of his faults, or a proof of his facility. Nor did *Statius*, when he conſidered himſelf as a candidate

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for lasting reputation, think a closer attention unnecessary, but amidst all his pride and indigence, the two great hasteners of modern poems, employed twelve years upon the *Thebaid*, and thinks his claim to renown proportionate to his labour.

Thebais, multa cruciata lima,
Tentat, audaci fide, Mantuanæ
Gaudia famæ.

Polish'd with endless toil, my lays
At length aspire to *Mantuan* praise.

Ovid indeed apologizes in his banishment for the imperfection of his letters, but mentions his want of leisure to polish them as an addition to his calamities; and was so far from imagining revisals and corrections unnecessary, that at his departure from *Rome*, he threw his Metamorphoses into the fire, lest he should be disgraced by a book which he could not hope to finish.

It seems not often to have happened that the same writer aspired to reputation in verse and prose; and of those few that attempted such diversity of excellence, I know not that even one succeeded. Contrary characters they never imagined a single mind able to support, and therefore no man is recorded to have undertaken more than one kind of dramatick poetry.

What they had written they did not venture in their first fondness to thrust into the world, but considering the impropriety of sending forth inconsiderately that which cannot be recalled, deferred the publication, if not nine years, according to the direction of *Horace*, yet till their fancy was cooled

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after the raptures of invention, and the glare of novelty had ceaſed to dazzle the judgment.

There were in thoſe days no weekly or diurnal writers; *multa dies, & multa litura*, much time, and many raſures, were conſidered as indiſpenſable requiſites; and that no other method of attaining laſting praiſe has been yet diſcovered, may be conjectured from the blotted manuſcripts of *Milton* now remaining, and from the tardy emiſſion of *Pope*'s compoſitions, delayed more than once till the incidents to which they alluded were forgotten, till his enemies were ſecure from his ſatire, and, what to an honeſt mind muſt be more painful, his friends were deaf to his encomiums.

To him, whoſe eagerneſs of praiſe hurries his productions ſoon into the light, many imperfections are unavoidable, even where the mind furniſhes the materials, as well as regulates their diſpoſition, and nothing depends upon ſearch or information. Delay opens new veins of thought, the ſubject diſmiſſed for a time appears with a new train of dependant images, the accidents of reading or converſation ſupply new ornaments or alluſions, or mere intermiſſion of the fatigue of thinking enables the mind to collect new force, and make new excurſions. But all thoſe benefits come too late for him, who, when he was weary with labour, ſnatched at the recompence, and gave his work to his friends and his enemies, as ſoon as impatience and pride perſuaded him to conclude it.

One of the moſt pernicious effects of haſte, is obſcurity. He that teems with a quick ſucceſſion of ideas, and perceives how one ſentiment produces another,

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other, eaſily believes that he can clearly expreſs what he ſo ſtrongly comprehends; he ſeldom ſuſpects his thoughts of embarraſſment, while he preſerves in his own memory the ſeries of connection, or his diction of ambiguity, while only one ſenſe is preſent to his mind. Yet if he has been employed on an abſtruſe, or complicated argument, he will find, when he has a while withdrawn his mind, and returns as a new reader to his work, that he has only a conjectural glimpſe of his own meaning, and that to explain it to thoſe whom he deſires to inſtruct, he muſt open his ſentiments, diſentangle his method, and alter his arrangement.

Authors and lovers always ſuffer ſome infatuation, from which only abſence can ſet them free; and every man ought to reſtore himſelf to the full exerciſe of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly, without injuring his honour and his quiet.

NUMB. 170. SATURDAY, *November* 2, 1751.

Confiteor; ſi quid prodeſt delicta fateri. OVID.

I grant the charge; forgive the fault confeſs'd.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM one of thoſe beings, from whom many, that melt at the ſight of all other miſery, think it meritorious to withhold relief; one whom the rigour of virtuous indignation dooms to ſuffer without complaint, and periſh without regard; and whom I myſelf have formerly inſulted in the pride of reputation and ſecurity of innocence.

I am of a good family, but my father was burthened with more children than he could decently ſupport. A wealthy relation, as he travelled from *London* to his country ſeat, condeſcending to make him a viſit, was touched with compaſſion of his narrow fortune, and reſolved to eaſe him of part of his charge, by taking the care of a child upon himſelf. Diſtreſs on one ſide, and ambition on the other, were too powerful for parental fondneſs, and the little family paſſed in review before him, that he might make his choice. I was then ten years old, and without knowing for what purpoſe, I was called to my great couſin, endeavoured to recommend myſelf by my beſt courteſy, ſung him my prettieſt ſong, told the laſt ſtory that I had read, and ſo much endeared

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deared myſelf by my innocence, that he declared his reſolution to adopt me, and to educate me with his own daughters.

My parents felt the common ſtruggles at the thought of parting, and *ſome natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them ſoon.* They conſidered, not without that falſe eſtimation of the value of wealth which poverty long continued always produces, that I was raiſed to higher rank than they could give me, and to hopes of more ample fortune than they could bequeath. My mother ſold ſome of her ornaments to dreſs me in ſuch a manner as might ſecure me from contempt at my firſt arrival; and when ſhe diſmiſſed me, preſſed me to her boſom with an embrace that I ſtill feel, gave me ſome precepts of piety, which, however neglected, I have not forgotten, and uttered prayers for my final happineſs, of which I have not yet ceaſed to hope that they will at laſt be granted.

My ſiſters envied my new finery, and ſeemed not much to regret our ſeparation; my father conducted me to the ſtage-coach with a kind of cheerful tenderneſs; and in a very ſhort time, I was tranſported to ſplendid apartments, and a luxurious table, and grew familiar to ſhow, noiſe, and gaiety.

In three years my mother died, having implored a bleſſing on her family with her laſt breath. I had little opportunity to indulge a ſorrow which there was none to partake with me, and therefore ſoon ceaſed to reflect much upon my loſs. My father turned all his care upon his other children, whom ſome fortunate adventures and unexpected legacies enabled him, when he died four years after my mother,

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ther, to leave in a condition above their expectations.

I ſhould have ſhared the increaſe of his fortune, and had once a portion aſſigned me in his will; but my couſin aſſuring him that all care for me was needleſs, ſince he had reſolved to place me happily in the world, directed him to divide my part amongſt my ſiſters.

Thus I was thrown upon dependance without reſource. Being now at an age in which young women are initiated into company, I was no longer to be ſupported in my former character, but at conſiderable expence; ſo that partly leſt I ſhould waſte money, and partly leſt my appearance might draw too many compliments and aſſiduities, I was inſenſibly degraded from my equality, and enjoyed few privileges above the head ſervant, but that of receiving no wages.

I felt every indignity, but knew that reſentment would precipitate my fall. I therefore endeavoured to continue my importance by little ſervices and active officiouſneſs, and for a time preſerved myſelf from neglect, by withdrawing all pretences to competition, and ſtudying to pleaſe rather than to ſhine. But my intereſt, notwithſtanding this expedient, hourly declined, and my couſin's favourite maid began to exchange repartees with me, and conſult me about the alterations of a caſt gown.

I was now completely depreſſed; and though I had ſeen mankind enough to know the neceſſity of outward cheerfulneſs, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, or turn my condition in my mind, and examine by what means I might

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eſcape from perpetual mortification. At laſt my ſchemes and ſorrows were interrupted by a ſudden change of my relation's behaviour, who one day took an occaſion, when we were left together in a room, to bid me ſuffer myſelf no longer to be inſulted, but aſſume the place which he always intended me to hold in the family. He aſſured me that his wife's preference of her own daughters ſhould never hurt me; and, accompanying his profeſſions with a purſe of gold, ordered me to beſpeak a rich ſuit at the mercer's, and to apply privately to him for money when I wanted it, and inſinuate that my other friends ſupplied me, which he would take care to confirm.

By this ſtratagem, which I did not then underſtand, he filled me with tenderneſs and gratitude, compelled me to repoſe on him as my only ſupport, and produced a neceſſity of private converſation. He often appointed interviews at the houſe of an acquaintance, and ſometimes called on me with a coach, and carried me abroad. My ſenſe of his favour, and the deſire of retaining it, diſpoſed me to unlimited complaiſance, and though I ſaw his kindneſs grow every day more fond, I did not ſuffer any ſuſpicion to enter my thoughts. At laſt the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the ſubmiſſion which he exacted as my benefactor, to complete the ruin of an orphan, whom his own promiſes had made indigent, whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority ſubdued.

I know not why it ſhould afford ſubject of exultation, to overpower on any terms the reſolution, or

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ſurpriſe the caution of a girl; but of all the boaſters that deck themſelves in the ſpoils of innocence and beauty, they ſurely have the leaſt pretenſions to triumph, who ſubmit to owe their ſucceſs to ſome caſual influence. They neither employ the graces of fancy, nor the force of underſtanding, in their attempts; they cannot pleaſe their vanity with the art of their approaches, the delicacy of their adulations, the elegance of their addreſs, or the efficacy of their eloquence; nor applaud themſelves as poſſeſſed of any qualities, by which affection is attracted. They ſurmount no obſtacles, they defeat no rivals, but attack only thoſe who cannot reſiſt, and are often content to poſſeſs the body, without any ſolicitude to gain the heart.

Many of theſe deſpicable wretches does my preſent acquaintance with infamy and wickedneſs enable me to number among the heroes of debauchery. Reptiles whom their own ſervants would have deſpiſed, had they not been their ſervants, and with whom beggary would have diſdained intercourſe, had ſhe not been allured by hopes of relief. Many of the beings which are now rioting in taverns, or ſhivering in the ſtreets, have been corrupted not by arts of gallantry which ſtole gradually upon the affections and laid prudence aſleep, but by the fear of loſing benefits which were never intended, or of incurring reſentment which they could not eſcape; ſome have been frighted by maſters, and ſome awed by guardians into ruin.

Our crime had its uſual conſequence, and he ſoon perceived that I could not long continue in his family. I was diſtracted at the thought of the re-

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proach which I now believed inevitable. He comforted me with hopes of eluding all discovery, and often upbraided me with the anxiety, which perhaps none but himself saw in my countenance; but at last mingled his assurances of protection and maintenance with menaces of total desertion, if in the moments of perturbation I should suffer his secret to escape, or endeavour to throw on him any part of my infamy.

Thus passed the dismal hours till my retreat could no longer be delayed. It was pretended that my relations had sent for me to a distant country, and I entered upon a state which shall be described in my next letter.

I am, SIR, &c.

MISELLA.

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Numb. 171. Tuesday, *November* 5, 1751.

Tædet cœli convexa tueri. Virg.

Dark is the ſun, and loathſome is the day.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

MISELLA now ſits down to continue her narrative. I am convinced that nothing would more powerfully preſerve youth from irregularity, or guard inexperience from ſeduction, than a juſt deſcription of the condition into which the wanton plunges herſelf, and therefore hope that my letter may be a ſufficient antidote to my example.

After the diſtraction, heſitation and delays which the timidity of guilt naturally produces, I was removed to lodgings in a diſtant part of the town, under one of the characters commonly aſſumed upon ſuch occaſions. Here being by my circumſtances condemned to ſolitude, I paſſed moſt of my hours in bitterneſs and anguiſh. The converſation of the people with whom I was placed was not at all capable of engaging my attention, or diſpoſſeſſing the reigning ideas. The books which I carried to my retreat were ſuch as heightened my abhorrence of myſelf; for I was not ſo far abandoned as to ſink voluntarily into corruption, or endeavour to conceal from my own mind the enormity of my crime.

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My relation remitted none of his fondneſs, but viſited me ſo often, that I was ſometimes afraid leſt his aſſiduity ſhould expoſe him to ſuſpicion. Whenever he came he found me weeping, and was therefore leſs delightfully entertained than he expected. After frequent expoſtulations upon the unreaſonableneſs of my ſorrow, and innumerable proteſtations of everlaſting regard, he at laſt found that I was more affected with the loſs of my innocence, than the danger of my fame, and that he might not be diſturbed by my remorſe, began to lull my conſcience with the opiates of irreligion. His arguments were ſuch as my courſe of life has ſince expoſed me often to the neceſſity of hearing, vulgar, empty, and fallacious; yet they at firſt confounded me by their novelty, filled me with doubt and perplexity, and interrupted that peace which I began to feel from the ſincerity of my repentance, without ſubſtituting any other ſupport. I liſtened a while to his impious gabble, but its influence was ſoon overpowered by natural reaſon and early education, and the convictions which this new attempt gave me of his baſeneſs completed my abhorrence. I have heard of barbarians, who, when tempeſts drive ſhips upon their coaſt, decoy them to the rocks that they may plunder their lading, and have always thought that wretches, thus mercileſs in their depredations, ought to be deſtroyed by a general inſurrection of all ſocial beings; yet how light is this guilt to the crime of him, who in the agitations of remorſe cuts away the anchor of piety, and when he has drawn aſide credulity from the paths of virtue, hides the light of heaven which would direct her to return. I had

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hitherto conſidered him as a man equally betrayed with myſelf by the concurrence of appetite and opportunity; but I now ſaw with horror that he was contriving to perpetuate his gratification, and was deſirous to fit me to his purpoſe by complete and radical corruption.

To eſcape, however, was not yet in my power. I could ſupport the expences of my condition, only by the continuance of his favour. He provided all that was neceſſary, and, in a few weeks, congratulated me upon my eſcape from the danger which we had both expected with ſo much anxiety. I then began to remind him of his promiſe to reſtore me with my fame uninjured to the world. He promiſed me in general terms, that nothing ſhould be wanting which his power could add to my happineſs, but forbore to releaſe me from my confinement. I knew how much my reception in the world depended upon my ſpeedy return, and was therefore outrageouſly impatient of his delays, which I now perceived to be only artifices of lewdneſs. He told me, at laſt, with an appearance of ſorrow, that all hopes of reſtoration to my former ſtate were for ever precluded; that chance had diſcovered my ſecret, and malice divulged it; and that nothing now remained, but to ſeek a retreat more private, where curioſity or hatred could never find us.

The rage, anguiſh, and reſentment, which I felt at this account, are not to be expreſſed. I was in ſo much dread of reproach and infamy, which he repreſented as purſuing me with full cry, that I yielded myſelf implicitly to his diſpoſal, and was removed, with a thouſand ſtudied precautions, through by-

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ways and dark paſſages to another houſe, where I haraſſed him with perpetual ſolicitations for a ſmall annuity, that might enable me to live in the country in obſcurity and innocence.

This demand he at firſt evaded with ardent profeſſions, but in time appeared offended at my importunity and diſtruſt; and having one day endeavoured to ſooth me with uncommon expreſſions of tenderneſs, when he found my diſcontent immoveable, left me with ſome inarticulate murmurs of anger. I was pleaſed that he was at laſt rouſed to ſenſibility, and expecting that at his next viſit he would comply with my requeſt, lived with great tranquillity upon the money in my hands, and was ſo much pleaſed with this pauſe of perſecution, that I did not reflect how much his abſence had exceeded the uſual intervals, till I was alarmed with the danger of wanting ſubſiſtence. I then ſuddenly contracted my expences, but was unwilling to ſupplicate for aſſiſtance. Neceſſity, however, ſoon overcame my modeſty or my pride, and I applied to him by a letter, but had no anſwer. I writ in terms more preſſing, but without effect. I then ſent an agent to enquire after him, who informed me, that he had quitted his houſe, and was gone with his family to reſide for ſome time upon his eſtate in *Ireland*.

However ſhocked at this abrupt departure, I was yet unwilling to believe that he could wholly abandon me, and therefore, by the ſale of my clothes, I ſupported myſelf, expecting that every poſt would bring me relief. Thus I paſſed ſeven months between hope and dejection, in a gradual approach to poverty and diſtreſs, emaciated with diſcontent,

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and bewildered with uncertainty. At laſt, my landlady, after many hints of the neceſſity of a new lover, took the opportunity of my abſence to ſearch my boxes, and miſſing ſome of my apparel, ſeized the remainder for rent, and led me to the door.

To remonſtrate againſt legal cruelty, was vain; to ſupplicate obdurate brutality, was hopeleſs. I went away I knew not whither, and wandered about without any ſettled purpoſe, unacquainted with the uſual expedients of miſery, unqualified for laborious offices, afraid to meet an eye that had ſeen me before, and hopeleſs of relief from thoſe who were ſtrangers to my former condition. Night came on in the midſt of my diſtraction, and I ſtill continued to wander till the menaces of the watch obliged me to ſhelter myſelf in a covered paſſage.

Next day, I procured a lodging in the backward garret of a mean houſe, and employed my landlady to enquire for a ſervice. My applications were generally rejected for want of a character. At length, I was received at a draper's; but when it was known to my miſtreſs that I had only one gown, and that of ſilk, ſhe was of opinion that I looked like a thief, and without warning hurried me away. I then tried to ſupport myſelf by my needle; and, by my landlady's recommendation, obtained a little work from a ſhop, and for three weeks lived without repining; but when my punctuality had gained me ſo much reputation, that I was truſted to make up a head of ſome value, one of my fellow-lodgers ſtole the lace, and I was obliged to fly from a proſecution.

Thus

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Thus driven again into the ſtreets, I lived upon the leaſt that could ſupport me, and at night accommodated myſelf under pent-houſes as well as I could. At length I became abſolutely pennyleſs, and having ſtrolled all day without ſuſtenance, was, at the cloſe of evening, accoſted by an elderly man, with an invitation to a tavern. I refuſed him with heſitation; he ſeized me by the hand, and drew me into a neighbouring houſe, where when he ſaw my face pale with hunger, and my eyes ſwelling with tears, he ſpurned me from him, and bad me cant and whine in ſome other place; he for his part would take care of his pockets.

I ſtill continued to ſtand in the way, having ſcarcely ſtrength to walk further, when another ſoon addreſſed me in the ſame manner. When he ſaw the ſame tokens of calamity, he conſidered that I might be obtained at a cheap rate, and therefore quickly made overtures, which I had no longer firmneſs to reject. By this man I was maintained four months in penurious wickedneſs, and then abandoned to my former condition, from which I was delivered by another keeper.

In this abject ſtate I have now paſſed four years, the drudge of extortion and the ſport of drunkenneſs; ſometimes the property of one man, and ſometimes the common prey of accidental lewdneſs; at one time tricked up for ſale by the miſtreſs of a brothel, at another begging in the ſtreets to be relieved from hunger by wickedneſs; without any hope in the day but of finding ſome whom folly or exceſs may expoſe to my allurements, and without any

reflections

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reflections at night, but ſuch as guilt and terror impreſs upon me.

If thoſe who paſs their days in plenty and ſecurity, could viſit for an hour the diſmal receptacles to which the proſtitute retires from her nocturnal excurſions, and ſee the wretches that lie crowded together, mad with intemperance, ghaſtly with famine, nauſeous with filth, and noiſome with diſeaſe; it would not be eaſy for any degree of abhorrence to harden them againſt compaſſion, or to repreſs the deſire which they muſt immediately feel to reſcue ſuch numbers of human beings from a ſtate ſo dreadful.

It is ſaid that in *France* they annually evacuate their ſtreets, and ſhip their proſtitutes and vagabonds to their colonies. If the women that infeſt this city had the ſame opportunity of eſcaping from their miſeries, I believe very little force would be neceſſary; for who among them can dread any change? Many of us indeed are wholly unqualified for any but the moſt ſervile employments, and thoſe perhaps would require the care of a magiſtrate to hinder them from following the ſame practices in another country; but others are only precluded by infamy from reformation, and would gladly be delivered on any terms from the neceſſity of guilt and the tyranny of chance. No place but a populous city can afford opportunities for open proſtitution, and where the eye of juſtice can attend to individuals, thoſe who cannot be made good may be reſtrained from miſchief. For my part, I ſhould exult at the privilege of baniſhment, and think myſelf happy in any

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region that ſhould reſtore me once again to honeſty and peace.

I am, SIR, &c.

MISELLA.

NUMB. 172. SATURDAY, *November* 9, 1751.

Sæpe rogare ſoles qualis ſim, Priſce, *futurus*
Si fiam locuples; ſimque repente potens.
Quemquam poſſe putas mores narrare futuros?
Dic mihi, ſi fias tu leo, qualis eris. MART.

Priſcus, you've often aſk'd me how I'd live,
Shou'd fate at once both wealth and honour give.
What ſoul his future conduct can foreſee?
Tell me what ſort of lion you wou'd be. F. LEWIS.

NOTHING has been longer obſerved, than that a change of fortune cauſes a change of manners; and that it is difficult to conjecture, from the conduct of him whom we ſee in a low condition, how he would act, if wealth and power were put into his hands. But it is generally agreed, that few men are made better by affluence or exaltation; and that the powers of the mind, when they are unbound and expanded by the ſun-ſhine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies, than bloſſom into goodneſs.

Many obſervations have concurred to eſtabliſh this opinion, and it is not likely ſoon to become obſolete, for want of new occaſions to revive it. The greater

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greater part of mankind are corrupt in every condition, and differ in high and in low ſtations, only as they have more or fewer opportunities of gratifying their deſires, or as they are more or leſs reſtrained by human cenſures. Many vitiate their principles in the acquiſition of riches; and who can wonder that what is gained by fraud and extortion is enjoyed with tyranny and exceſs?

Yet I am willing to believe that the depravation of the mind by external advantages, though certainly not uncommon, yet approaches not ſo nearly to universality, as ſome have aſſerted in the bitterneſs of reſentment, or heat of declamation.

Whoever riſes above thoſe who once pleaſed themſelves with equality, will have many malevolent gazers at his eminence. To gain ſooner than others that which all purſue with the ſame ardour, and to which all imagine themſelves entitled, will for ever be a crime. When thoſe who ſtarted with us in the race of life, leave us ſo far behind, that we have little hope to overtake them, we revenge our diſappointment by remarks on the arts of ſupplantation by which they gained the advantage, or on the folly and arrogance with which they poſſeſs it. Of them, whoſe riſe we could not hinder, we ſolace ourſelves by prognoſticating the fall.

It is impoſſible for human purity not to betray to an eye, thus ſharpened by malignity, ſome ſtains which lay concealed and unregarded while none thought it their intereſt to diſcover them; nor can the moſt circumſpect attention, or ſteady rectitude, eſcape blame from cenſors, who have no inclination

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to approve. Riches therefore perhaps do not ſo often produce crimes as incite accuſers.

The common charge againſt thoſe who riſe above their original condition, is that of pride. It is certain that ſucceſs naturally confirms us in a favourable opinion of our own abilities. Scarce any man is willing to allot to accident, friendſhip, and a thouſand cauſes, which concur in every event without human contrivance or interpoſition, the part which they may juſtly claim in his advancement. We rate ourſelves by our fortune rather than our virtues, and exorbitant claims are quickly produced by imaginary merit. But captiouſneſs and jealouſy are likewiſe eaſily offended, and to him who ſtudiouſly looks for an affront, every mode of behaviour will ſupply it; freedom will be rudeneſs, and reſerve ſullenneſs; mirth will be negligence, and ſeriouſneſs formality: when he is received with ceremony, diſtance and reſpect are inculcated; if he is treated with familiarity, he concludes himſelf inſulted by condeſcenſions.

It muſt however be confeſſed, that as all ſudden changes are dangerous, a quick tranſition from poverty to abundance can ſeldom be made with ſafety. He that has long lived within ſight of pleaſures which he could not reach, will need more than common moderation, not to loſe his reaſon in unbounded riot, when they are firſt put into his power.

Every poſſeſſion is endeared by novelty; every gratification is exaggerated by deſire. It is difficult not to eſtimate what is lately gained above its real value;

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value; it is impoſſible not to annex greater happineſs to that condition from which we are unwillingly excluded, than nature has qualified us to obtain. For this reaſon, the remote inheritor of an unexpected fortune, may be generally diſtinguiſhed from thoſe who are enriched in the common courſe of lineal deſcent, by his greater haſte to enjoy his wealth, by the finery of his dreſs, the pomp of his equipage, the ſplendor of his furniture, and the luxury of his table.

A thouſand things which familiarity diſcovers to be of little value, have power for a time to ſeize the imagination. A *Virginian* king, when the *Europeans* had fixed a lock on his door, was ſo delighted to find his ſubjects admitted or excluded with ſuch facility, that it was from morning to evening his whole employment to turn the key. We, among whom locks and keys have been longer in uſe, are inclined to laugh at this *American* amuſement; yet I doubt whether this paper will have a ſingle reader that may not apply the ſtory to himſelf, and recollect ſome hours of his life in which he has been equally overpowered by the tranſitory charms of trifling novelty.

Some indulgence is due to him whom a happy gale of fortune has ſuddenly tranſported into new regions, where unaccuſtomed luſtre dazzles his eyes, and untaſted delicacies ſolicit his appetite. Let him not be conſidered as loſt in hopeleſs degeneracy, though he for a while forgets the regard due to others, to indulge the contemplation of himſelf, and in the extravagance of his firſt raptures expects that his eye ſhould regulate the motions of all

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all that approach him, and his opinion be received as decisive and oraculous. His intoxication will give way to time; the madness of joy will fume imperceptibly away; the sense of his insufficiency will soon return; he will remember that the co-operation of others is necessary to his happiness, and learn to conciliate their regard by reciprocal beneficence.

There is, at least, one consideration which ought to alleviate our censures of the powerful and rich. To imagine them chargeable with all the guilt and folly of their own actions, is to be very little acquainted with the world.

De l'absolu pouvoir vous ignorez l'yvresse,
Et du lache flateur la voix enchanteresse.

Thou hast not known the giddy whirls of fate,
Nor servile flatteries which enchant the great.

Miss A. W.

He that can do much good or harm, will not find many whom ambition or cowardice will suffer to be sincere. While we live upon the level with the rest of mankind, we are reminded of our duty by the admonitions of friends, and reproaches of enemies; but men who stand in the highest ranks of society, seldom hear of their faults; if by any accident an opprobrious clamour reaches their ears, flattery is always at hand to pour in her opiates, to quiet conviction, and obtund remorse.

Favour is seldom gained but by conformity in vice. Virtue can stand without assistance, and considers herself as very little obliged by countenance and approba-

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approbation: but vice, ſpiritleſs and timorous, ſeeks the ſhelter of crowds, and ſupport of confederacy. The ſycophant, therefore, neglects the good qualities of his patron, and employs all his art on his weakneſſes and follies, regales his reigning vanity, or ſtimulates his prevalent deſires.

Virtue is ſufficiently difficult with any circumſtances, but the difficulty is increaſed when reproof and advice are frighted away. In common life, reaſon and conſcience have only the appetites and paſſions to encounter; but in higher ſtations, they muſt oppoſe artifice and adulation. He, therefore, that yields to ſuch temptations, cannot give thoſe who look upon his miſcarriage much reaſon for exultation, ſince few can juſtly preſume that from the ſame ſnare they ſhould have been able to eſcape.

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NUMB. 173. TUESDAY, *November* 12, 1751.

Quo virtus, quo ferat error? HOR.

Now ſay, where virtue ſtops, and vice begins?

AS any action or poſture, long continued, will diſtort and disfigure the limbs; ſo the mind likewiſe is crippled and contracted by perpetual application to the ſame ſet of ideas. It is eaſy to gueſs the trade of an artizan by his knees, his fingers, or his ſhoulders; and there are few among men of the more liberal profeſſions, whoſe minds do not carry the brand of their calling, or whoſe converſation does not quickly diſcover to what claſs of the community they belong.

Theſe peculiarities have been of great uſe, in the general hoſtility which every part of mankind exerciſes againſt the reſt, to furniſh inſults and ſarcaſms. Every art has its dialect uncouth and ungrateful to all whom cuſtom has not reconciled to its ſound, and which therefore becomes ridiculous by a ſlight miſapplication, or unneceſſary repetition.

The general reproach with which ignorance revenges the ſuperciliouſneſs of learning, is that of pedantry; a cenſure which every man incurs, who has at any time the misfortune to talk to thoſe who cannot underſtand him, and by which the modeſt and timorous are ſometimes frighted from the diſplay of their acquiſitions, and the exertion of their powers.

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The name of a pedant is ſo formidable to young men when they firſt ſally from their colleges, and is ſo liberally ſcattered by thoſe who mean to boaſt their elegance of education, eaſineſs of manners, and knowledge of the world, that it ſeems to require particular conſideration; ſince, perhaps, if it were once underſtood, many a heart might be freed from painful apprehenſions, and many a tongue delivered from reſtraint.

Pedantry is the unſeaſonable oſtentation of learning. It may be diſcovered either in the choice of a ſubject, or in the manner of treating it. He is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry, who, when he has made himſelf maſter of ſome abſtruſe and uncultivated part of knowledge, obtrudes his remarks and diſcoveries upon thoſe whom he believes unable to judge of his proficiency, and from whom, as he cannot fear contradiction, he cannot properly expect applauſe.

To this error the ſtudent is ſometimes betrayed by the natural recurrence of the mind to its common employment, by the pleaſure which every man receives from the recollection of pleaſing images, and the deſire of dwelling upon topicks, on which he knows himſelf able to ſpeak with juſtneſs. But becauſe we are ſeldom ſo far prejudiced in favour of each other, as to ſearch out for palliations, this failure of politeneſs is imputed always to vanity; and the harmleſs collegiate, who perhaps intended entertainment and inſtruction, or at worſt only ſpoke without ſufficient reflection upon the character of his hearers, is cenſured as arrogant or overbearing, and eager to extend his renown, in contempt of the convenience of ſociety, and the laws of converſation.

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All diſcourſe of which others cannot partake, is not only an irkſome uſurpation of the time devoted to pleaſure and entertainment, but, what never fails to excite very keen reſentment, an inſolent aſſertion of ſuperiority, and a triumph over leſs enlightened underſtandings. The pedant is, therefore, not only heard with wearineſs, but malignity; and thoſe who conceive themſelves inſulted by his knowledge, never fail to tell with acrimony how injudiciouſly it was exerted.

To avoid this dangerous imputation, ſcholars ſometimes diveſt themſelves with too much haſte of their academical formality, and in their endeavours to accommodate their notions and their ſtyle to common conceptions, talk rather of any thing than of that which they underſtand, and ſink into inſipidity of ſentiment and meanneſs of expreſſion.

There prevails among men of letters an opinion, that all appearance of ſcience is particularly hateful to women; and that therefore, whoever deſires to be well received in female aſſemblies, muſt qualify himſelf by a total rejection of all that is ſerious, rational, or important; muſt conſider argument or criticiſm, as perpetually interdicted; and devote all his attention to trifles, and all his eloquence to compliment.

Students often form their notions of the preſent generation from the writings of the paſt, and are not very early informed of thoſe changes which the gradual diffuſion of knowledge, or the ſudden caprice of faſhion, produces in the world. Whatever might be the ſtate of female literature in the laſt century, there is now no longer any danger leſt the ſcholar ſhould want an adequate audience at the tea-table;

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and whoever thinks it neceſſary to regulate his converſation by antiquated rules, will be rather deſpiſed for his futility than careſſed for his politeneſs.

To talk intentionally in a manner above the comprehenſion of thoſe whom we addreſs, is unqueſtionable pedantry; but ſurely complaiſance requires, that no man ſhould, without proof, conclude his company incapable of following him to the higheſt elevation of his fancy, or the utmoſt extent of his knowledge. It is always ſafer to err in favour of others than of ourſelves, and therefore we ſeldom hazard much by endeavouring to excel.

It ought at leaſt to be the care of learning, when ſhe quits her exaltation, to deſcend with dignity. Nothing is more deſpicable than the airineſs and jocularity of a man bred to ſevere ſcience, and ſolitary meditation. To trifle agreeably is a ſecret which ſchools cannot impart; that gay negligence and vivacious levity, which charm down reſiſtance wherever they appear, are never attainable by him who, having ſpent his firſt years among the duſt of libraries, enters late into the gay world with an unpliant attention and eſtabliſhed habits.

It is obſerved in the panegyrick on *Fabricius* the mechaniſt, that, though forced by publick employments into mingled converſation, he never loſt the modeſty and ſeriouſneſs of the convent, nor drew ridicule upon himſelf by an affected imitation of faſhionable life. To the ſame praiſe every man devoted to learning ought to aſpire. If he attempts the ſofter arts of pleaſing, and endeavours to learn the graceful bow and the familiar embrace, the inſinuating accent and the general ſmile, he will loſe the

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respect due to the character of learning, without arriving at the envied honour of doing any thing with elegance and facility.

Theophrastus was discovered not to be a native of *Athens*, by so strict an adherence to the *Attic* dialect, as shewed that he had learned it not by custom, but by rule. A man not early formed to habitual elegance, betrays in like manner the effects of his education, by an unnecessary anxiety of behaviour. It is as possible to become pedantick by fear of pedantry, as to be troublesome by ill-timed civility. There is no kind of impertinence more justly censurable, than his who is always labouring to level thoughts to intellects higher than his own; who apologizes for every word which his own narrowness of converse inclines him to think unusual; keeps the exuberance of his faculties under visible restraint; is solicitous to anticipate enquiries by needless explanations; and endeavours to shade his own abilities, lest weak eyes should be dazzled with their lustre.

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NUMB. 174. SATURDAY, *November* 15, 1751.

Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge, dummodo risum
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico. HOR.

Yonder he drives —— avoid that furious beast:
If he may have his jest, he never cares
At whose expence; nor friend nor patron spares.
FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

Mr. RAMBLER,

THE laws of social benevolence require, that every man should endeavour to assist others by his experience. He that has at last escaped into port from the fluctuations of chance, and the gusts of opposition, ought to make some improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been dashed, and the shallows where he has been stranded.

The error into which I was betrayed, when custom first gave me up to my own direction, is very frequently incident to the quick, the sprightly, the fearless, and the gay; to all whose ardour hurries them into precipitate execution of their designs, and imprudent declaration of their opinions; who seldom count the cost of pleasure, or examine the distant consequences of any practice that flatters them with immediate gratification.

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I came forth into the crowded world with the ufual juvenile ambition, and defired nothing beyond the title of a wit. Money I confidered as below my care; for I faw fuch multitudes grow rich without underftanding, that I could not forbear to look on wealth as an acquifition eafy to induftry directed by genius, and therefore threw it afide as a fecondary convenience, to be procured when my principal wifh fhould be fatisfied, and the claim to intellectual excellence univerfally acknowledged.

With this view I regulated my behaviour in publick, and exercifed my meditations in folitude. My life was divided between the care of providing topicks for the entertainment of my company, and that of collecting company worthy to be entertained; for I foon found, that wit, like every other power, has its boundaries; that its fuccefs depends upon the aptitude of others to receive impreffions; and that as fome bodies, indiffoluble by heat, can fet the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of fentiment can agitate or exalt.

It was, however, not long before I fitted myfelf with a fet of companions who knew how to laugh, and to whom no other recommendation was neceffary than the power of ftriking out a jeft. Among thofe I fixed my refidence, and for a time enjoyed the felicity of difturbing the neighbours every night with the obftreperous applaufe which my fallies forced from the audience. The reputation of our club every day increafed, and as my flights and remarks were circulated by my admirers, every day brought new folicitations for admiffion into our fociety.

To

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To ſupport this perpetual fund of merriment, I frequented every place of concourſe, cultivated the acquaintance of all the faſhionable race, and paſſed the day in a continual ſucceſſion of viſits, in which I collected a treaſure of pleaſantry for the expences of the evening. Whatever error of conduct I could diſcover, whatever peculiarity of manner I could obſerve, whatever weakneſs was betrayed by confidence, whatever lapſe was ſuffered by neglect, all was drawn together for the diverſion of my wild companions, who, when they had been taught the art of ridicule, never failed to ſignalize themſelves by a zealous imitation, and filled the town on the enſuing day with ſcandal and vexation, with merriment and ſhame.

I can ſcarcely believe, when I recollect my own practice, that I could have been ſo far deluded with petty praiſe, as to divulge the ſecrets of truſt, and to expoſe the levities of frankneſs; to waylay the walks of the cautious, and ſurpriſe the ſecurity of the thoughtleſs. Yet it is certain, that for many years I heard nothing but with deſign to tell it, and ſaw nothing with any other curioſity than after ſome failure that might furniſh out a jeſt.

My heart, indeed, acquits me of deliberate malignity, or intereſted inſidiouſneſs. I had no other purpoſe than to heighten the pleaſure of laughter by communication, nor ever raiſed any pecuniary advantage from the calamities of others. I led weakneſs and negligence into difficulties, only that I might divert myſelf with their perplexities and diſtreſſes; and violated every law of friendſhip, with no other hope than that of gaining the reputation of ſmartneſs and waggery.

I would

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I would not be underſtood to charge myſelf with any crimes of the atrocious or deſtructive kind. I never betrayed an heir to gameſters, or a girl to debauchees; never intercepted the kindneſs of a patron, or ſported away the reputation of innocence. My delight was only in petty miſchief, and momentary vexations, and my acuteneſs was employed not upon fraud and oppreſſion which it had been meritorious to detect, but upon harmleſs ignorance or abſurdity, prejudice or miſtake.

This enquiry I purſued with ſo much diligence and ſagacity, that I was able to relate, of every man whom I knew, ſome blunder or miſcarriage; to betray the moſt circumſpect of my friends into follies, by a judicious flattery of his predominant paſſion; or expoſe him to contempt, by placing him in circumſtances which put his prejudices into action, brought to view his natural defects, or drew the attention of the company on his airs of affectation.

The power had been poſſeſſed in vain if it had never been exerted; and it was not my cuſtom to let any arts of jocularity remain unemployed. My impatience of applauſe brought me always early to the place of entertainment; and I ſeldom failed to lay a ſcheme with the ſmall knot that firſt gathered round me, by which ſome of thoſe whom we expected might be made ſubſervient to our ſport. Every man has ſome favourite topick of converſation, on which, by a feigned ſeriouſneſs of attention, he may be drawn to expatiate without end. Every man has ſome habitual contortion of body, or eſtabliſhed mode of expreſſion, which never fails to raiſe mirth if it be pointed out to notice. By premonitions of theſe

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particularities I ſecured our pleaſantry. Our companion entered with his uſual gaiety, and began to partake of our noiſy cheerfulneſs, when the converſation was imperceptibly diverted to a ſubject which preſſed upon his tender part, and extorted the expected ſhrug, the cuſtomary exclamation, or the predicted remark. A general clamour of joy then burſt from all that were admitted to the ſtratagem. Our mirth was often increaſed by the triumph of him that occaſioned it; for as we do not haſtily form concluſions againſt ourſelves, ſeldom any one ſuſpected, that he had exhilarated us otherwiſe than by his wit.

You will hear, I believe, with very little ſurprize, that by this conduct I had in a ſhort time united mankind againſt me, and that every tongue was diligent in prevention or revenge. I ſoon perceived myſelf regarded with malevolence or diſtruſt, but wondered what had been diſcovered in me either terrible or hateful. I had invaded no man's property; I had rivalled no man's claims; nor had ever engaged in any of thoſe attempts which provoke the jealouſy of ambition, or the rage of faction. I had lived but to laugh, and make others laugh; and believed that I was loved by all who careſſed, and favoured by all who applauded me. I never imagined, that he who, in the mirth of a nocturnal revel, concurred in ridiculing his friend, would conſider, in a cooler hour, that the ſame trick might be played againſt himſelf; or that, even where there is no ſenſe of danger, the natural pride of human nature riſes againſt him, who by general cenſures lays claim to general ſuperiority.

I was

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I was convinced, by a total desertion, of the impropriety of my conduct; every man avoided, and cautioned others to avoid me. Wherever I came, I found silence and dejection, coldness and terror. No one would venture to speak, lest he should lay himself open to unfavourable representations; the company, however numerous, dropped off at my entrance upon various pretences; and if I retired to avoid the shame of being left, I heard confidence and mirth revive at my departure.

If those whom I had thus offended, could have contented themselves with repaying one insult for another, and kept up the war only by a reciprocation of sarcasms, they might have perhaps vexed, but would never much have hurt me; for no man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh. But these wounds which they give me as they fly, are without cure; this alarm which they spread by their solicitude to escape me, excludes me from all friendship and from all pleasure. I am condemned to pass a long interval of my life in solitude, as a man suspected of infection is refused admission into cities; and must linger in obscurity, till my conduct shall convince the world, that I may be approached without hazard.

I am, &c.

DICACULUS.

NUMB. 175. TUESDAY, *November* 19, 1751.

Rari quippe boni, numero vix ſunt totidem quot
Thebarum *portæ, vel divitis oſtia* Nili. JUV.

Good men are ſcarce, the juſt are thinly ſown;
They thrive but ill, nor can they laſt when grown.
And ſhould we count them, and our ſtore compile;
Yet *Thebes* more gates could ſhew, more mouths the *Nile*.
CREECH.

NONE of the axioms of wiſdom which recommend the ancient ſages to veneration, ſeems to have required leſs extent of knowledge, or perſpicacity of penetration, than the remark of *Bias*, that οἱ πλέονες κακοὶ, *the majority are wicked*.

The depravity of mankind is ſo eaſily diſcoverable, that nothing but the deſert or the cell can exclude it from notice. The knowledge of crimes intrudes uncalled and undeſired. They whom their abſtraction from common occurrences hinders from ſeeing iniquity, will quickly have their attention awakened by feeling it. Even he who ventures not into the world, may learn its corruption in his cloſet. For what are treatiſes of morality, but perſuaſives to the practice of duties, for which no arguments would be neceſſary, but that we are continually tempted to violate or neglect them? What are all the records of hiſtory, but narratives of ſucceſſive villanies, of treaſons and uſurpations, maſſacres and wars?

But,

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But, perhaps, the excellence of aphorisms consists not so much in the expression of some rare or abstruse sentiment, as in the comprehension of some obvious and useful truth in a few words. We frequently fall into error and folly not because the true principles of action are not known, but because, for a time, they are not remembered; and he may therefore be justly numbered among the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the great rules of life into short sentences, that may be easily impressed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind.

However those who have passed through half the life of man, may now wonder that any should require to be cautioned against corruption, they will find, that they have themselves purchased their conviction by many disappointments and vexations, which an earlier knowledge would have spared them; and may see, on every side, some entangling themselves in perplexities, and some sinking into ruin, by ignorance or neglect of the maxim of *Bias*.

Every day sends out, in quest of pleasure and distinction, some heir fondled in ignorance, and flattered into pride. He comes forth with all the confidence of a spirit unacquainted with superiors, and all the benevolence of a mind not yet irritated by opposition, alarmed by fraud, or embittered by cruelty. He loves all, because he imagines himself the universal favourite. Every exchange of salutation produces new acquaintance, and every acquaintance kindles into friendship.

Every season brings a new flight of beauties into the world, who have hitherto heard only of their

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own charms, and imagine that the heart feels no passion but that of love. They are soon surrounded by admirers whom they credit, because they tell them only what is heard with delight. Whoever gazes upon them is a lover; and whoever forces a sigh, is pining in despair.

He surely is a useful monitor, who inculcates to these thoughtless strangers, that the *majority are wicked*; who informs them, that the train which wealth and beauty draw after them, is lured only by the scent of prey; and that, perhaps, among all those who crowd about them with professions and flatteries, there is not one who does not hope for some opportunity to devour or betray them, to glut himself by their destruction, or to share their spoils with a stronger savage.

Virtue presented singly to the imagination or the reason, is so well recommended by its own graces, and so strongly supported by arguments, that a good man wonders how any can be bad; and they who are ignorant of the force of passion and interest, who never observed the arts of seduction, the contagion of example, the gradual descent from one crime to another, or the insensible depravation of the principles by loose conversation, naturally expect to find integrity in every bosom, and veracity on every tongue.

It is indeed impossible not to hear from those who have lived longer, of wrongs and falsehoods, of violence and circumvention; but such narratives are commonly regarded by the young, the heady, and the confident, as nothing more than the murmurs of peevishness, or the dreams of dotage; and

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notwithſtanding all the documents of hoary wiſdom, we commonly plunge into the world fearleſs and credulous, without any foreſight of danger, or apprehenſion of deceit.

I have remarked, in a former paper, that credulity is the common failing of unexperienced virtue; and that he who is ſpontaneouſly ſuſpicious, may be juſtly charged with radical corruption; for if he has not known the prevalence of diſhoneſty by information, nor had time to obſerve it with his own eyes, whence can he take his meaſures of judgment but from himſelf?

They who beſt deſerve to eſcape the ſnares of artifice, are moſt likely to be entangled. He that endeavours to live for the good of others, muſt always be expoſed to the arts of them who live only for themſelves, unleſs he is taught by timely precepts the caution required in common tranſactions, and ſhewn at a diſtance the pitfals of treachery.

To youth, therefore, it ſhould be carefully inculcated, that to enter the road of life without caution or reſerve, in expectation of general fidelity and juſtice, is to launch on the wide ocean without the inſtruments of ſteerage, and to hope, that every wind will be proſperous, and that every coaſt will afford a harbour.

To enumerate the various motives to deceit and injury, would be to count all the deſires that prevail among the ſons of men; ſince there is no ambition however petty, no wiſh however abſurd, that by indulgence will not be enabled to overpower the influence of virtue. Many there are, who openly and almoſt profeſſedly regulate all their

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conduct by their love of money; who have no reaſon for action or forbearance, for compliance or refuſal, than that they hope to gain more by one than by the other. Theſe are indeed the meaneſt and crueleſt of human beings, a race with whom, as with ſome peſtiferous animals, the whole creation ſeems to be at war; but who, however deteſted or ſcorned, long continue to add heap to heap, and when they have reduced one to beggary, are ſtill permitted to faſten on another.

Others, yet leſs rationally wicked, paſs their lives in miſchief, becauſe they cannot bear the ſight of ſucceſs, and mark out every man for hatred, whoſe fame or fortune they believe increaſing.

Many, who have not advanced to theſe degrees of guilt, are yet wholly unqualified for friendſhip, and unable to maintain any conſtant or regular courſe of kindneſs. Happineſs may be deſtoyed not only by union with the man who is apparently the ſlave of intereſt, but with him whom a wild opinion of the dignity of perſeverance, in whatever cauſe, diſpoſes to purſue every injury with unwearied and perpetual reſentment; with him whoſe vanity inclines him to conſider every man as a rival in every pretenſion; with him whoſe airy negligence puts his friend's affairs or ſecrets in continual hazard, and who thinks his forgetfulneſs of others excuſed by his inattention to himſelf; and with him whoſe inconſtancy ranges without any ſettled rule of choice through varieties of friendſhip, and who adopts and diſmiſſes favourites by the ſudden impulſe of caprice.

Thus numerous are the dangers to which the converſe of mankind expoſes us, and which can be

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avoided only by prudent diſtruſt. He therefore, that remembering this ſalutary maxim learns early to withhold his fondneſs from fair appearances, will have reaſon to pay ſome honours to *Bias* of *Priene*, who enabled him to become wiſe without the coſt of experience.

NUMB. 176. SATURDAY, *November* 23, 1751.

——*Naſo ſuſpendere adunco.* HOR.

On me you turn the noſe.——

THERE are many vexatious accidents and uneaſy ſituations which raiſe little compaſſion for the ſufferer, and which no man but thoſe whom they immediately diſtreſs, can regard with ſeriouſneſs. Petty miſchiefs, that have no influence on futurity, nor extend their effects to the reſt of life, are always ſeen with a kind of malicious pleaſure. A miſtake or embarraſſment, which for the preſent moment fills the face with bluſhes, and the mind with confuſion, will have no other effect upon thoſe who obſerve it than that of convulſing them with irreſiſtible laughter. Some circumſtances of miſery are ſo powerfully ridiculous, that neither kindneſs nor duty can withſtand them; they bear down love, intereſt, and reverence, and force the friend, the dependent, or the child, to give way to inſtantaneous motions of merriment.

Among the principal of comick calamities, may be reckoned the pain which an author, not yet hardened

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hardened into insensibility, feels at the onset of a furious critick, whose age, rank, or fortune, gives him confidence to speak without reserve; who heaps one objection upon another, and obtrudes his remarks, and enforces his corrections without tenderness or awe.

The author, full of the importance of his work, and anxious for the justification of every syllable, starts and kindles at the slightest attack; the critick, eager to establish his superiority, triumphing in every discovery of failure, and zealous to impress the cogency of his arguments, pursues him from line to line without cessation or remorse. The critick, who hazards little, proceeds with vehemence, impetuosity, and fearlessness; the author, whose quiet and fame, and life and immortality, are involved in the controversy, tries every art of subterfuge and defence; maintains modestly what he resolves never to yield, and yields unwillingly what cannot be maintained. The critick's purpose is to conquer, the author only hopes to escape; the critick therefore knits his brow, and raises his voice, and rejoices whenever he perceives any tokens of pain excited by the pressure of his assertions, or the point of his sarcasms. The author, whose endeavour is at once to mollify and elude his persecutor, composes his features and softens his accent, breaks the force of assault by retreat, and rather steps aside than flies or advances.

As it very seldom happens that the rage of extemporary criticism inflicts fatal or lasting wounds, I know not that the laws of benevolence entitle this distress to much sympathy. The diversion of baiting an author has the sanction of all ages and nations,

and is more lawful than the ſport of teizing other animals, becauſe, for the moſt part, he comes voluntarily to the ſtake, furniſhed, as he imagines, by the patron powers of literature, with reſiſtleſs weapons, and impenetrable armour, with the mail of the boar of *Erymanth*, and the paws of the lion of *Nemea*.

But the works of genius are ſometimes produced by other motives than vanity; and he whom neceſſity or duty enforces to write, is not always ſo well ſatisfied with himſelf, as not to be diſcouraged by cenſorious impudence. It may therefore be neceſſary to conſider how they whom publication lays open to the inſults of ſuch as their obſcurity ſecures againſt repriſals, may extricate themſelves from unexpected encounters.

Vida, a man of conſiderable ſkill in the politicks of literature, directs his pupil wholly to abandon his defence, and even when he can irrefragably refute all objections, to ſuffer tamely the exultations of his antagoniſt.

This rule may perhaps be juſt, when advice is aſked, and ſeverity ſolicited, becauſe no man tells his opinion ſo freely as when he imagines it received with implicit veneration; and criticks ought never to be conſulted, but while errors may yet be rectified or inſipidity ſuppreſſed. But when the book has once been diſmiſſed into the world, and can be no more retouched, I know not whether a very different conduct ſhould not be preſcribed, and whether firmneſs and ſpirit may not ſometimes be of uſe to overpower arrogance and repel brutality. Softneſs, diffidence, and moderation, will often be miſtaken for imbecility

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imbecility and dejection; they lure cowardice to the attack by the hopes of easy victory, and it will ſoon be found that he whom every man thinks he can conquer, ſhall never be at peace.

The animadverſions of criticks are commonly ſuch as may eaſily provoke the ſedateſt writer to ſome quickneſs of reſentment and aſperity of reply. A man who by long conſideration has familiariſed a ſubject to his own mind, carefully ſurveyed the ſeries of his thoughts, and planned all the parts of his compoſition into a regular dependance on each other, will often ſtart at the ſiniſtrous interpretations, or abſurd remarks of haſte and ignorance, and wonder by what infatuation they have been led away from the obvious ſenſe, and upon what peculiar principles of judgment they decide againſt him.

The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all, nor equally adapted in any to all objects; the end of criticiſm is to ſupply its defects; rules are the inſtruments of mental viſion, which may indeed aſſiſt our faculties when properly uſed, but produce confuſion and obſcurity by unſkilful application.

Some ſeem always to read with the microſcope of criticiſm, and employ their whole attention upon minute elegance, or faults ſcarcely viſible to common obſervation. The diſſonance of a ſyllable, the recurrence of the ſame ſound, the repetition of a particle, the ſmalleſt deviation from propriety, the ſlighteſt defect in conſtruction or arrangement, ſwell before their eyes into enormities. As they diſcern with great exactneſs, they comprehend but a narrow compaſs, and know nothing of the juſtneſs of the

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design, the general spirit of the performance, the artifice of connection, or the harmony of the parts; they never conceive how small a proportion that which they are busy in contemplating bears to the whole, or how the petty inaccuracies with which they are offended, are absorbed and lost in general excellence.

Others are furnished by criticism with a telescope. They see with great clearness whatever is too remote to be discovered by the rest of mankind, but are totally blind to all that lies immediately before them. They discover in every passage some secret meaning, some remote allusion, some artful allegory, or some occult imitation which no other reader ever suspected; but they have no perception of the cogency of arguments, the force of pathetick sentiments, the various colours of diction, or the flowery embellishments of fancy; of all that engages the attention of others, they are totally insensible, while they pry into worlds of conjecture, and amuse themselves with phantoms in the clouds.

In criticism, as in every other art, we fail sometimes by our weakness, but more frequently by our fault. We are sometimes bewildered by ignorance, and sometimes by prejudice, but we seldom deviate far from the right, but when we deliver ourselves up to the direction of vanity.

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NUMB. 177. TUESDAY, *November* 26, 1751.

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas. MART.

Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
Will be of serious consequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous. ROSCOMMON.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN I was, at the usual time, about to enter upon the profession to which my friends had destined me, being summoned, by the death of my father, into the country, I found myself master of an unexpected sum of money, and of an estate, which though not large, was, in my opinion, sufficient to support me in a condition far preferable to the fatigue, dependance, and uncertainty of any gainful occupation. I therefore resolved to devote the rest of my life wholly to curiosity, and without any confinement of my excursions, or termination of my views, to wander over the boundless regions of general knowledge.

This scheme of life seemed pregnant with inexhaustible variety, and therefore I could not forbear to congratulate myself upon the wisdom of my choice. I furnished a large room with all conveniencies for study; collected books of every kind; quitted every science at the first perception of disgust; returned to it again as soon as my former ardour happened to revive;

revive; and having no rival to depreſs me by comparison, nor any critick to alarm me with objections, I ſpent day after day in profound tranquillity; with only ſo much complacence in my own improvements, as ſerved to excite and animate my application.

Thus I lived for ſome years with complete acquieſcence in my own plan of conduct, riſing early to read, and dividing the latter part of the day between economy, exerciſe, and reflection. But in time, I began to find my mind contracted and ſtiffened by ſolitude. My eaſe and elegance were ſenſibly impaired; I was no longer able to accommodate myſelf with readineſs to the accidental current of converſation; my notions grew particular and paradoxical, and my phraſeology formal and unfaſhionable; I ſpoke, on common occaſions, the language of books. My quickneſs of apprehenſion, and celerity of reply, had entirely deſerted me: when I delivered my opinion, or detailed my knowledge, I was bewildered by an unſeaſonable interrogatory, diſconcerted by any ſlight oppoſition, and overwhelmed and loſt in dejection, when the ſmalleſt advantage was gained againſt me in diſpute. I became deciſive and dogmatical, impatient of contradiction, perpetually jealous of my character, inſolent to ſuch as acknowledged my ſuperiority, and ſullen and malignant to all who refuſed to receive my dictates.

This I ſoon diſcovered to be one of thoſe intellectual diſeaſes which a wiſe man ſhould make haſte to cure. I therefore reſolved for a time to ſhut my books,

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books, and learn again the art of converſation; to defecate and clear my mind by briſker motions, and ſtronger impulſes; and to unite myſelf once more to the living generation.

For this purpoſe I haſted to *London*, and entreated one of my academical acquaintances, to introduce me into ſome of the little ſocieties of literature, which are formed in taverns and coffee-houſes. He was pleaſed with an opportunity of ſhewing me to his friends, and ſoon obtained me admiſſion among a ſelect company of curious men, who met once a week to exhilarate their ſtudies, and compare their acquiſitions.

The eldeſt and moſt venerable of this ſociety was *Hirſutus*, who, after the firſt civilities of my reception, found means to introduce the mention of his favourite ſtudies, by a ſevere cenſure of thoſe who want the due regard for their native country. He informed me, that he had early withdrawn his attention from foreign trifles, and that ſince he begun to addict his mind to ſerious and manly ſtudies, he had very carefully amaſſed all the *Engliſh* books that were printed in the black character. This ſearch he had purſued ſo diligently, that he was able to ſhew the deficiencies of the beſt catalogues. He had long ſince completed his *Caxton*, had three ſheets of *Treveris* unknown to the antiquaries, and wanted to a perfect *Pynſon* but two volumes, of which one was promiſed him as a legacy by its preſent poſſeſſor, and the other he was reſolved to buy, at whatever price, when *Quiſquilius*'s library ſhould be ſold. *Hirſutus* had

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no other reason for the valuing or slighting a book, than that it was printed in the *Roman* or the *Gothick* letter, nor any ideas but such as his favourite volumes had supplied; when he was serious, he expatiated on the narratives of *Johan de Trevisa*, and when he was merry, regaled us with a quotation from the *Shippe of Foles*.

While I was listening to this hoary student, *Ferratus* entered in a hurry, and informed us with the abruptness of extasy, that his set of halfpence was now complete; he had just received in a handful of change, the piece that he had so long been seeking, and could now defy mankind to outgo his collection of *English* copper.

Chartophylax then observed how fatally human sagacity was sometimes baffled, and how often the most valuable discoveries are made by chance. He had employed himself and his emissaries seven years at great expence, to perfect his series of *Gazettes*, but had long wanted a single paper, which, when he despaired of obtaining it, was sent him wrapped round a parcel of tobacco.

Cantilenus turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, for he considered them as the genuine records of the national taste. He offered to shew me a copy of *The Children in the Wood*, which he firmly believed to be of the first edition, and by the help of which, the text might be freed from several corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to such favours from him.

Many were admitted into this society as inferior members, because they had collected old prints and

neglected

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neglected pamphlets, or possessed some fragment of antiquity, as the seal of an antient corporation, the charter of a religious house, the genealogy of a family extinct, or a letter written in the reign of *Elizabeth*.

Every one of these virtuosos looked on all his associates as wretches of depraved taste and narrow notions. Their conversation was, therefore, fretful and waspish, their behaviour brutal, their merriment bluntly sarcastick, and their seriousness gloomy and suspicious. They were totally ignorant of all that passes, or has lately passed in the world; unable to discuss any question of religious, political, or military knowledge; equally strangers to science and politer learning, and without any wish to improve their minds, or any other pleasure than that of displaying rarities, of which they would not suffer others to make the proper use.

Hirsutus graciously informed me, that the number of their society was limited, but that I might sometimes attend as an auditor. I was pleased to find myself in no danger of an honour, which I could not have willingly accepted, nor gracefully refused, and left them without any intention of returning, for I soon found, that the suppression of those habits with which I was vitiated, required association with men very different from this solemn race.

I am, SIR, &c.

VIVACULUS.

It

It is natural to feel grief or indignation, when any thing neceſſary or uſeful is wantonly waſted, or negligently deſtroyed; and therefore my correſpondent cannot be blamed for looking with uneaſineſs on the waſte of life. Leiſure and curioſity might ſoon make great advances in uſeful knowledge, were they not diverted by minute emulation and laborious trifles. It may, however, ſomewhat mollify his anger to reflect, that perhaps none of the aſſembly which he deſcribes, was capable of any nobler employment, and that he who does his beſt, however little, is always to be diſtinguiſhed from him who does nothing. Whatever buſies the mind without corrupting it, has at leaſt this uſe, that it reſcues the day from idleneſs, and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

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NUMB. 178. SATURDAY, *November* 30, 1751.

Pars ſanitatis velle ſanari fuit. SENECA.

To yield to remedies is half the cure.

PYTHAGORAS is reported to have required from thoſe whom he inſtructed in philoſophy a probationary ſilence of five years. Whether this prohibition of ſpeech extended to all the parts of this time, as ſeems generally to be ſuppoſed, or was to be obſerved only in the ſchool or in the preſence of their maſter, as is more probable, it was ſufficient to diſcover the pupil's diſpoſition; to try whether he was willing to pay the price of learning, or whether he was one of thoſe whoſe ardour was rather violent than laſting, and who expected to grow wiſe on other terms than thoſe of patience and obedience.

Many of the bleſſings univerſally deſired, are very frequently wanted, becauſe moſt men, when they ſhould labour, content themſelves to complain, and rather linger in a ſtate in which they cannot be at reſt, than improve their condition by vigour and reſolution.

Providence has fixed the limits of human enjoyment by immoveable boundaries, and has ſet different gratifications at ſuch a diſtance from each other, that no art or power can bring them together. This great law it is the buſineſs of every rational being to underſtand, that life may not paſs away in an attempt to make contradictions conſiſtent, to combine oppo-

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ſite qualities, and to unite things which the nature of their being muſt always keep aſunder.

Of two objects tempting at a diſtance on contrary ſides, it is impoſſible to approach one but by receding from the other; by long deliberation and dilatory projects, they may be both loſt, but can never be both gained. It is, therefore, neceſſary to compare them, and when we have determined the preference, to withdraw our eyes and our thoughts at once from that which reaſon directs us to reject. This is more neceſſary, if that which we are forſaking has the power of delighting the ſenſes, or firing the fancy. He that once turns aſide to the allurements of unlawful pleaſure, can have no ſecurity that he ſhall ever regain the paths of virtue.

The philoſophick goddeſs of *Boethius*, having related the ſtory of *Orpheus*, who, when he had recovered his wife from the dominions of death, loſt her again by looking back upon her in the confines of light, concludes with a very elegant and forcible application. *Whoever you are that endeavour to elevate your minds to the illuminations of Heaven, conſider yourſelves as repreſented in this fable; for he that is once ſo far overcome as to turn back his eyes towards the infernal caverns, loſes at the firſt ſight all that influence which attracted him on high.*

> Vos hæc fabula reſpicit,
> Quicunque in ſuperum diem
> Mentem ducere quæritis.
> Nam qui *Tartareum* in ſpecus
> Victus lumina flexerit,
> Quidquid præcipuum trahit,
> Perdit, dum videt inferos.

It

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It may be obſerved in general, that the future is purchaſed by the preſent. It is not poſſible to ſecure diſtant or permanent happineſs but by the forbearance of ſome immediate gratification. This is ſo evidently true with regard to the whole of our exiſtence, that all the precepts of theology have no other tendency than to enforce a life of faith; a life regulated not by our ſenſes but our belief; a life in which pleaſures are to be refuſed for fear of inviſible puniſhments, and calamities ſometimes to be ſought, and always endured, in hope of rewards that ſhall be obtained in another ſtate.

Even if we take into our view only that particle of our duration which is terminated by the grave, it will be found that we cannot enjoy one part of life beyond the common limitations of pleaſure, but by anticipating ſome of the ſatisfaction which ſhould exhilarate the following years. The heat of youth may ſpread happineſs into wild luxuriance, but the radical vigour requiſite to make it perennial is exhauſted, and all that can be hoped afterwards is languor and ſterility.

The reigning error of mankind is, that we are not content with the conditions on which the goods of life are granted. No man is inſenſible of the value of knowledge, the advantages of health, or the convenience of plenty, but every day ſhews us thoſe on whom the conviction is without effect.

Knowledge is praiſed and deſired by multitudes whom her charms could never rouſe from the couch of ſloth; whom the fainteſt invitation of pleaſure draws away from their ſtudies; to whom any other method of wearing out the day is more eligible than the

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the uſe of books, and who are more eaſily engaged by any converſation, than ſuch as may rectify their notions or enlarge their comprehenſion.

Every man that has felt pain, knows how little all other comforts can gladden him to whom health is denied. Yet who is there does not ſometimes hazard it for the enjoyment of an hour? All aſſemblies of jollity, all places of publick entertainment, exhibit examples of ſtrength waſting in riot, and beauty withering in irregularity; nor is it eaſy to enter a houſe in which part of the family is not groaning in repentance of paſt intemperance, and part admitting diſeaſe by negligence, or ſoliciting it by luxury.

There is no pleaſure which men of every age and ſect have more generally agreed to mention with contempt, than the gratifications of the palate; an entertainment ſo far removed from intellectual happineſs, that ſcarcely the moſt ſhameleſs of the ſenſual herd have dared to defend it: yet even to this, the loweſt of our delights, to this, though neither quick nor laſting, is health with all its activity and ſprightlineſs daily ſacrificed; and for this are half the miſeries endured which urge impatience to call on death.

The whole world is put in motion by the wiſh for riches, and the dread of poverty. Who, then, would not imagine that ſuch conduct as will inevitably deſtroy what all are thus labouring to acquire, muſt generally be avoided? That he who ſpends more than he receives, muſt in time become indigent, cannot be doubted; but how evident ſoever this conſequence may appear, the ſpendthrift moves in the whirl of pleaſure with too much rapidity to keep it before his eyes, and, in the intoxication of gaiety, grows

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every day poorer without any ſuch ſenſe of approaching ruin as is ſufficient to wake him into caution.

Many complaints are made of the miſery of life; and indeed it muſt be confeſſed that we are ſubject to calamities by which the good and bad, the diligent and ſlothful, the vigilant and heedleſs, are equally afflicted. But ſurely, though ſome indulgence may be allowed to groans extorted by inevitable miſery, no man has a right to repine at evils which, againſt warning, againſt experience, he deliberately and leiſurely brings upon his own head; or to conſider himſelf as debarred from happineſs by ſuch obſtacles as reſolution may break, or dexterity may put aſide.

Great numbers who quarrel with their condition, have wanted not the power but the will to obtain a better ſtate. They have never contemplated the difference between good and evil ſufficiently to quicken averſion, or invigorate deſire; they have indulged a drowſy thoughtleſſneſs or giddy levity; have committed the balance of choice to the management of caprice; and when they have long accuſtomed themſelves to receive all that chance offered them, without examination, lament at laſt that they find themſelves deceived.

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NUMB. 179. TUESDAY, *December* 3, 1751.

Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat. JUV.

Democritus would feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt them ake. DRYDEN.

EVERY man, says *Tully*, has two characters; one which he partakes with all mankind, and by which he is distinguished from brute animals; another which discriminates him from the rest of his own species, and impresses on him a manner and temper peculiar to himself; this particular character, if it be not repugnant to the laws of general humanity, it is always his business to cultivate and preserve.

Every hour furnishes some confirmation of *Tully*'s precept. It seldom happens, that an assembly of pleasure is so happily selected, but that some one finds admission, with whom the rest are deservedly offended; and it will appear, on a close inspection, that scarce any man becomes eminently disagreeable but by a departure from his real character, and an attempt at something for which nature or education have left him unqualified.

Ignorance or dulness have indeed no power of affording delight, but they never give disgust except when they assume the dignity of knowledge, or ape the sprightliness of wit. Awkwardness and inelegance have none of those attractions by which ease and politeness take possession of the heart; but ridicule and censure

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censure seldom rise against them, unless they appear associated with that confidence which belongs only to long acquaintance with the modes of life, and to consciousness of unfailing propriety of behaviour. Deformity itself is regarded with tenderness rather than aversion, when it does not attempt to deceive the sight by dress and decoration, and to seize upon fictitious claims the prerogatives of beauty.

He that stands to contemplate the crowds that fill the streets of a populous city, will see many passengers whose air and motion it will be difficult to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examines what are the appearances that thus powerfully excite his risibility, he will find among them neither poverty nor disease, nor any involuntary or painful defect. The disposition to derision and insult is awakened by the softness of foppery, the swell of insolence, the liveliness of levity, or the solemnity of grandeur; by the sprightly trip, the stately stalk, the formal strut, and the lofty mien; by gestures intended to catch the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidences of importance.

It has, I think, been sometimes urged in favour of affectation, that it is only a mistake of the means to a good end, and that the intention with which it is practised is always to please. If all attempts to innovate the constitutional or habitual character have really proceeded from publick spirit and love of others, the world has hitherto been sufficiently ungrateful, since no return but scorn has yet been made to the most difficult of all enterprizes, a contest with nature; nor has any pity been shown to the fatigues of

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of labour which never ſucceeded, and the uneaſineſs of diſguiſe by which nothing was concealed.

It ſeems therefore to be determined by the general ſuffrage of mankind, that he who decks himſelf in adſcititious qualities rather purpoſes to command applauſe than impart pleaſure; and he is therefore treated as a man who by an unreaſonable ambition uſurps the place in ſociety to which he has no right. Praiſe is ſeldom paid with willingneſs even to inconteſtible merit, and it can be no wonder that he who calls for it without deſert is repulſed with univerſal indignation.

Affectation naturally counterfeits thoſe excellencies which are placed at the greateſt diſtance from poſſibility of attainment. We are conſcious of our own defects, and eagerly endeavour to ſupply them by artificial excellence; nor would ſuch efforts be wholly without excuſe, were they not often excited by ornamental trifles, which he, that thus anxiouſly ſtruggles for the reputation of poſſeſſing them, would not have been known to want, had not his induſtry quickened obſervation.

Gelaſimus paſſed the firſt part of his life in academical privacy and rural retirement, without any other converſation than that of ſcholars, grave, ſtudious, and abſtracted as himſelf. He cultivated the mathematical ſciences with indefatigable diligence, diſcovered many uſeful theorems, diſcuſſed with great accuracy the reſiſtance of fluids, and though his priority was not generally acknowledged, was the firſt who fully explained all the properties of the catenarian curve.

Learning,

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Learning, when it riſes to eminence, will be obſerved in time, whatever miſts may happen to ſurround it. *Gelaſimus*, in his forty-ninth year, was diſtinguiſhed by thoſe who have the rewards of knowledge in their hands, and called out to diſplay his acquiſitions for the honour of his country, and add dignity by his preſence to philoſophical aſſemblies. As he did not ſuſpect his unfitneſs for common affairs, he felt no reluctance to obey the invitation, and what he did not feel he had yet too much honeſty to feign. He entered into the world as a larger and more populous college, where his performances would be more publick, and his renown farther extended; and imagined that he ſhould find his reputation univerſally prevalent, and the influence of learning every where the ſame.

His merit introduced him to ſplendid tables and elegant acquaintance; but he did not find himſelf always qualified to join in the converſation. He was diſtreſſed by civilities, which he knew not how to repay, and entangled in many ceremonial perplexities, from which his books and diagrams could not extricate him. He was ſometimes unluckily engaged in diſputes with ladies, with whom algebraic axioms had no great weight, and ſaw many whoſe favour and eſteem he could not but deſire, to whom he was very little recommended by his theories of the tides, or his approximations to the quadrature of the circle.

Gelaſimus did not want penetration to diſcover, that no charm was more generally irreſiſtible than that of eaſy facetiouſneſs and flowing hilarity. He ſaw that diverſion was more frequently welcome than improve-

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ment, that authority and ſeriouſneſs were rather feared than loved, and that the grave ſcholar was a kind of imperious ally, haſtily diſmiſſed when his aſſiſtance was no longer neceſſary. He came to a ſudden reſolution of throwing off thoſe cumbrous ornaments of learning, which hindered his reception, and commenced a man of wit and jocularity. Utterly unacquainted with every topick of merriment, ignorant of the modes and follies, the vices and virtues of mankind, and unfurniſhed with any ideas but ſuch as *Pappus* and *Archimedes* had given him, he began to ſilence all enquiries with a jeſt inſtead of a ſolution, extended his face with a grin, which he miſtook for a ſmile, and in the place of a ſcientifick diſcourſe, retailed in a new language, formed between the college and the tavern, the intelligence of the news-paper.

Laughter, he knew, was a token of alacrity; and, therefore, whatever he ſaid or heard, he was careful not to fail in that great duty of a wit. If he aſked or told the hour of the day, if he complained of heat or cold, ſtirred the fire, or filled a glaſs, removed his chair, or ſnuffed a candle, he always found ſome occaſion to laugh. The jeſt was indeed a ſecret to all but himſelf; but habitual confidence in his own diſcernment, hindered him from ſuſpecting any weakneſs or miſtake. He wondered that his wit was ſo little underſtood, but expected that his audience would comprehend it by degrees, and perſiſted all his life to ſhow by groſs buffoonery, how little the ſtrongeſt faculties can perform beyond the limits of their own province.

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NUMB. 180. SATURDAY, *December* 7, 1751.

Ταῦτ' εἰδὼς σοφός ἴσθι μάτην δ' Ἐπίκουρον ἔασον
Ποῦ το κενὸν ζητεῖν, καὶ τίνες αἱ μονάδες. AUTOMEDON.

On life, on morals, be thy thoughts employ'd;
Leave to the ſchools their atoms and their void.

IT is ſomewhere related by *Le Clerc*, that a wealthy trader of good underſtanding, having the common ambition to breed his ſon a ſcholar, carried him to an univerſity, reſolving to uſe his own judgment in the choice of a tutor. He had been taught, by whatever intelligence, the neareſt way to the heart of an academick, and at his arrival entertained all who came about him with ſuch profuſion, that the profeſſors were lured by the ſmell of his table from their books, and flocked round him with all the cringes of awkward complaiſance. This eagerneſs anſwered the merchant's purpoſe: he glutted them with delicacies, and ſoftened them with careſſes, till he prevailed upon one after another to open his boſom, and make a diſcovery of his competitions, jealouſies, and reſentments. Having thus learned each man's character, partly from himſelf, and partly from his acquaintances, he reſolved to find ſome other education for his ſon, and went away convinced, that a ſcholaſtick life has no other tendency than to vitiate the morals, and contract the underſtanding: Nor would he afterwards hear with patience the praiſes of the ancient

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cient authors, being persuaded that scholars of all ages must have been the same, and that *Xenophon* and *Cicero* were professors of some former university, and therefore mean and selfish, ignorant and servile, like those whom he had lately visited and forsaken.

Envy, curiosity, and a sense of the imperfection of our present state, incline us to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others above their real value. Every one must have remarked, what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened even on occasions where literature is of no use, and among weak minds, loses part of his reverence, by discovering no superiority in those parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, the rusticks are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied; and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance, are without reproach. But there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued, other accomplishments are neglected; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves

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themſelves to be miſled by the deſires of ſuperfluous attainments. *Raphael*, in return to *Adam*'s enquiries into the courſes of the ſtars and the revolutions of heaven, counſels him to withdraw his mind from idle ſpeculations, and employ his faculties upon nearer and more intereſting objects, the ſurvey of his own life, the ſubjection of his paſſions, the knowledge of duties which muſt daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which muſt daily be incurred.

This angelick counſel every man of letters ſhould always have before him. He that devotes himſelf to retired ſtudy, naturally ſinks from omiſſion to forgetfulneſs of ſocial duties; he muſt be therefore ſometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

I am far from any intention to limit curioſity, or confine the labours of learning to arts of immediate and neceſſary uſe. It is only from the various eſſays of experimental induſtry, and the vague excurſions of minds ſent out upon diſcovery, that any advancement of knowledge can be expected, and though many muſt be diſappointed in their labours, yet they are not to be charged with having ſpent their time in vain; their example contributed to inſpire emulation, and their miſcarriages taught others the way to ſucceſs.

But the diſtant hope of being one day uſeful or eminent, ought not to miſlead us too far from that ſtudy, which is equally requiſite to the great and mean, to the celebrated and obſcure; the art of moderating the deſires, of repreſſing the appetites; and of conciliating or retaining the favour of mankind.

No

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No man can imagine the courſe of his own life, or the conduct of the world around him, unworthy his attention; yet among the ſons of learning many ſeem to have thought of every thing rather than of themſelves, and to have obſerved every thing but what paſſes before their eyes: Many who toil through the intricacy of complicated ſyſtems, are inſuperably embarraſſed with the leaſt perplexity in common affairs; many who compare the actions, and aſcertain the characters of ancient heroes, let their own days glide away without examination, and ſuffer vicious habits to encroach upon their minds without reſiſtance or detection.

The moſt frequent reproach of the ſcholaſtick race is the want of fortitude, not martial but philoſophick. Men bred in ſhades and ſilence, taught to immure themſelves at ſunſet, and accuſtomed to no other weapon than ſyllogiſm, may be allowed to feel terror at perſonal danger, and to be diſconcerted by tumult and alarm. But why ſhould he whoſe life is ſpent in contemplation, and whoſe buſineſs is only to diſcover truth, be unable to rectify the fallacies of imagination, or contend ſucceſsfully againſt prejudice and paſſion? To what end has he read and meditated, if he gives up his underſtanding to falſe appearances, and ſuffers himſelf to be enſlaved by fear of evils to which only folly or vanity can expoſe him, or elated by advantages to which, as they are equally conferred upon the good and bad, no real dignity is annexed.

Such, however, is the ſtate of the world, that the moſt obſequious of the ſlaves of pride, the moſt rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the moſt officious

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of the whiſperers of greatneſs, are collected from ſeminaries appropriated to the ſtudy of wiſdom and of virtue, where it was intended that appetite ſhould learn to be content with little, and that hope ſhould aſpire only to honours which no human power can give or take away.

The ſtudent, when he comes forth into the world, inſtead of congratulating himſelf upon his exemption from the errors of thoſe whoſe opinions have been formed by accident or cuſtom, and who live without any certain principles of conduct, is commonly in haſte to mingle with the multitude, and ſhew his ſprightlineſs and ductility by an expeditious compliance with faſhions or vices. The firſt ſmile of a man, whoſe fortune gives him power to reward his dependants, commonly enchants him beyond reſiſtance; the glare of equipage, the ſweets of luxury, the liberality of general promiſes, the ſoftneſs of habitual affability, fill his imagination; and he ſoon ceaſes to have any other wiſh than to be well received, or any meaſure of right and wrong but the opinion of his patron.

A man flattered and obeyed, learns to exact groſſer adulation, and enjoin lower ſubmiſſion. Neither our virtues nor vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little inſolence; pride cannot riſe to any great degree, but by the concurrence of blandiſhment or the ſufferance of tameneſs. The wretch who would ſhrink and crouch before one that ſhould dart his eyes upon him with the ſpirit of natural equality, becomes capricious and tyrannical when he ſees himſelf approached with

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a downcaſt look, and hears the ſoft addreſs of awe and ſervility. To thoſe who are willing to purchaſe favour by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed the haughtineſs that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmneſs and integrity.

If, inſtead of wandering after the meteors of philoſophy, which fill the world with ſplendour for a while, and then ſink and are forgotten, the candidates of learning fixed their eyes upon the permanent luſtre of moral and religious truth, they would find a more certain direction to happineſs. A little plauſibility of diſcourſe, and acquaintance with unneceſſary ſpeculations, is dearly purchaſed, when it excludes thoſe inſtructions which fortify the heart with reſolution, and exalt the ſpirit to independence.

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NUMB. 181. TUESDAY, *December* 10, 1751.

——*Neu fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ.* HOR.

Nor let me float in fortune's pow'r,
Dependant on the future hour. FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS I have passed much of my life in disquiet and suspence, and lost many opportunities of advantage by a passion which I have reason to believe prevalent in different degrees over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myself well qualified to warn those who are yet uncaptivated, of the danger which they incur by placing themselves within its influence.

I served an apprenticeship to a linen-draper, with uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity; and at the age of three and twenty opened a shop for myself with a large stock, and such credit among all the merchants, who were acquainted with my master, that I could command whatever was imported curious or valuable. For five years I proceeded with success proportionate to close application and untainted integrity; was a daring bidder at every sale; always paid my notes before they were due; and advanced so fast in commercial reputation, that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

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In this courſe of even proſperity, I was one day perſuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The ſum was inconſiderable, part was to be repaid though fortune might fail to favour me, and therefore my eſtabliſhed maxims of frugality did not reſtrain me from ſo trifling an experiment. The ticket lay almoſt forgotten till the time at which every man's fate was to be determined; nor did the affair even then ſeem of any importance, till I diſcovered by the publick papers that the number next to mine had conferred the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thought of ſuch an approach to ſudden riches, which I conſidered myſelf, however contrarily to the laws of computation, as having miſſed by a ſingle chance; and I could not forbear to revolve the conſequences which ſuch a bounteous allotment would have produced, if it had happened to me. This dream of felicity, by degrees, took poſſeſſion of my imagination. The great delight of my ſolitary hours was to purchaſe an eſtate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine, and I never met my friends but I ſpoiled all their merriment by perpetual complaints of my ill luck.

At length another lottery was opened, and I had now ſo heated my imagination with the proſpect of a prize, that I ſhould have preſſed among the firſt purchaſers, had not my ardour been withheld by deliberation upon the probability of ſucceſs from one ticket rather than another. I heſitated long between even and odd; conſidered the ſquare and cubick numbers through the lottery; examined all thoſe to which good luck had been hitherto annexed; and at laſt

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fixed upon one, which, by ſome ſecret relation to the events of my life, I thought predeſtined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often miſchievous; the ticket was ſold, and its poſſeſſor could not be found.

I returned to my conjectures, and after many arts of prognoſtication, fixed upon another chance, but with leſs confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover, feel ſo much vexation from the ſlow pace of time, as I ſuffered between the purchaſe of my ticket and the diſtribution of the prizes. I ſolaced my uneaſineſs as well as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happineſs; when the ſun roſe I knew it would ſet, and congratulated myſelf at night that I was ſo much nearer to my wiſhes. At laſt the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and ſagacity with a deſpicable prize of fifty pounds.

My friends, who honeſtly rejoiced upon my ſucceſs, were very coldly received; I hid myſelf a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without obſervation, and then returning to my ſhop, began to liſten after another lottery.

With the news of a lottery I was ſoon gratified, and having now found the vanity of conjecture and inefficacy of computation, I reſolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting however to divide them between the even and odd numbers, that I might not miſs the lucky claſs. Many concluſions did I form, and many experiments did I try to determine from which of thoſe tickets I might moſt reaſonably expect riches. At laſt, being unable to ſatisfy myſelf by any modes

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of reaſoning, I wrote the numbers upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amuſement of throwing them in a garret; and examining the event by an exact regiſter, found on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the reſt in three hundred and thirty thouſand throws.

This experiment was fallacious; the firſt day preſented the hopeful ticket, a deteſtable blank. The reſt came out with different fortune, and in concluſion I loſt thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I had now wholly changed the caſt of my behaviour and the conduct of my life. The ſhop was for the moſt part abandoned to my ſervants, and if I entered it, my thoughts were ſo engroſſed by my tickets, that I ſcarcely heard or anſwered a queſtion, but conſidered every cuſtomer as an intruder upon my meditations, whom I was in haſte to diſpatch. I miſtook the price of my goods, committed blunders in my bills, forgot to file my receipts, and neglected to regulate my books. My acquaintances by degrees began to fall away; but I perceived the decline of my buſineſs with little emotion, becauſe whatever deficience there might be in my gains I expected the next lottery to ſupply.

Miſcarriage naturally produces diffidence; I began now to ſeek aſſiſtance againſt ill luck, by an alliance with thoſe that had been more ſucceſsful. I enquired diligently at what office any prize had been ſold, that I might purchaſe of a propitious vender; ſolicited thoſe who had been fortunate in former lotteries, to partake with me in my new tickets; and whenever I met with one that had in any event of his life

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life been eminently profperous, I invited him to take a larger fhare. I had, by this rule of conduct, fo diffufed my intereft, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, an eighth of forty, and a fixteenth of ninety.

I waited for the decifion of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the bufinefs of my trade with the ufual neglect. The wheel at laft was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long fucceffion of forrows and difappointments. I indeed often partook of a fmall prize, and the lofs of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next; but my defires yet remained unfatisfied, and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was fufpended on thofe which remained yet undetermined. At laft a prize of five thoufand pounds was proclaimed; I caught fire at the cry, and enquiring the number, found it to be one of my own tickets, which I had divided among thofe on whofe luck I depended, and of which I had retained only a fixteenth part.

You will eafily judge with what deteftation of himfelf, a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had fold a prize which was once in his poffeffion. It was to no purpofe, that I reprefented to my mind the impoffibility of recalling the paft, or the folly of condemning an act, which only its event, an event which no human intelligence could forefee, proved to be wrong. The prize which, though put in my hands, had been fuffered to flip from me, filled me with anguifh, and knowing that complaint would only expofe me to ridicule, I gave myfelf up filently to grief, and loft by degrees my appetite and my reft.

My indifpofition foon became vifible; I was vifited by my friends, and among them by *Eumathes*, a clergyman,

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gyman, whoſe piety and learning gave him ſuch an aſcendant over me, that I could not refuſe to open my heart. There are, ſaid he, ſew minds ſufficiently firm to be truſted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himſelf inclined to anticipate futurity, and exalt poſſibility to certainty, ſhould avoid every kind of caſual adventure, ſince his grief muſt be always proportionate to his hope. You have long waſted that time, which, by a proper application, would have certainly, though moderately, increaſed your fortune, in a laborious and anxious purſuit of a ſpecies of gain, which no labour or anxiety, no art or expedient, can ſecure or promote. You are now fretting away your life in repentance of an act, againſt which repentance can give no caution, but to avoid the occaſion of committing it. Rouſe from this lazy dream of fortuitous riches, which, if obtained, you could ſcarcely have enjoyed, becauſe they could confer no conſciouſneſs of deſert; return to rational and manly induſtry, and conſider the mere gift of luck as below the care of a wiſe man.

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NUMB. 182. SATURDAY, *December* 14, 1751.

——Dives qui fieri vult,
Et cito vult fieri. JUVENAL.

The luſt of wealth can never bear delay.

IT has been obſerved in a late paper, that we are unreaſonably deſirous to ſeparate the goods of life from thoſe evils which Providence has connected with them, and to catch advantages without paying the price at which they are offered us. Every man wiſhes to be rich, but very few have the powers neceſſary to raiſe a ſudden fortune, either by new diſcoveries, or by ſuperiority of ſkill, in any neceſſary employment; and among lower underſtandings, many want the firmneſs and induſtry requiſite to regular gain and gradual acquiſitions.

From the hope of enjoying affluence by methods more compendious than thoſe of labour, and more generally practicable than thoſe of genius, proceeds the common inclination to experiment and hazard, and that willingneſs to ſnatch all opportunities of growing rich by chance, which, when it has once taken poſſeſſion of the mind, is ſeldom driven out either by time or argument, but continues to waſte life in perpetual deluſion, and generally ends in wretchedneſs and want.

The folly of untimely exultation and viſionary proſperity, is by no means peculiar to the purchaſers of

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tickets; there are multitudes whoſe life is nothing but a continual lottery; who are always within a few months of plenty and happineſs, and how often ſoever they are mocked with blanks, expect a prize from the next adventure.

Among the moſt reſolute and ardent of the votaries of chance, may be numbered the mortals whoſe hope is to raiſe themſelves by a wealthy match; who lay out all their induſtry on the aſſiduities of courtſhip, and ſleep and wake with no other ideas than of treats, compliments, guardians, and rivals.

One of the moſt indefatigable of this claſs, is my old friend *Leviculus*, whom I have never known for thirty years without ſome matrimonial project of advantage. *Leviculus* was bred under a merchant, and by the graces of his perſon, the ſprightlineſs of his prattle, and the neatneſs of his dreſs, ſo much enamoured his maſter's ſecond daughter, a girl of ſixteen, that ſhe declared her reſolution to have no other huſband. Her father, after having chidden her for undutifulneſs, conſented to the match, not much to the ſatisfaction of *Leviculus*, who was ſufficiently elated with his conqueſt to think himſelf entitled to a larger fortune. He was, however, ſoon rid of his perplexity, for his miſtreſs died before their marriage.

He was now ſo well ſatisfied with his own accompliſhments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter; and when his apprenticeſhip expired, inſtead of beginning, as was expected, to walk the exchange with a face of importance, or aſſociating himſelf with thoſe who were moſt eminent for their knowledge of the ſtocks, he at once

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threw off the ſolemnity of the counting-houſe, equipped himſelf with a modiſh wig, liſtened to wits in coffee-houſes, paſſed his evenings behind the ſcenes in the theatres, learned the names of beauties of quality, hummed the laſt ſtanzas of faſhionable ſongs, talked with familiarity of high play, boaſted of his atchievements upon drawers and coachmen, was often brought to his lodgings at midnight in a chair, told with negligence and jocularity of bilking a taylor, and now and then let fly a ſhrewd jeſt at a ſober citizen.

Thus furniſhed with irreſiſtible artillery, he turned his batteries upon the female world, and in the firſt warmth of ſelf-approbation, propoſed no leſs than the poſſeſſion of riches and beauty united. He therefore paid his civilities to *Flavilla*, the only daughter of a wealthy ſhopkeeper, who not being accuſtomed to amorous blandiſhments, or reſpectful addreſſes, was delighted with the novelty of love, and eaſily ſuffered him to conduct her to the play, and to meet her where ſhe viſited. *Leviculus* did not doubt but her father, however offended by a clandeſtine marriage, would ſoon be reconciled by the tears of his daughter, and the merit of his ſon-in-law, and was in haſte to conclude the affair. But the lady liked better to be courted than married, and kept him three years in uncertainty and attendance. At laſt ſhe fell in love with a young enſign at a ball, and having danced with him all night, married him in the morning.

Leviculus, to avoid the ridicule of his companions, took a journey to a ſmall eſtate in the country, where, after his uſual enquiries concerning the

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nymphs in the neighbourhood, he found it proper to fall in love with *Altilia*, a maiden lady, twenty years older than himſelf, for whoſe favour fifteen nephews and nieces were in perpetual contention. They hovered round her with ſuch jealous officiouſneſs, as ſcarcely left a moment vacant for a lover. *Leviculus*, nevertheleſs, diſcovered his paſſion in a letter, and *Altilia* could not withſtand the pleaſure of hearing vows and ſighs, and flatteries and proteſtations. She admitted his viſits, enjoyed for five years, the happineſs of keeping all her expectants in perpetual alarms, and amuſed herſelf with the various ſtratagems which were practiſed to diſengage her affections. Sometimes ſhe was adviſed with great earneſtneſs to travel for her health, and ſometimes intreated to keep her brother's houſe. Many ſtories were ſpread to the diſadvantage of *Leviculus*, by which ſhe commonly ſeemed affected for a time, but took care ſoon afterwards to expreſs her conviction of their falſehood. But being at laſt ſatiated with this ludicrous tyranny, ſhe told her lover, when he preſſed for the reward of his ſervices, that ſhe was very ſenſible of his merit, but was reſolved not to impoveriſh an ancient family.

He then returned to the town, and ſoon after his arrival became acquainted with *Latronia*, a lady diſtinguiſhed by the elegance of her equipage, and the regularity of her conduct. Her wealth was evident in her magnificence, and her prudence in her economy, and therefore *Leviculus*, who had ſcarcely confidence to ſolicit her favour, readily acquitted fortune of her former debts, when he found himſelf diſtinguiſhed by her with ſuch marks of preference as a woman of modeſty

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modeſty is allowed to give. He now grew bolder, and ventured to breathe out his impatience before her. She heard him without reſentment, in time permitted him to hope for happineſs, and at laſt fixed the nuptial day, without any diſtruſtful reſerve of pin-money, or ſordid ſtipulations for jointure, and ſettlements.

Leviculus was triumphing on the eve of marriage, when he heard on the ſtairs the voice of *Latronia*'s maid, whom frequent bribes had ſecured in his ſervice. She ſoon burſt into his room, and told him that ſhe could not ſuffer him to be longer deceived; that her miſtreſs was now ſpending the laſt payment of her fortune, and was only ſupported in her expence by the credit of his eſtate. *Leviculus* ſhuddered to ſee himſelf ſo near a precipice, and found that he was indebted for his eſcape to the reſentment of the maid, who, having aſſiſted *Latronia* to gain the conqueſt, quarrelled with her at laſt about the plunder.

Leviculus was now hopeleſs and diſconſolate, till one Sunday he ſaw a Lady in the Mall, whom her dreſs declared a widow, and whom, by the jolting prance of her gait, and the broad reſplendence of her countenance, he gueſſed to have lately buried ſome proſperous citizen. He followed her home, and found her to be no leſs than the relict of *Prune* the grocer, who having no children, had bequeathed to her all his debts and dues, and his eſtates real and perſonal. No formality was neceſſary in addreſſing madam *Prune*, and therefore *Leviculus* went next morning without an introductor. His declaration was received with a loud laugh; ſhe then collected her

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her countenance, wondered at his impudence, aſked if he knew to whom he was talking, then ſhewed him the door, and again laughed to find him confuſed. *Leviculus* diſcovered that this coarſeneſs was nothing more than the coquetry of *Cornhill*, and next day returned to the attack. He ſoon grew familiar to her dialect, and in a few weeks heard, without any emotion, hints of gay clothes with empty pockets; concurred in many ſage remarks on the regard due to the people of property; and agreed with her in deteſtation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city.

He ſometimes preſumed to mention marriage; but was always anſwered with a ſlap, a hoot, and a flounce. At laſt he began to preſs her cloſer, and thought himſelf more favourably received; but going one morning, with a reſolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman from the neighbouring ſhop, of whom ſhe had become enamoured at her window.

In theſe, and a thouſand intermediate adventures, has *Leviculus* ſpent his time, till he is now grown grey with age, fatigue, and diſappointment. He begins at laſt to find that ſucceſs is not to be expected, and being unfit for any employment that might improve his fortune, and unfurniſhed with any arts that might amuſe his leiſure, is condemned to wear out a taſteleſs life in narratives which few will hear, and complaints which none will pity.

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NUMB. 183. TUESDAY, *December* 17, 1751.

Nulla fides regni ſociis, omniſque poteſtas
Impatiens conſortis erat. LUCAN.

No faith of partnerſhip dominion owns;
Still diſcord hovers o'er divided thrones.

THE hoſtility perpetually exerciſed between one man and another, is cauſed by the deſire of many for that which only few can poſſeſs. Every man would be rich, powerful, and famous; yet fame, power, and riches, are only the names of relative conditions, which imply the obſcurity, dependance, and poverty of greater numbers.

This univerſal and inceſſant competition, produces injury and malice by two motives, intereſt, and envy; the proſpect of adding to our poſſeſſions what we can take from others, and the hope of alleviating the ſenſe of our diſparity by leſſening others, though we gain nothing to ourſelves.

Of theſe two malignant and deſtructive powers, it ſeems probable at the firſt view, that intereſt has the ſtrongeſt and moſt extenſive influence. It is eaſy to conceive that opportunities to ſeize what has been long wanted, may excite deſires almoſt irreſiſtible; but ſurely the ſame eagerneſs cannot be kindled by an accidental power of deſtroying that which gives happineſs to another. It muſt be more natural to rob for gain, than to ravage only for miſchief.

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Yet I am inclined to believe, that the great law of mutual benevolence is oftener violated by envy than by intereſt, and that moſt of the miſery which the defamation of blameleſs actions, or the obſtruction of honeſt endeavours, brings upon the world, is inflicted by men that propoſe no advantage to themſelves but the ſatisfaction of poiſoning the banquet which they cannot taſte, and blaſting the harveſt which they have no right to reap.

Intereſt can diffuſe itſelf but to a narrow compaſs. The number is never large of thoſe who can hope to fill the poſts of degraded power, catch the fragments of ſhattered fortune, or ſucceed to the honours of depreciated beauty. But the empire of envy has no limits, as it requires to its influence very little help from external circumſtances. Envy may always be produced by idleneſs and pride, and in what place will they not be found?

Intereſt requires ſome qualities not univerſally beſtowed. The ruin of another will produce no profit to him who has not diſcernment to mark his advantage, courage to ſeize, and activity to purſue it; but the cold malignity of envy may be exerted in a torpid and quieſcent ſtate, amidſt the gloom of ſtupidity, in the coverts of cowardice. He that falls by the attacks of intereſt, is torn by hungry tigers; he may diſcover and reſiſt his enemies. He that periſhes in the ambuſhes of envy, is deſtroyed by unknown and inviſible aſſailants, and dies like a man ſuffocated by a poiſonous vapour, without knowledge of his danger, or poſſibility of conteſt.

Intereſt is ſeldom purſued but at ſome hazard. He that hopes to gain much, has commonly ſomething

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thing to loſe, and when he ventures to attack ſuperiority, if he fails to conquer, is irrecoverably cruſhed. But envy may act without expence or danger. To ſpread ſuſpicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate ſcandal, requires neither labour nor courage. It is eaſy for the author of a lie, however malignant, to eſcape detection, and infamy needs very little induſtry to aſſiſt its circulation.

Envy is almoſt the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only paſſion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation: its effects therefore are every where diſcoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impoſſible to mention a name which any advantageous diſtinction has made eminent, but ſome latent animoſity will burſt out. The wealthy trader, however he may abſtract himſelf from publick affairs, will never want thoſe who hint, with *Shylock*, that ſhips are but boards. The beauty, adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modeſty, provokes, whenever ſhe appears, a thouſand murmurs of detraction. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain or inſtruct, yet ſuffers perſecution from innumerable criticks, whoſe acrimony is excited merely by the pain of ſeeing others pleaſed, and of hearing applauſes which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it ſo familiar, that it eſcapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel, finds himſelf purſued by multitudes whom he never ſaw, with

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all the implacability of perſonal reſentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let looſe upon him as a publick enemy, and incited by every ſtratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, expoſed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor thoſe artifices at which he only laughed before, and diſcovers how much the happineſs of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a ſtubborn weed of the mind, and ſeldom yields to the culture of philoſophy. There are, however, conſiderations, which, if carefully implanted and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repreſs it, ſince no one can nurſe it for the ſake of pleaſure, as its effects are only ſhame, anguiſh, and perturbation.

It is above all other vices inconſiſtent with the character of a ſocial being, becauſe it ſacrifices truth and kindneſs to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour gains as much as he takes away, and may improve his own condition in the ſame proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blaſts a flouriſhing reputation, muſt be content with a ſmall dividend of additional fame, ſo ſmall as can afford very little conſolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is ſo baſe and deteſtable, ſo vile in its original, and ſo pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almoſt any other quality is

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to be preferred. It is one of thoſe lawleſs enemies of ſociety, againſt which poiſoned arrows may honeſtly be uſed. Let it therefore be conſtantly remembered, that whoever envies another confeſſes his ſuperiority, and let thoſe be reformed by their pride who have loſt their virtue.

It is no ſlight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed againſt thoſe who have given no intentional provocation; and that the ſufferer is often marked out for ruin, not becauſe he has failed in any duty, but becauſe he has dared to do more than was required.

Almoſt every other crime is practiſed by the help of ſome quality which might have produced eſteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is mere unmixed and genuine evil; it purſues a hateful end by deſpicable means, and deſires not ſo much its own happineſs as another's miſery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not neceſſary that any one ſhould aſpire to heroiſm or ſanctity, but only that he ſhould reſolve not to quit the rank which nature aſſigns him, and wiſh to maintain the dignity of a human being.

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NUMB. 184. SATURDAY, *December* 21, 1751.

Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris. JUV.

Intrust thy fortune to the pow'rs above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want. DRYDEN.

AS every scheme of life, so every form of writing, has its advantages and inconveniencies, though not mingled in the same proportions. The writer of essays escapes many embarrassments to which a large work would have exposed him; he seldom harasses his reason with long trains of consequences, dims his eyes with the perusal of antiquated volumes, or burthens his memory with great accumulations of preparatory knowledge. A careless glance upon a favourite author, or transient survey of the varieties of life, is sufficient to supply the first hint or seminal idea, which, enlarged by the gradual accretion of matter stored in the mind, is by the warmth of fancy easily expanded into flowers, and sometimes ripened into fruit.

The most frequent difficulty by which the authors of these petty compositions are distressed, arises from the perpetual demand of novelty and change. The compiler of a system of science lays his invention at rest, and employs only his judgment, the faculty exerted with least fatigue. Even the relator of feigned adventures, when once the principal characters are established, and the great events regularly connected, finds

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finds incidents and episodes crowding upon his mind; every change opens new views, and the latter part of the story grows without labour out of the former. But he that attempts to entertain his reader with unconnected pieces, finds the irksomeness of his task rather increased than lessened by every production. The day calls afresh upon him for a new topick, and he is again obliged to choose, without any principle to regulate his choice.

It is indeed true, that there is seldom any necessity of looking far, or inquiry long for a proper subject. Every diversity of art or nature, every publick blessing or calamity, every domestick pain or gratification, every sally of caprice, blunder of absurdity, or stratagem of affectation, may supply matter to him whose only rule is to avoid uniformity. But it often happens, that the judgment is distracted with boundless multiplicity, the imagination ranges from one design to another, and the hours pass imperceptibly away, till the composition can be no longer delayed, and necessity enforces the use of those thoughts which then happen to be at hand. The mind, rejoicing at deliverance on any terms from perplexity and suspence, applies herself vigorously to the work before her, collects embellishments and illustrations, and sometimes finishes, with great elegance and happiness, what in a state of ease and leisure she never had begun.

It is not commonly observed, how much, even of actions, considered as particularly subject to choice, is to be attributed to accident, or some cause out of our own power, by whatever name it be distinguished. To close tedious deliberations with hasty resolves,

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and after long consultations with reason to refer the question to caprice, is by no means peculiar to the essayist. Let him that peruses this paper review the series of his life, and inquire how he was placed in his present condition. He will find, that of the good or ill which he has experienced, a great part came unexpected, without any visible gradations of approach; that every event has been influenced by causes acting without his intervention; and that whenever he pretended to the prerogative of foresight, he was mortified with new conviction of the shortness of his views.

The busy, the ambitious, the inconstant, and the adventurous, may be said to throw themselves by design into the arms of fortune, and voluntarily to quit the power of governing themselves; they engage in a course of life in which little can be ascertained by previous measures; nor is it any wonder that their time is past between elation and despondency, hope and disappointment.

Some there are who appear to walk the road of life with more circumspection, and make no step till they think themselves secure from the hazard of a precipice; when neither pleasure nor profit can tempt them from the beaten path; who refuse to climb lest they should fall, or to run lest they should stumble, and move slowly forward without any compliance with those passions by which the heady and vehement are seduced and betrayed.

Yet even the timorous prudence of this judicious class is far from exempting them from the dominion of chance, a subtle and insidious power, who will intrude upon privacy and embarrass caution. No course

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course of life is so prescribed and limited, but that many actions must result from arbitrary election. Every one must form the general plan of his conduct by his own reflections; he must resolve whether he will endeavour at riches or at content; whether he will exercise private or publick virtues; whether he will labour for the general benefit of mankind, or contract his beneficence to his family and dependants.

This question has long exercised the schools of philosophy, but remains yet undecided; and what hope is there that a young man, unacquainted with the arguments on either side, should determine his own destiny otherwise than by chance?

When chance has given him a partner of his bed, whom he prefers to all other women, without any proof of superior desert, chance must again direct him in the education of his children; for, who was ever able to convince himself by arguments, that he had chosen for his son that mode of instruction to which his understanding was best adapted, or by which he would most easily be made wise or virtuous?

Whoever shall inquire by what motives he was determined on these important occasions, will find them such as his pride will scarcely suffer him to confess; some sudden ardour of desire, some uncertain glimpse of advantage, some petty competition, some inaccurate conclusion, or some example implicitly reverenced. Such are often the first causes of our resolves; for it is necessary to act, but impossible to know the consequences of action, or to discuss all the reasons which offer themselves on every part to inquisitiveness and solicitude.

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Since life itſelf is uncertain, nothing which has life for its baſis can boaſt much ſtability. Yet this is but a ſmall part of our perplexity. We ſet out on a tempeſtuous ſea in queſt of ſome port, where we expect to find reſt, but where we are not ſure of admiſſion; we are not only in danger of ſinking in the way, but of being miſled by meteors miſtaken for ſtars, of being driven from our courſe by the changes of the wind, and of loſing it by unſkilful ſteerage; yet it ſometimes happens, that croſs winds blow us to a ſafer coaſt, that meteors draw us aſide from whirlpools, and that negligence or error contributes to our eſcape from miſchiefs to which a direct courſe would have expoſed us. Of thoſe that by precipitate concluſions, involve themſelves in calamities without guilt, very few, however they may reproach themſelves, can be certain that other meaſures would have been more ſucceſsful.

In this ſtate of univerſal uncertainty, where a thouſand dangers hover about us, and none can tell whether the good that he purſues is not evil in diſguiſe, or whether the next ſtep will lead him to ſafety or deſtruction, nothing can afford any rational tranquillity, but the conviction that, however we amuſe ourſelves with unideal ſounds, nothing in reality is governed by chance, but that the univerſe is under the perpetual ſuperintendence of him who created it; that our being is in the hands of omnipotent goodneſs, by whom what appears caſual to us, is directed for ends ultimately kind and merciful; and that nothing can finally hurt him who debars not himſelf from the divine favour.

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NUMB. 185. TUESDAY, *December* 24, 1751.

At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipsa,
Nempe hoc indocti.——— ———
Chrysippus *non dicit idem, nec mite* Thaletis
Ingenium, dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vincla Cicutæ
Accusatori nollet dare.——— *Quippe minuti*
Semper, & infirmi est animi, exiguique voluptas
Ultio. JUV.

But O! revenge is sweet.
Thus think the crowd; who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage.
Not so mild *Thales* nor *Chrysippus* thought,
Nor that good man, who drank the pois'nous draught
With mind serene; and could not wish to see
His vile accuser drink as deep as he:
Exalted *Socrates!* divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave,
Too noble for revenge; which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind. DRYDEN.

NO vicious dispositions of the mind more obstinately resist both the counsels of philosophy and the injunctions of religion, than those which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot dismiss without leaving in the hands of opposition some advantage iniquitously obtained, or suffering from our own prejudices some imputation of pusillanimity.

For this reason scarcely any law of our REDEEMER is more openly transgressed, or more industriously

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evaded, than that by which he commands his followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits, under the sanction of eternal misery, the gratification of the desire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger, are unable to combat pride, and pursue offences to extremity of vengeance, lest they should be insulted by the triumph of an enemy.

But certainly no precept could better become him, at whose birth *peace* was proclaimed *to the earth*. For, what would so soon destroy all the order of society, and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permission to every one to judge his own cause, and to apportion his own recompence for imagined injuries?

It is difficult for a man of the strictest justice not to favour himself too much, in the calmest moments of solitary meditation. Every one wishes for the distinctions for which thousands are wishing at the same time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reason operates in its full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of self-love, prefer himself to his fellow-beings, is very unlikely to judge equitably when his passions are agitated by a sense of wrong, and his attention wholly engrossed by pain, interest, or danger. Whoever arrogates to himself the right of vengeance, shows how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, since he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Nothing is more apparent than that, however injured, or however provoked, some must at last be contented to forgive. For it can never be hoped,

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that he who firſt commits an injury, will contentedly acquieſce in the penalty required: the ſame haughtineſs of contempt, or vehemence of deſire, that prompt the act of injuſtice, will more ſtrongly incite its juſtification; and reſentment can never ſo exactly balance the puniſhment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance which even he who condemns his firſt action will think himſelf entitled to retaliate. What then can enſue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguiſhable feud, an inceſſant reciprocation of miſchief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerneſs to deſtroy?

Since then the imaginary right of vengeance muſt be at laſt remitted, becauſe it is impoſſible to live in perpetual hoſtility, and equally impoſſible that of two enemies, either ſhould firſt think himſelf obliged by juſtice to ſubmiſſion, it is ſurely eligible to forgive early. Every paſſion is more eaſily ſubdued before it has been long accuſtomed to poſſeſſion of the heart; every idea is obliterated with leſs difficulty, as it has been more ſlightly impreſſed, and leſs frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleaſed himſelf with ſchemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied ſupplications of humbled enmity, will not eaſily open his boſom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle ſentiments of benevolence and peace.

It is eaſieſt to forgive, while there is yet little to be forgiven. A ſingle injury may be ſoon diſmiſſed from the memory; but a long ſucceſſion of ill offices by degrees aſſociates itſelf with every idea, a long conteſt involves ſo many circumſtances, that every place and action will recall it to the mind, and freſh

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remembrance of vexation muſt ſtill enkindle rage, and irritate revenge.

A wiſe man will make haſte to forgive, becauſe he knows the true value of time, and will not ſuffer it to paſs away in unneceſſary pain. He that willingly ſuffers the corroſions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice, and perturbations of ſtratagem, cannot ſurely be ſaid to conſult his eaſe. Reſentment is an union of ſorrow with malignity, a combination of a paſſion which all endeavour to avoid, with a paſſion which all concur to deteſt. The man who retires to meditate miſchief, and to exaſperate his own rage; whoſe thoughts are employed only on means of diſtreſs and contrivances of ruin; whoſe mind never pauſes from the remembrance of his own ſufferings, but to indulge ſome hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may juſtly be numbered among the moſt miſerable of human beings, among thoſe who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladneſs of proſperity, nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever conſiders the weakneſs both of himſelf and others, will not long want perſuaſives to forgiveneſs. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inſpect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by miſtake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increaſe the miſchief to ourſelves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to deſign the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only becauſe we have made ourſelves delicate and

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tender; we are on every ſide in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by ſpeedy forgiveneſs.

From this pacifick and harmleſs temper, thus propitious to others and ourſelves, to domeſtick tranquillity and to ſocial happineſs, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being inſulted by his adverſary, or deſpiſed by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and univerſal axiom, that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquieſcence in a falſe appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from conſciouſneſs of our attainments, but inſenſibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reaſon condemns can be ſuitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to ſuffer the opinion of others to rule our choice, or overpower our reſolves, is to ſubmit tamely to the loweſt and moſt ignominious ſlavery, and to reſign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmoſt excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a conſtant and determinate purſuit of virtue, without regard to preſent dangers or advantage; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlaſting juſtice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perſeverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who preſume to boaſt of generous ſentiments, allow to regulate their meaſures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of be-

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ings whoſe ſuperiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmoſt aſſiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not underſtand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whoſe ſentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conſcience.

He that can deſcend to bribe ſuffrages like theſe, at the price of his innocence; he that can ſuffer the delight of ſuch acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the univerſal ſovereign, has little reaſon to congratulate himſelf upon the greatneſs of his mind; whenever he awakes to ſeriouſneſs and reflection, he muſt become deſpicable in his own eyes, and ſhrink with ſhame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indiſpenſibly required that he forgive. It is therefore ſuperfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is ſuſpended, and to him that refuſes to practiſe it, the throne of mercy is inacceſſible, and the SAVIOUR of the world has been born in vain.

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NUMB. 186. SATURDAY, *December* 28, 1751.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur Aurâ ——
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem. HOR.

Place me where never ſummer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry *Jove* deforms th' inclement year:
Love and the nymph ſhall charm my toils,
The nymph, who ſweetly ſpeaks and ſweetly ſmiles.
FRANCIS.

OF the happineſs and miſery of our preſent ſtate, part ariſes from our ſenſations, and part from our opinions; part is diſtributed by nature, and part is in a great meaſure apportioned by ourſelves. Poſitive pleaſure we cannot always obtain, and poſitive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the *Indian* groves; nor will any precepts of philoſophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diſeaſes. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the preſſure of ſufferings, but the abſence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reaſon.

One of the great arts of eſcaping ſuperfluous uneaſineſs, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the

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the bleſſings of life are more bountifully beſtowed, or with imaginary ſtates of delight and ſecurity, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a ſituation ſo gloomy and diſtreſsful, as not to ſee every day beings yet more forlorn and miſerable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is leſs ſuperable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exerciſe for this philoſophical abſtraction. A native of *England*, pinched with the froſts of *December*, may leſſen his affection for his own country, by ſuffering his imagination to wander in the vales of *Aſia*, and ſport among woods that are always green, and ſtreams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and conſiders the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkneſs, and who are condemned to paſs weeks and months amidſt mountains of ſnow, he will ſoon diſcover his tranquillity, and while he ſtirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in *Greenland* or *Siberia*.

The barrenneſs of the earth and the ſeverity of the ſkies in theſe dreary countries, are ſuch as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of neceſſity and diſtreſs, ſo that the care of eſcaping death from cold and hunger, ſhould leave no room for thoſe paſſions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct, or diverſify characters; the ſummer ſhould be ſpent only in providing

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viding for the winter, and the winter in longing for the summer.

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found its way into these abodes of poverty and gloom: *Lapland* and *Iceland* have their historians, their criticks, and their poets; and love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the *Greenlander*'s hut as in the palaces of eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of *Greenland* retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants *Anningait* and *Ajut*, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of *Ajut* with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before *Ajut* the tail of a whale. *Ajut* seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear, but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon

Anningait,

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Anningait, that he could no longer be reſtrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore compoſed a poem in her praiſe, in which, among other heroick and tender ſentiments, he proteſted, that "She was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morſe, and her ſmile grateful as the diſſolution of the ice; that he would purſue her, though ſhe ſhould paſs the ſnows of the midland cliffs, or ſeek ſhelter in the caves of the eaſtern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, ſnatch her from the paws of *Amarock*, and reſcue her from the ravine of *Hafgufa*." He concluded with a wiſh, that "whoever ſhall attempt to hinder his union with *Ajut*, might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of ſouls his ſkull might ſerve for no other uſe than to catch the droppings of the ſtarry lamps."

This ode being univerſally applauded, it was expected that *Ajut* would ſoon yield to ſuch fervour and accompliſhments; but *Ajut*, with the natural haughtineſs of beauty, expected all the forms of courtſhip; and before ſhe would confeſs herſelf conquered, the ſun returned, the ice broke, and the ſeaſon of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and *Ajut* for a time always went out in the ſame boat, and divided whatever was caught. *Anningait*, in the ſight of his miſtreſs, loſt no opportunity of ſignalizing his courage; he attacked the ſea-horſes on the ice; purſued the ſeals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while

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he was yet ſtruggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence leſs to accumulate all that could be neceſſary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fiſhes and the fleſh of ſeals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dreſſed their ſkins to adorn his bride; he feaſted her with eggs from the rocks, and ſtrewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempeſt drove the fiſh to a diſtant part of the coaſt, before *Anningait* had completed his ſtore; he therefore entreated *Ajut*, that ſhe would at laſt grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now ſummoned by neceſſity. *Ajut* thought him not yet entitled to ſuch condeſcenſion, but propoſed, as a trial of his conſtancy, that he ſhould return at the end of ſummer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his aſſiduities. "O virgin, beautiful "as the ſun ſhining on the water, conſider," ſaid *Anningait*, "what thou haſt required. How eaſily "may my return be precluded by a ſudden froſt "or unexpected fogs; then muſt the night be "paſt without my *Ajut*. We live not, my fair, "in thoſe fabled countries, which lying ſtrangers "ſo wantonly deſcribe; where the whole year is "divided into ſhort days and nights; where the "ſame habitation ſerves for ſummer and winter; "where they raiſe houſes in rows above the ground, "dwell together from year to year, with flocks of "tame animals grazing in the fields about them; "can travel at any time from one place to another, "through ways incloſed with trees, or over walls "raiſed upon the inland waters; and direct their

"courſe

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"course through wide countries by the sight of "green hills or scattered buildings. Even in summer, we have no means of crossing the mountains, "whose snows are never dissolved; nor can remove "to any distant residence, but in our boats coasting the bays. Consider, *Ajut*; a few summer-days, and a few winter-nights, and the life of "man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and "festivity, of revels and gaiety; but what will "be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or the soft "oil, without the smile of *Ajut*."

The eloquence of *Anningait* was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

NUMB. 187. TUESDAY, *December* 31, 1751.

Non illum noſtri poſſunt mutare labores,
Non ſi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Siboniaſque nives hiemis ſubeamus aquoſæ——
Omnia vincit amor. VIRGIL.

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not tho' beneath the *Thracian* clime we freeze,
Or the mild bliſs of temperate ſkies forego,
And in mid winter tread *Sithonian* ſnow:——
Love conquers all.—— DRYDEN.

ANNINGAIT, however diſcompoſed by the dilatory coyneſs of *Ajut*, was yet reſolved to omit no tokens of amorous reſpect; and therefore preſented her at his departure with the ſkins of ſeven white fawns, of five ſwans and eleven ſeals, with three marble lamps, ten veſſels of ſeal oil, and a large kettle of braſs, which he had purchaſed from a ſhip, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of ſea-unicorns.

Ajut was ſo much affected by the fondneſs of her lover, or ſo much overpowered by his magnificence, that ſhe followed him to the ſea-ſide; and, when ſhe ſaw him enter the boat, wiſhed aloud, that he might return with plenty of ſkins and oil; that neither the mermaids might ſnatch him into the deeps, nor the ſpirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She ſtood a while to gaze upon the departing veſſel, and then returning to her hut, ſilent and dejected,

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jected, laid aside, from that hour, her white deer skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of *Anningait*. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed, "that her lover might have hands stronger than the "paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of "the rain-deer; that his dart might never err, "and that his boat might never leak; that he "might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the "water; that the seal might rush on his harpoon, "and the wounded whale might dash the waves in "vain."

The large boats in which the *Greenlanders* transport their families, are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work, which requires neither skill nor courage. *Anningait* was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears.

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fears. "O life," says he, "frail and uncertain! "where shall wretched man find thy resemblance "but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on "high, it sparkles from afar, while the storms drive "and the waters beat it, the sun melts it above, and "the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, de-"ceitful pleasure! but a sudden blaze streaming "from the north, which plays a moment on the "eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, "and then vanishes for ever? What, love, art thou "but a whirlpool, which we approach without "knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imper-"ceptible degrees, till we have lost all power of "resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the "graces of *Ajut*, while I had yet not called her to "the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, "I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, "*Ajut*, did I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, "did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, "my love, remember *Anningait*, and meet my re-"turn with the smile of virginity. I will chase the "deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the "frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer "sun. In a few weeks, I shall return prosperous "and wealthy; then shall the roefish and the por-"poise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall "cover thy couch; the tough hide of the seal shall "shelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale "illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief, and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed him-

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ſelf in his fiſhing-boat, called his aſſociates to their ſeveral employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chace and fiſhery, ſuſpended the miſeries of abſence and ſuſpicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithſtanding her neglected dreſs, happened, as ſhe was drying ſome ſkins in the ſun, to catch the eye of *Norngſuk*, on his return from hunting. *Norngſuk* was of birth truly illuſtrious. His mother had died in child-birth, and his father, the moſt expert fiſher of *Greenland*, had periſhed by too cloſe purſuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was maſter of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty ſeals buried in the ſnow againſt the ſeaſon of darkneſs. When he ſaw the beauty of *Ajut*, he immediately threw over her the ſkin of a deer that he had taken, and ſoon after preſented her with a branch of coral. *Ajut* refuſed his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of *Anningait*.

Norngſuk, thus rejected, had recourſe to ſtratagem. He knew that *Ajut* would conſult an *Angekkok*, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himſelf to the moſt celebrated *Angekkok* of that part of the country, and by a preſent of two ſeals and a marble kettle obtained a promiſe, that when *Ajut* ſhould conſult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of ſouls. *Ajut*, in a ſhort time, brought him a coat made by herſelf, and enquired what events were to befal her, with aſſurances of a much larger reward at the return of *Anningait*, if the

prediction

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prediction ſhould flatter her deſires. The *Angekkok* knew the way to riches, and foretold that *Anningait*, having already caught two whales, would ſoon return home with a large boat laden with proviſions.

This prognoſtication ſhe was ordered to keep ſecret; and *Norngſuk* depending upon his artifice, renewed his addreſſes with greater confidence; but finding his ſuit ſtill unſucceſsful, applied himſelf to her parents with gifts and promiſes. The wealth of *Greenland* is too powerful for the virtue of a *Greenlander*; they forgot the merit and the preſents of *Anningait*, and decreed *Ajut* to the embraces of *Norngſuk*. She entreated; ſhe remonſtrated; ſhe wept, and raved; but finding riches irreſiſtible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon ſuch berries as ſhe could gather, and the birds or hares which ſhe had the fortune to enſnare, taking care, at an hour when ſhe was not likely to be found, to view the ſea every day, that her lover might not miſs her at his return.

At laſt ſhe ſaw the great boat in which *Anningait* had departed, ſtealing ſlow and heavy laden along the coaſt. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her conſtancy and ſufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that *Anningait*, after the fiſhery was ended, being unable to ſupport the ſlow paſſage of the veſſel of carriage, had ſet out before them in his fiſhing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on ſhore.

Ajut, diſtracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though ſhe was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her

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back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at laſt they retired to reſt, *Ajut* went down to the beach; where finding a fiſhing-boat, ſhe entered it without heſitation, and telling thoſe who wondered at her raſhneſs, that ſhe was going in ſearch of *Anningait*, rowed away with great ſwiftneſs, and was ſeen no more.

The fate of theſe lovers gave occaſion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into ſtars; others imagine, that *Anningait* was ſeized in his paſſage by the genius of the rocks, and that *Ajut* was transformed into a mermaid, and ſtill continues to ſeek her lover in the deſerts of the ſea. But the general perſuaſion is, that they are both in that part of the land of ſouls where the ſun never ſets, where oil is always freſh, and proviſions always warm. The virgins ſometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay, from which the hapleſs maid departed; and when a *Greenlander* would praiſe any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like *Anningait* and *Ajut*.

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NUMB. 188. SATURDAY, *January* 4, 1752.

——*Si te colo,* Sexte, *non amabo.* MART.

The more I honour thee, the leſs I love.

NONE of the deſires dictated by vanity is more general, or leſs blameable, than that of being diſtinguiſhed for the arts of converſation. Other accompliſhments may be poſſeſſed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live, otherwiſe than in an hermitage, without hourly pleaſure or vexation, from the fondneſs or neglect of thoſe about him, the faculty of giving pleaſure is of continual uſe. Few are more frequently envied than thoſe who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whoſe entrance is conſidered as a promiſe of felicity, and whoſe departure is lamented, like the receſs of the ſun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy, or inſpirits gaiety.

It is apparent, that to excellence in this valuable art, ſome peculiar qualifications are neceſſary; for every one's experience will inform him, that the pleaſure which men are able to give in converſation, holds no ſtated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of thoſe who never conſider them as of the leaſt importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love thoſe

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whom we could not eſteem, and been perſuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion, whom we knew to be too ignorant for a counſellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

I queſtion whether ſome abatement of character is not neceſſary to general acceptance. Few ſpend their time with much ſatisfaction under the eye of unconteſtable ſuperiority; and therefore, among thoſe whoſe preſence is courted at aſſemblies of jollity, there are ſeldom found men eminently diſtinguiſhed for powers or acquiſitions. The wit whoſe vivacity condemns ſlower tongues to ſilence, the ſcholar whoſe knowledge allows no man to fancy that he inſtructs him, the critick who ſuffers no fallacy to paſs undetected, and the reaſoner who condemns the idle to thought, and the negligent to attention, are generally praiſed and feared, reverenced and avoided.

He that would pleaſe muſt rarely aim at ſuch excellence as depreſſes his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment, extorted by ſallies of imagination, ſprightlineſs of remark, or quickneſs of reply, is too often what the *Latins* call, the *Sardinian Laughter*, a diſtortion of the face without gladneſs of heart.

For this reaſon, no ſtyle of converſation is more extenſively acceptable than the narrative. He who has ſtored his memory with ſlight anecdotes, private incidents, and perſonal peculiarities, ſeldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almoſt every man liſtens with eagerneſs to contemporary hiſtory; for almoſt every man has ſome real or imaginary connection

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nection with a celebrated character; some desire to advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirit of wit without evaporation, he yet thinks himself able to treasure up the various incidents of a story, and pleases his hopes with the information which he shall give to some inferior society.

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another; and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance so little difficulty, that every one concludes himself equal to the task.

But it is not easy, and in some situations of life not possible, to accumulate such a stock of materials as may support the expence of continual narration; and it frequently happens, that they who attempt this method of ingratiating themselves, please only at the first interview; and, for want of new supplies of intelligence, wear out their stories by continual repetition.

There would be, therefore, little hope of obtaining the praise of a good companion, were it not to be gained by more compendious methods; but such is the kindness of mankind to all, except those who aspire to real merit and rational dignity, that every understanding may find some way to excite benevo-

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lence; and whoever is not envied may learn the art of procuring love. We are willing to be pleaſed, but are not willing to admire; we favour the mirth or officiouſneſs that ſolicits our regard, but oppoſe the worth or ſpirit that enforces it.

The firſt place among thoſe that pleaſe, becauſe they deſire only to pleaſe, is due to the *merry fellow*, whoſe laugh is loud, and whoſe voice is ſtrong; who is ready to echo every jeſt with obſtreperous approbation, and countenance every frolick with vociferations of applauſe. It is not neceſſary to a merry fellow to have in himſelf any fund of jocularity, or force of conception; it is ſufficient that he always appears in the higheſt exaltation of gladneſs, for the greater part of mankind are gay or ſerious by infection, and follow without reſiſtance the attraction of example.

Next to the merry fellow is the *good-natured man*, a being generally without benevolence, or any other virtue, than ſuch as indolence and inſenſibility confer. The characteriſtick of a good-natured man is to bear a joke; to ſit unmoved and unaffected amidſt noiſe and turbulence, profaneneſs and obſcenity; to hear every tale without contradiction; to endure inſult without reply; and to follow the ſtream of folly, whatever courſe it ſhall happen to take. The good-natured man is commonly the darling of the petty wits, with whom they exerciſe themſelves in the rudiments of raillery; for he never takes advantage of failings, nor diſconcerts a puny ſatiriſt with unexpected ſarcaſms; but while the glaſs continues to circulate, contentedly bears the expence of

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uninterrupted laughter, and retires rejoicing at his own importance.

The *modeſt man* is a companion of a yet lower rank, whoſe only power of giving pleaſure is not to interrupt it. The modeſt man ſatisfies himſelf with peaceful ſilence, which all his companions are candid enough to conſider as proceeding not from inability to ſpeak, but willingneſs to hear.

Many, without being able to attain any general character of excellence, have ſome ſingle art of entertainment which ſerves them as a paſſport through the world. One I have known for fifteen years the darling of a weekly club, becauſe every night, preciſely at eleven, he begins his favourite ſong, and during the vocal performance, by correſponding motions of his hand, chalks out a giant upon the wall. Another has endeared himſelf to a long ſucceſſion of acquaintances by ſitting among them with his wig reverſed; another by contriving to ſmut the noſe of any ſtranger who was to be initiated in the club; another by purring like a cat, and then pretending to be frighted; and another by yelping like a hound, and calling to the drawers to drive out the dog.

Such are the arts by which cheerfulneſs is promoted, and ſometimes friendſhip eſtabliſhed; arts, which thoſe who deſpiſe them ſhould not rigorouſly blame, except when they are practiſed at the expence of innocence; for it is always neceſſary to be loved, but not always neceſſary to be reverenced.

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NUMB. 189. TUESDAY, *January* 7, 1752.

Quod tam grande sophos clamat tibi turba togata,
Non tu, Pomponi, *cæna diserta tua est.* MART.

Resounding plaudits tho' the crowd have rung;
Thy treat is eloquent, and not thy tongue. F. LEWIS.

THE world scarcely affords opportunities of making any observation more frequently, than on false claims to commendation. Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he cannot keep; so that scarcely can two persons casually meet, but one is offended or diverted by the ostentation of the other.

Of these pretenders it is fit to distinguish those who endeavour to deceive from them who are deceived; those who by designed impostures promote their interest, or gratify their pride, from them who mean only to force into regard their latent excellencies and neglected virtues; who believe themselves qualified to instruct or please, and therefore invite the notice of mankind.

The artful and fraudulent usurpers of distinction deserve greater severities than ridicule and contempt, since they are seldom content with empty praise, but are instigated by passions more pernicious than vanity. They consider the reputation which they endeavour to establish as necessary to the accomplishment of some subsequent design, and value praise only as it may

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may conduce to the ſucceſs of avarice or ambition.

The commercial world is very frequently put into confuſion by the bankruptcy of merchants, that aſſumed the ſplendour of wealth only to obtain the privilege of trading with the ſtock of other men, and of contracting debts which nothing but lucky caſualties could enable them to pay; till after having ſupported their appearance a while by tumultuous magnificence of boundleſs traffick, they ſink at once, and drag down into poverty thoſe whom their equipages had induced to truſt them.

Among wretches that place their happineſs in the favour of the great, of beings whom only high titles or large eſtates ſet above themſelves, nothing is more common than to boaſt of confidence which they do not enjoy; to ſell promiſes which they know their intereſt unable to perform; and to reimburſe the tribute which they pay to an imperious maſter, from the contributions of meaner dependants, whom they can amuſe with tales of their influence, and hopes of their ſolicitation.

Even among ſome, too thoughtleſs and volatile for avarice or ambition, may be found a ſpecies of falſehood more deteſtable than the levee or exchange can ſhew. There are men that boaſt of debaucheries, of which they never had addreſs to be guilty; ruin, by lewd tales, the characters of women to whom they are ſcarcely known, or by whom they have been rejected; deſtroy in a drunken frolick the happineſs of families; blaſt the bloom of beauty, and intercept the reward of virtue.

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Other artifices of falſehood, though utterly unworthy of an ingenuous mind, are not yet to be ranked with flagitious enormities, nor is it neceſſary to incite ſanguinary juſtice againſt them, ſince they may be adequately puniſhed by detection and laughter. The traveller who deſcribes cities which he has never ſeen; the ſquire who, at his return from *London*, tells of his intimacy with nobles to whom he has only bowed in the park, or coffee-houſe; the author who entertains his admirers with ſtories of the aſſiſtance which he gives to wits of a higher rank; the city dame who talks of her viſits at great houſes, where ſhe happens to know the cook-maid, are ſurely ſuch harmleſs animals as truth herſelf may be content to deſpiſe without deſiring to hurt them.

But of the multitudes who ſtruggle in vain for diſtinction, and diſplay their own merits only to feel more acutely the ſting of neglect, a great part are wholly innocent of deceit, and are betrayed, by infatuation and credulity, to that ſcorn with which the univerſal love of praiſe incites us all to drive feeble competitors out of our way.

Few men ſurvey themſelves with ſo much ſeverity, as not to admit prejudices in their own favour, which an artful flatterer may gradually ſtrengthen, till wiſhes for a particular qualification are improved to hopes of attainment, and hopes of attainment to belief of poſſeſſion. Such flatterers every one will find, who has power to reward their aſſiduities. Wherever there is wealth, there will be dependance and expectation, and wherever there is dependance, there will be an emulation of ſervility.

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Many of the follies which provoke general cenſure, are the effects of ſuch vanity as, however it might have wantoned in the imagination, would ſcarcely have dared the publick eye, had it not been animated and emboldened by flattery. Whatever difficulty there may be in the knowledge of ourſelves, ſcarcely any one fails to ſuſpect his own imperfections, till he is elevated by others to confidence. We are almoſt all naturally modeſt and timorous; but fear and ſhame are uneaſy ſenſations, and whoſoever helps to remove them is received with kindneſs.

Turpicula was the heireſs of a large eſtate, and having loſt her mother in her infancy, was committed to a governeſs whom misfortunes had reduced to ſuppleneſs and humility. The fondneſs of *Turpicula*'s father would not ſuffer him to truſt her at a publick ſchool, but he hired domeſtick teachers, and beſtowed on her all the accompliſhments that wealth could purchaſe. But how many things are neceſſary to happineſs which money cannot obtain? Thus ſecluded from all with whom ſhe might converſe on terms of equality, ſhe heard none of thoſe intimations of her defects, which envy, petulance, or anger, produce among children, where they are not afraid of telling what they think.

Turpicula ſaw nothing but obſequiouſneſs, and heard nothing but commendations. None are ſo little acquainted with the heart, as not to know that woman's firſt wiſh is to be handſome, and that conſequently the readieſt method of obtaining her kindneſs is to praiſe her beauty. *Turpicula* had a diſtorted ſhape and a dark complexion; yet, when the impudence of adulation had ventured to tell her of the command-

commanding dignity of her motion, and the ſoft enchantment of her ſmile, ſhe was eaſily convinced, that ſhe was the delight or torment of every eye, and that all who gazed upon her felt the fire of envy or love. She therefore neglected the culture of an underſtanding which might have ſupplied the defects of her form, and applied all her care to the decoration of her perſon; for ſhe conſidered that more could judge of beauty than of wit, and was, like the reſt of human beings, in haſte to be admired. The deſire of conqueſt naturally led her to the liſts in which beauty ſignalizes her power. She glittered at court, fluttered in the park, and talked aloud in the front-box; but, after a thouſand experiments of her charms, was at laſt convinced that ſhe had been flattered, and that her glaſs was honeſter than her maid.

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NUMB. 190. SATURDAY, *January* 11, 1752.

Ploravere suis, non respondere favorem
Quæsitum meritis. HOR.

Henry and *Alfred* ——
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind. POPE.

AMONG the emirs and visiers, the sons of valour and of wisdom, that stand at the corners of the *Indian* throne, to assist the counsels or conduct the wars of the posterity of *Timur*, the first place was long held by *Morad* the son of *Hanuth*. *Morad* having signalized himself in many battles and sieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wisdom and moderation was wafted to the pinnacles of *Agra*, by the prayers of those whom his administration made happy. The emperor called him into his presence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches, and the sabre of command. The voice of *Morad* was heard from the cliffs of *Taurus* to the *Indian* ocean, every tongue faultered in his presence, and every eye was cast down before him.

Morad lived many years in prosperity; every day increased his wealth, and extended his influence. The sages repeated his maxims, the captains of thousands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and discontent trembled

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bled at her own murmurs. But human greatneſs is ſhort and tranſitory, as the odour of incenſe in the fire. The ſun grew weary of gilding the palaces of *Morad*, the clouds of ſorrow gathered round his head, and the tempeſt of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad ſaw ruin haſtily approaching. The firſt that forſook him were his poets; their example was followed by all thoſe whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleaſures, and only a few, whoſe virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be ſeen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and proſtrated himſelf at the foot of the throne. His accuſers were confident and loud, his friends ſtood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was diveſted of his power, deprived of his acquiſitions, and condemned to paſs the reſt of his life on his hereditary eſtate.

Morad had been ſo long accuſtomed to crowds and buſineſs, ſupplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in ſolitude; he ſaw with regret the ſun riſe to force on his eye a new day for which he had no uſe; and envied the ſavage that wanders in the deſert, becauſe he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chaſing his prey, or ſleeping in his den.

His diſcontent in time vitiated his conſtitution, and a ſlow diſeaſe ſeized upon him. He refuſed phyſick, neglected exerciſe, and lay down on his couch peeviſh and reſtleſs, rather afraid to die than deſirous to live. His domeſticks, for a time, re-

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doubled their assiduities; but finding that no officiousness could sooth, nor exactness satisfy, they soon gave way to negligence and sloth, and he that once commanded nations, often languished in his chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy state, he commanded messengers to recal his eldest son *Abouzaid* from the army. *Abouzaid* was alarmed at the account of his father's sickness, and hasted by long journeys to his place of residence. *Morad* was yet living, and felt his strength return at the embraces of his son; then commanding him to sit down at his bed-side, "*Abouzaid*," says he, "thy father has no more "to hope or fear from the inhabitants of the earth, "the cold hand of the angel of death is now upon "him, and the voracious grave is howling for his "prey. Hear therefore the precepts of ancient "experience, let not my last instructions issue forth "in vain. Thou hast seen me happy and cala-"mitous, thou hast beheld my exaltation and my "fall. My power is in the hands of my enemies, "my treasures have rewarded my accusers; but "my inheritance the clemency of the emperor has "spared, and my wisdom his anger could not take "away. Cast thine eyes round thee, whatever thou "beholdest will, in a few hours, be thine; apply "thine ear to my dictates, and these possessions will "promote thy happiness. Aspire not to publick "honours, enter not the palaces of kings; thy "wealth will set thee above insult, let thy mode-"ration keep thee below envy. Content thyself "with private dignity, diffuse thy riches among "thy friends, let every day extend thy beneficence,

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"and ſuffer not thy heart to be at reſt till thou art "loved by all to whom thou art known. In the "height of my power, I ſaid to defamation, Who "will hear thee? and to artifice, What canſt thou "perform? But, my ſon, deſpiſe not thou the ma- "lice of the weakeſt, remember that venom ſupplies "the want of ſtrength, and that the lion may periſh "by the puncture of an aſp."

Morad expired in a few hours. *Abouzaid*, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindneſs and endearment. He wiſely conſidered, that domeſtick happineſs was firſt to be ſecured, and that none have ſo much power of doing good or hurt, as thoſe who are preſent in the hour of negligence, hear the burſts of thoughtleſs merriment, and obſerve the ſtarts of unguarded paſſion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants, and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by ſupernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himſelf upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed with robbers, who being purſued and taken, declared that they had been admitted by one of his ſervants; the ſervant immediately confeſſed, that he unbarred the door, becauſe another not more worthy of confidence was entruſted with the keys.

Abouzaid was thus convinced that a dependant could not eaſily be made a friend; and that while many were ſoliciting for the firſt rank of favour, all thoſe would be alienated whom he diſappointed. He therefore reſolved to aſſociate with a few equal companions

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panions ſelected from among the chief men of the province. With theſe he lived happily for a time, till familiarity ſet them free from reſtraint, and every man thought himſelf at liberty to indulge his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then diſturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations, and difference of ſentiments, and *Abouzaid* was neceſſitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a cloſe union with beings ſo diſcordant in their nature, and to diffuſe himſelf in a larger circle. He practiſed the ſmile of univerſal courteſy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendſhip, now refuſed to accept his acquaintance; and of thoſe whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one preſſed forward toward intimacy, thought himſelf overlooked in the crowd, and murmured becauſe he was not diſtinguiſhed above the reſt. By degrees all made advances, and all reſented repulſe. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the muſick ſounded in empty rooms; and *Abouzaid* was left to form in ſolitude ſome new ſcheme of pleaſure or ſecurity.

Reſolving now to try the force of gratitude, he enquired for men of ſcience, whoſe merit was obſcured by poverty. His houſe was ſoon crowded with poets, ſculptors, painters, and deſigners, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in celebration of their patron. But in a ſhort time they forgot the diſtreſs from which they had been reſcued, and began to conſider their deliverer as a wretch of

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narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condeſcending to accept his bounties. *Abouzaid* heard their murmurs and diſmiſſed them, and from that hour continued blind to colours, and deaf to panegyrick.

As the ſons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, *Abouzaid*, who ſtood at the gate, called to him *Hamet* the poet. "*Hamet*," ſaid he, "thy ingratitude has put an end to my hopes and "experiments: I have now learned the vanity of "thoſe labours that wiſh to be rewarded by human "benevolence; I ſhall henceforth do good, and "avoid evil, without reſpect to the opinion of men; "and reſolve to ſolicit only the approbation of that "Being whom alone we are ſure to pleaſe by endea- "vouring to pleaſe him."

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NUMB. 191. TUESDAY, *January* 14, 1752.

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper. HOR.

The youth——
Yielding like wax, th' impreſſive folly bears;
Rough to reproof, and ſlow to future cares. FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

Dear Mr. RAMBLER,

I HAVE been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from three plays, nine ſales, five ſhows, and ſix card-tables, and put me ſeventeen viſits behind-hand; and the doctor tells my mamma, that if I fret and cry, it will ſettle in my head, and I ſhall not be fit to be ſeen theſe ſix weeks. But, dear Mr. *Rambler*, how can I help it? At this very time *Meliſſa* is dancing with the pretteſt gentleman;—ſhe will breakfaſt with him to-morrow, and then run to two auctions, and hear compliments, and have preſents; then ſhe will be dreſt, and viſit, and get a ticket to the play; then go to cards and win, and come home with two flambeaus before her chair. Dear Mr. *Rambler*, who can bear it?

My aunt has juſt brought me a bundle of your papers for my amuſement. She ſays, you are a philoſopher, and will teach me to moderate my deſires, and look upon the world with indifference. But, dear ſir, I do not wiſh, nor intend to moderate my de-

ſires, nor can I think it proper to look upon the world with indifference, till the world looks with indifference on me. I have been forced, however, to ſit this morning a whole quarter of an hour with your paper before my face; but juſt as my aunt came in, *Phyllida* had brought me a letter from Mr. *Trip*, which I put within the leaves, and read about *abſence* and *inconſoleableneſs*, and *ardour*, and *irreſiſtible paſſion*, and *eternal conſtancy*, while my aunt imagined, that I was puzzling myſelf with your philoſophy, and often cried out, when ſhe ſaw me look confuſed, "If there is any word that you do not underſtand, "child, I will explain it."

Dear ſoul! how old people that think themſelves wiſe may be impoſed upon! But it is fit that they ſhould take their turn, for I am ſure, while they can keep poor girls cloſe in the nurſery, they tyrannize over us in a very ſhameful manner, and fill our imaginations with tales of terror, only to make us live in quiet ſubjection, and fancy that we can never be ſafe but by their protection.

I have a mamma and two aunts, who have all been formerly celebrated for wit and beauty, and are ſtill generally admired by thoſe that value themſelves upon their underſtanding, and love to talk of vice and virtue, nature and ſimplicity, and beauty and propriety; but if there was not ſome hope of meeting me, ſcarcely a creature would come near them that wears a faſhionable coat. Theſe ladies, Mr. *Rambler*, have had me under their government fifteen years and a half, and have all that time been endeavouring to deceive me by ſuch repreſentations of life as I now find not to be true; but I know not whether I ought

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to impute them to ignorance or malice, as it is poſſible the world may be much changed ſince they mingled in general converſation.

Being deſirous that I ſhould love books, they told me, that nothing but knowledge could make me an agreeable companion to men of ſenſe, or qualify me to diſtinguiſh the ſuperficial glitter of vanity from the ſolid merit of underſtanding; and that a habit of reading would enable me to fill up the vacuities of life without the help of ſilly or dangerous amuſements, and preſerve me from the ſnares of idleneſs and the inroads of temptation.

But their principal intention was to make me afraid of men; in which they ſucceeded ſo well for a time, that I durſt not look in their faces, or be left alone with them in a parlour; for they made me fancy, that no man ever ſpoke but to deceive, or looked but to allure; that the girl who ſuffered him that had once ſqueezed her hand, to approach her a ſecond time, was on the brink of ruin; and that ſhe who anſwered a billet, without conſulting her relations, gave love ſuch power over her, that ſhe would certainly become either poor or infamous.

From the time that my leading ſtrings were taken off, I ſcarce heard any mention of my beauty but from the milliner, the mantua-maker, and my own maid; for my mamma never ſaid more, when ſhe heard me commended, but "the girl is very well," and then endeavoured to divert my attention by ſome enquiry after my needle, or my book.

It is now three months ſince I have been ſuffered to pay and receive viſits, to dance at publick aſſemblies, to have a place kept for me in the boxes, and

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to play at lady *Racket*'s rout; and you may easily imagine what I think of those who have so long cheated me with false expectations, disturbed me with fictitious terrors, and concealed from me all that I have found to make the happiness of woman.

I am so far from perceiving the usefulness or necessity of books, that if I had not dropped all pretensions to learning, I should have lost Mr. *Trip*, whom I once frighted into another box, by retailing some of *Dryden*'s remarks upon a tragedy; for Mr. *Trip* declares, that he hates nothing like hard words, and I am sure, there is not a better partner to be found; his very walk is a dance. I have talked once or twice among ladies about principles and ideas, but they put their fans before their faces, and told me I was too wise for them, who for their part never pretended to read any thing but the play-bill, and then asked me the price of my best head.

Those vacancies of time which are to be filled up with books, I have never yet obtained; for, consider, Mr. *Rambler*, I go to bed late, and therefore cannot rise early; as soon as I am up, I dress for the gardens; then walk in the park; then always go to some sale or show, or entertainment at the little theatre; then must be dressed for dinner; then must pay my visits; then walk in the park; then hurry to the play; and from thence to the card-table. This is the general course of the day, when there happens nothing extraordinary; but sometimes I ramble into the country, and come back again to a ball; sometimes I am engaged for a whole day and part of the night. If, at any time, I can gain an hour by not being at home, I have so many things

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to do, so many orders to give to the milliner, so many alterations to make in my clothes, so many visitants names to read over, so many invitations to accept or refuse, so many cards to write, and so many fashions to consider, that I am lost in confusion, forced at last to let in company or step into my chair, and leave half my affairs to the direction of my maid.

This is the round of my day; and when shall I either stop my course, or so change it as to want a book? I suppose it cannot be imagined, that any of these diversions will soon be at an end. There will always be gardens, and a park, and auctions, and shows, and playhouses, and cards; visits will always be paid, and clothes always be worn; and how can I have time unemployed upon my hands?

But I am most at a loss to guess for what purpose they related such tragick stories of the cruelty, perfidy, and artifices of men, who, if they ever were so malicious and destructive, have certainly now reformed their manners. I have not, since my entrance into the world, found one who does not profess himself devoted to my service, and ready to live or die, as I shall command him. They are so far from intending to hurt me, that their only contention is, who shall be allowed most closely to attend, and most frequently to treat me; when different places of entertainment, or schemes of pleasure are mentioned, I can see the eye sparkle and the cheeks glow of him whose proposals obtain my approbation; he then leads me off in triumph, adores my condescension, and congratulates himself that he has lived to the hour of felicity. Are these, Mr. *Rambler*, creatures to be feared? Is it likely that any injury

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will be done me by thoſe who can enjoy life only while I favour them with my preſence?

As little reaſon can I yet find to ſuſpect them of ſtratagems and fraud. When I play at cards, they never take advantage of my miſtakes, nor exact from me a rigorous obſervation of the game. Even Mr. *Shuffle*, a grave gentleman, who has daughters older than myſelf, plays with me ſo negligently, that I am ſometimes inclined to believe he loſes his money by deſign, and yet he is ſo fond of play, that he ſays, he will one day take me to his houſe in the country, that we may try by ourſelves who can conquer. I have not yet promiſed him; but when the town grows a little empty, I ſhall think upon it, for I want ſome trinkets, like *Letitia*'s, to my watch. I do not doubt my luck, but muſt ſtudy ſome means of amuſing my relations.

For all theſe diſtinctions I find myſelf indebted to that beauty which I was never ſuffered to hear praiſed, and of which, therefore, I did not before know the full value. The concealment was certainly an intentional fraud, for my aunts have eyes like other people, and I am every day told, that nothing but blindneſs can eſcape the influence of my charms. Their whole account of that world which they pretend to know ſo well, has been only one fiction entangled with another; and though the modes of life oblige me to continue ſome appearances of reſpect, I cannot think that they, who have been ſo clearly detected in ignorance or impoſture, have any right to the eſteem, veneration, or obedience of,

SIR, Yours,

BELLARIA.

NUMB. 192. SATURDAY, *January* 18, 1752.

Γένος οὐδὲν εἰς ἔρωτα,
Σοφίη, τρόπος πατεῖται·
Μόνον ἄργυρον βλέπουσιν·
Ἀπόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς
Ὁ τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας,
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐκ ἀδελφὸς,
Διὰ τοῦτον οὐ τοκῆες
Πόλεμοι, φόνοι δι' αὐτον·
Τὸ δὲ χεῖρον, ολλύμεσθα
Διὰ τοῦτον οἱ φιλοῦντες.
ANACREON.

Vain the nobleſt birth would prove,
Nor worth nor wit avail in love;
'Tis gold alone ſucceeds – by gold
The venal ſex is bought and ſold.
Accurs'd be he who firſt of yore
Diſcover'd the pernicious ore!
This ſets a brother's heart on fire,
And arms the ſon againſt the ſire;
And what, alas! is worſe than all,
To this the lover owes his fall.
F. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM the ſon of a gentleman, whoſe anceſtors, for many ages, held the firſt rank in the county; till at laſt one of them, too deſirous of popularity, ſet his houſe open, kept a table covered with continual profuſion, and diſtributed his beef and ale to ſuch as choſe rather to live upon the folly of others, than their own labour, with ſuch thoughtleſs liberality, that he left a third part of his eſtate mortgaged. His ſucceſſor, a man of ſpirit, ſcorned to impair his

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his dignity by parſimonious retrenchments, or to admit, by a ſale of his lands, any participation of the rights of his manor; he therefore made another mortgage to pay the intereſt of the former, and pleaſed himſelf with the reflection, that his ſon would have the hereditary eſtate without the diminution of an acre.

Nearly reſembling this was the practice of my wiſe progenitors for many ages. Every man boaſted the antiquity of his family, reſolved to ſupport the dignity of his birth, and lived in ſplendour and plenty at the expence of his heir, who, ſometimes by a wealthy marriage, and ſometimes by lucky legacies, diſcharged part of the incumbrances, and thought himſelf intitled to contract new debts, and to leave to his children the ſame inheritance of embarraſſment and diſtreſs.

Thus the eſtate perpetually decayed; the woods were felled by one, the park ploughed by another, the fiſhery let to farmers by a third; at laſt the old hall was pulled down to ſpare the coſt of reparation, and part of the materials ſold to build a ſmall houſe with the reſt. We were now openly degraded from our original rank, and my father's brother was allowed with leſs reluctance to ſerve an apprenticeſhip, though we never reconciled ourſelves heartily to the ſound of haberdaſher, but always talked of warehouſes and a merchant, and when the wind happened to blow loud, affected to pity the hazards of commerce, and to ſympathize with the ſolicitude of my poor uncle, who had the true retailer's terror of adventure, and never expoſed himſelf or his property to any wider water than the *Thames*.

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In time, however, by continual profit and ſmall expences, he grew rich, and began to turn his thoughts towards rank. He hung the arms of the family over his parlour-chimney; pointed at a chariot decorated only with a cypher; became of opinion that money could not make a gentleman; reſented the petulance of upſtarts; told ſtories of alderman *Puff*'s grandfather the porter; wondered that there was no better method for regulating precedence; wiſhed for ſome dreſs peculiar to men of faſhion; and when his ſervant preſented a letter, always enquired whether it came from his brother the eſquire.

My father was careful to ſend him game by every carrier, which, though the conveyance often coſt more than the value, was well received, becauſe it gave him an opportunity of calling his friends together, deſcribing the beauty of his brother's ſeat, and lamenting his own folly, whom no remonſtrances could withhold from polluting his fingers with a ſhop-book.

The little preſents which we ſent were always returned with great munificence. He was deſirous of being the ſecond founder of his family, and could not bear that we ſhould be any longer outſhone by thoſe whom we conſidered as climbers upon our ruins, and uſurpers of our fortune. He furniſhed our houſe with all the elegance of faſhionable expence, and was careful to conceal his bounties, leſt the poverty of his family ſhould be ſuſpected.

At length it happened that, by miſconduct like our own, a large eſtate, which had been purchaſed from

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from us, was again expoſed to the beſt bidder. My uncle, delighted with an opportunity of reinſtating the family in their poſſeſſions, came down with treaſures, ſcarcely to be imagined in a place where commerce has not made large ſums familiar, and at once drove all the competitors away, expedited the writings, and took poſſeſſion. He now conſidered himſelf as ſuperior to trade, diſpoſed of his ſtock, and as ſoon as he had ſettled his economy, began to ſhew his rural ſovereignty, by breaking the hedges of his tenants in hunting, and ſeizing the guns or nets of thoſe whoſe fortunes did not qualify them for ſportſmen. He ſoon afterwards ſolicited the office of ſheriff, from which all his neighbours were glad to be reprieved, but which he regarded as a reſumption of anceſtral claims, and a kind of reſtoration to blood after the attainder of a trade.

My uncle, whoſe mind was ſo filled with this change of his condition, that he found no want of domeſtick entertainment, declared himſelf too old to marry, and reſolved to let the newly-purchaſed eſtate fall into the regular channel of inheritance. I was therefore conſidered as heir apparent, and courted with officiouſneſs and careſſes, by the gentlemen who had hitherto coldly allowed me that rank which they could not refuſe, depreſſed me with ſtudied neglect, and irritated me with ambiguous inſults.

I felt not much pleaſure from the civilities for which I knew myſelf indebted to my uncle's induſtry, till by one of the invitations which every day now brought me, I was induced to ſpend a week with *Lucius*, whoſe daughter *Flavilla* I had

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often ſeen and admired like others, without any thought of nearer approaches. The inequality which had hitherto kept me at a diſtance being now levelled, I was received with every evidence of reſpect; *Lucius* told me the fortune which he intended for his favourite daughter, many odd accidents obliged us to be often together without company, and I ſoon began to find that they were ſpreading for me the nets of matrimony.

Flavilla was all ſoftneſs and complaiſance. I, who had been excluded by a narrow fortune from much acquaintance with the world, and never been honoured before with the notice of ſo fine a lady, was eaſily enamoured. *Lucius* either perceived my paſſion, or *Flavilla* betrayed it; care was taken, that our private meetings ſhould be leſs frequent, and my charmer confeſſed by her eyes how much pain ſhe ſuffered from our reſtraint. I renewed my viſit upon every pretence, but was not allowed one interview without witneſs; at laſt I declared my paſſion to *Lucius*, who received me as a lover worthy of his daughter, and told me that nothing was wanting to his conſent, but that my uncle ſhould ſettle his eſtate upon me. I objected the indecency of encroaching on his life, and the danger of provoking him by ſuch an unſeaſonable demand. *Lucius* ſeemed not to think decency of much importance, but admitted the danger of diſpleaſing, and concluded that as he was now old and ſickly, we might, without any inconvenience, wait for his death.

With this reſolution I was better contented, as it procured me the company of *Flavilla*, in which the days paſſed away amidſt continual rapture; but in time

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time I began to be aſhamed of ſitting idle, in expectation of growing rich by the death of my benefactor, and propoſed to *Lucius* many ſchemes of raiſing my own fortune by ſuch aſſiſtance as I knew my uncle willing to give me. *Lucius*, afraid leſt I ſhould change my affection in abſence, diverted me from my deſign by diſſuaſives to which my paſſion eaſily liſtened. At laſt my uncle died; and conſidering himſelf as neglected by me, from the time that *Flavilla* took poſſeſſion of my heart, left his eſtate to my younger brother, who was always hovering about his bed, and relating ſtories of my pranks and extravagance, my contempt of the commercial dialect, and my impatience to be ſelling ſtock.

My condition was ſoon known, and I was no longer admitted by the father of *Flavilla*. I repeated the proteſtations of regard, which had been formerly returned with ſo much ardour, in a letter which ſhe received privately, but returned by her father's footman. Contempt has driven out my love, and I am content to have purchaſed, by the loſs of fortune, an eſcape from a harpy, who has joined the artifices of age to the allurements of youth. I am now going to purſue my former projects with a legacy which my uncle bequeathed me, and if I ſucceed, ſhall expect to hear of the repentance of *Flavilla*.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

CONSTANTIUS.

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NUMB. 193. TUESDAY, *January* 21, 1752.

Laudis amore tumes? ſunt certa piacula quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello. HOR.

Or art thou vain? books yield a certain ſpell,
To ſtop thy tumour; you ſhall ceaſe to ſwell
When you have read them thrice, and ſtudied well.
CREECH.

WHATEVER is univerſally deſired, will be ſought by induſtry and artifice, by merit and crimes, by means good and bad, rational and abſurd, according to the prevalence of virtue or vice, of wiſdom or folly. Some will always miſtake the degree of their own deſert, and ſome will deſire that others may miſtake it. The cunning will have recourſe to ſtratagem, and the powerful to violence, for the attainment of their wiſhes; ſome will ſtoop to theft, and others venture upon plunder.

Praiſe is ſo pleaſing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almoſt all our actions. The deſire of commendation, as of every thing elſe, is varied indeed by innumerable differences of temper, capacity, and knowledge; ſome have no higher wiſh than for the applauſe of a club; ſome expect the acclamations of a county; and ſome have hoped to fill the mouths of all ages and nations with their names. Every man pants for the higheſt eminence within his view; none, however mean, ever ſinks below the hope of being diſtinguiſhed by his fellow-beings, and very few have, by magnanimity or piety, been

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ſo raiſed above it, as to act wholly without regard to cenſure or opinion.

To be praiſed, therefore, every man reſolves; but reſolutions will not execute themſelves. That which all think too parſimoniouſly diſtributed to their own claims, they will not gratuitouſly ſquander upon others, and ſome expedient muſt be tried, by which praiſe may be gained before it can be enjoyed.

Among the innumerable bidders for praiſe, ſome are willing to purchaſe at the higheſt rate, and offer eaſe and health, fortune and life. Yet even of theſe only a ſmall part have gained what they ſo earneſtly deſired; the ſtudent waſtes away in meditation, and the ſoldier periſhes on the ramparts, but unleſs ſome accidental advantage co-operates with merit, neither perſeverance nor adventure attract attention, and learning and bravery ſink into the grave, without honour or remembrance.

But ambition and vanity generally expect to be gratified on eaſier terms. It has been long obſerved, that what is procured by ſkill or labour to the firſt poſſeſſor, may be afterwards transferred for money; and that the man of wealth may partake all the acquiſitions of courage without hazard, and all the products of induſtry without fatigue. It was eaſily diſcovered, that riches would obtain praiſe among other conveniencies, and that he whoſe pride was unluckily aſſociated with lazineſs, ignorance, or cowardice, needed only to pay the hire of a panegyriſt, and he might be regaled with periodical eulogies; might determine, at leiſure, what virtue or ſcience he would be pleaſed to appropriate, and be lulled in the evening with ſoothing ſerenades, or waked in the morning by ſprightly gratulations.

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The happineſs which mortals receive from the celebration of beneficence which never relieved, eloquence which never perſuaded, or elegance which never pleaſed, ought not to be envied or diſturbed, when they are known honeſtly to pay for their entertainment. But there are unmerciful exactors of adulation, who withhold the wages of venality; retain their encomiaſt from year to year by general promiſes and ambiguous blandiſhments; and when he has run through the whole compaſs of flattery, diſmiſs him with contempt, becauſe his vein of fiction is exhauſted.

A continual feaſt of commendation is only to be obtained by merit or by wealth; many are therefore obliged to content themſelves with ſingle morſels, and recompence the infrequency of their enjoyment by exceſs and riot, whenever fortune ſets the banquet before them. Hunger is never delicate; they who are ſeldom gorged to the full with praiſe, may be ſafely fed with groſs compliments; for the appetite muſt be ſatisfied before it is diſguſted.

It is eaſy to find the moment at which vanity is eager for ſuſtenance, and all that impudence or ſervility can offer will be well received. When any one complains of the want of what he is known to poſſeſs in an uncommon degree, he certainly waits with impatience to be contradicted. When the trader pretends anxiety about the payment of his bills, or the beauty remarks how frightfully ſhe looks, then is the lucky moment to talk of riches or of charms, of the death of lovers, or the honour of a merchant.

Others there are yet more open and artleſs, who, inſtead of ſuborning a flatterer, are content to ſupply

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his place, and, as ſome animals impregnate themſelves, ſwell with the praiſes which they hear from their own tongues. *Recte is dicitur laudare ſeſe, cui nemo alius contigit laudator.* "It is right," ſays *Eraſmus*, "that he, whom no one elſe will commend, "ſhould beſtow commendations on himſelf." Of all the ſons of vanity, theſe are ſurely the happieſt and greateſt; for what is greatneſs or happineſs but independence on external influences, exemption from hope or fear, and the power of ſupplying every want from the common ſtores of nature, which can neither be exhauſted nor prohibited? Such is the wiſe man of the ſtoicks; ſuch is the divinity of the epicureans; and ſuch is the flatterer of himſelf. Every other enjoyment malice may deſtroy; every other panegyrick envy may withhold; but no human power can deprive the boaſter of his own encomiums. Infamy may hiſs, or contempt may growl, the hirelings of the great may follow fortune, and the votaries of truth may attend on virtue; but his pleaſures ſtill remain the ſame; he can always liſten with rapture to himſelf, and leave thoſe who dare not repoſe upon their own atteſtation, to be elated or depreſſed by chance, and toil on in the hopeleſs taſk of fixing caprice, and propitiating malice.

This art of happineſs has been long practiſed by periodical writers, with little apparent violation of decency. When we think our excellencies overlooked by the world, or deſire to recal the attention of the publick to ſome particular performance, we ſit down with great compoſure and write a letter to ourſelves. The correſpondent, whoſe character we aſſume, always addreſſes us with the deference due

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to a ſuperior intelligence; propoſes his doubts with a proper ſenſe of his own inability; offers an objection with trembling diffidence; and at laſt has no other pretenſions to our notice than his profundity of reſpect, and ſincerity of admiration, his ſubmiſſion to our dictates, and zeal for our ſucceſs. To ſuch a reader, it is impoſſible to refuſe regard, nor can it eaſily be imagined with how much alacrity we ſnatch up the pen which indignation or deſpair had condemned to inactivity, when we find ſuch candour and judgment yet remaining in the world.

A letter of this kind I had lately the honour of peruſing, in which, though ſome of the periods were negligently cloſed, and ſome expreſſions of familiarity were uſed, which I thought might teach others to addreſs me with too little reverence, I was ſo much delighted with the paſſages in which mention was made of univerſal learning—unbounded genius—ſoul of *Homer*, *Pythagoras*, and *Plato*—ſolidity of thought—accuracy of diſtinction—elegance of combination—vigour of fancy—ſtrength of reaſon—and regularity of compoſition—that I had once determined to lay it before the publick. Three times I ſent it to the printer, and three times I fetched it back. My modeſty was on the point of yielding, when reflecting that I was about to waſte panegyricks on myſelf, which might be more profitably reſerved for my patron, I locked it up for a better hour, in compliance with the farmer's principle, who never eats at home what he can carry to the market.

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NUMB. 194. SATURDAY, *January* 25, 1752.

Si damnoſa ſenem juvat alea, ludit et hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem quatit arma fritillo. JUV.

If gaming does an aged ſire entice,
Then my young maſter ſwiftly learns the vice,
And ſhakes in hanging ſleeves the little box and dice.
J. DRYDEN, jun.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THAT vanity which keeps every man important in his own eyes, inclines me to believe that neither you nor your readers have yet forgotten the name of *Eumathes*, who ſent you a few months ago an account of his arrival at *London*, with a young nobleman his pupil. I ſhall therefore continue my narrative without preface or recapitulation.

My pupil, in a very ſhort time, by his mother's countenance and direction, accompliſhed himſelf with all thoſe qualifications which conſtitute puerile politeneſs. He became in a few days a perfect maſter of his hat, which with a careleſs nicety he could put off or on, without any need to adjuſt it by a ſecond motion. This was not attained but by frequent conſultations with his dancing-maſter, and conſtant practice before the glaſs, for he had ſome ruſtick habits to overcome; but, what will not time and induſtry perform? A fortnight more furniſhed him with all the

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the airs and forms of familiar and reſpectful ſalutation, from the clap on the ſhoulder to the humble bow; he practiſes the ſtare of ſtrangeneſs, and the ſmile of condeſcenſion, the ſolemnity of promiſe, and the graciouſneſs of encouragement, as if he had been nurſed at a levee; and pronounces, with no leſs propriety than his father, the monoſyllables of coldneſs, and ſonorous periods of reſpectful profeſſion.

He immediately loſt the reſerve and timidity which ſolitude and ſtudy are apt to impreſs upon the moſt courtly genius; was able to enter a crowded room with airy civility; to meet the glances of a hundred eyes without perturbation; and addreſs thoſe whom he never ſaw before with eaſe and confidence. In leſs than a month his mother declared her ſatisfaction at his proficiency by a triumphant obſervation, that ſhe believed *nothing would make him bluſh.*

The ſilence with which I was contented to hear my pupil's praiſes, gave the lady reaſon to ſuſpect me not much delighted with his acquiſitions; but ſhe attributed my diſcontent to the diminution of my influence, and my fears of loſing the patronage of the family; and though ſhe thinks favourably of my learning and morals, ſhe conſiders me as wholly unacquainted with the cuſtoms of the polite part of mankind; and therefore not qualified to form the manners of a young nobleman, or communicate the knowledge of the world. This knowledge ſhe compriſes in the rules of viſiting, the hiſtory of the preſent hour, an early intelligence of the change of faſhions, an extenſive acquaintance with the names and faces of perſons of rank, and a frequent appearance in places of reſort.

All this my pupil purſues with great application. He is twice a day in the Mall, where he ſtudies the dreſs of every man ſplendid enough to attract his notice, and never comes home without ſome obſervation upon ſleeves, button-holes, and embroidery. At his return from the theatre, he can give an account of the gallantries, glances, whiſpers, ſmiles, ſighs, flirts, and bluſhes of every box, ſo much to his mother's ſatisfaction, that when I attempted to reſume my character, by enquiring his opinion of the ſentiments and diction of the tragedy, ſhe at once repreſſed my criticiſm, by telling me, *that ſhe hoped he did not go to loſe his time in attending to the creatures on the ſtage.*

But his acuteneſs was moſt eminently ſignalized at the maſquerade, where he diſcovered his acquaintance through their diſguiſes, with ſuch wonderful facility, as has afforded the family an inexhauſtible topick of converſation. Every new viſitor is informed how one was detected by his gait, and another by the ſwing of his arms, a third by the toſs of his head, and another by his favourite phraſe; nor can you doubt but theſe performances receive their juſt applauſe, and a genius thus haſtening to maturity is promoted by every art of cultivation.

Such have been his endeavours, and ſuch his aſſiſtances, that every trace of literature was ſoon obliterated. He has changed his language with his dreſs, and inſtead of endeavouring at purity or propriety, has no other care than to catch the reigning phraſe and current exclamation, till by copying whatever is peculiar in the talk of all thoſe whoſe birth or fortune entitle them to imitation, he has collected every faſhionable barbariſm of the preſent winter, and

ſpeaks

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ſpeaks a dialect not to be underſtood among thoſe who form their ſtyle by poring upon authors.

To this copiouſneſs of ideas, and felicity of language, he has joined ſuch eagerneſs to lead the converſation, that he is celebrated among the ladies as the pretticſt gentleman that the age can boaſt of, except that ſome who love to talk themſelves think him too forward, and others lament that, with ſo much wit and knowledge, he is not taller.

His mother liſtens to his obſervations with her eyes ſparkling and her heart beating, and can ſcarcely contain, in the moſt numerous aſſemblies, the expectations which ſhe has formed for his future eminence. Women, by whatever fate, always judge abſurdly of the intellects of boys. The vivacity and confidence which attract female admiration, are ſeldom produced in the early part of life, but by ignorance at leaſt, if not by ſtupidity; for they proceed not from confidence of right, but fearleſſneſs of wrong. Whoever has a clear apprehenſion, muſt have quick ſenſibility, and where he has no ſufficient reaſon to truſt his own judgment, will proceed with doubt and caution, becauſe he perpetually dreads the diſgrace of error. The pain of miſcarriage is naturally proportionate to the deſire of excellence; and, therefore, till men are hardened by long familiarity with reproach, or have attained, by frequent ſtruggles, the art of ſuppreſſing their emotions, diffidence is found the inſeparable aſſociate of underſtanding.

But ſo little diſtruſt has my pupil of his own abilities, that he has for ſome time profeſſed himſelf a wit,

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wit, and tortures his imagination on all occaſions for burleſque and jocularity. How he ſupports a character which, perhaps, no man ever aſſumed without repentance, may be eaſily conjectured. Wit, you know, is the unexpected copulation of ideas, the diſcovery of ſome occult relation between images in appearance remote from each other; an effuſion of wit, therefore, preſuppoſes an accumulation of knowledge; a memory ſtored with notions, which the imagination may cull out to compoſe new aſſemblages. Whatever may be the native vigour of the mind, ſhe can never form any combinations from few ideas, as many changes can never be rung upon a few bells. Accident may indeed ſometimes produce a lucky parallel or a ſtriking contraſt; but theſe gifts of chance are not frequent, and he that has nothing of his own, and yet condemns himſelf to needleſs expences, muſt live upon loans or theft.

The indulgence which his youth has hitherto obtained, and the reſpect which his rank ſecures, have hitherto ſupplied the want of intellectual qualifications; and he imagines that all admire who applaud, and that all who laugh are pleaſed. He therefore returns every day to the charge with increaſe of courage, though not of ſtrength, and praiſes all the tricks by which wit is counterfeited. He lays trains for a quibble; he contrives blunders for his footman; he adapts old ſtories to preſent characters; he miſtakes the queſtion, that he may return a ſmart anſwer; he anticipates the argument, that he may plauſibly object; when he has nothing to reply, he repeats the laſt words of his antagoniſt, then ſays, "your humble "ſervant," and concludes with a laugh of triumph.

Theſe

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These miſtakes I have honeſtly attempted to correct; but, what can be expected from reaſon unſupported by faſhion, ſplendour, or authority? He hears me, indeed, or appears to hear me, but is ſoon reſcued from the lecture by more pleaſing avocations; and ſhows, diverſions, and careſſes, drive my precepts from his remembrance.

He at laſt imagines himſelf qualified to enter the world, and has met with adventures in his firſt ſally, which I ſhall, by your paper, communicate to the publick.

I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

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NUMB. 195. TUESDAY, *January* 28, 1752.

——Nescit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet; ludere doctior
Seu Græco jubeas trocho,
Seu malis vetitâ legibus aleâ. HOR.

Nor knows our youth, of noblest race,
To mount the manag'd steed, or urge the chace;
More skill'd in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling troque, or law-forbidden dice. FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

FAVOURS of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred. This is particularly true of the gratification of curiosity: He that long delays a story, and suffers his auditor to torment himself with expectation, will seldom be able to recompense the uneasiness, or equal the hope which he suffers to be raised.

For this reason, I have already sent you the continuation of my pupil's history, which, though it contains no events very uncommon, may be of use to young men who are in too much haste to trust their own prudence, and quit the wing of protection before they are able to shift for themselves.

When he first settled in *London*, he was so much bewildered in the enormous extent of the town, so confounded

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confounded by inceſſant noiſe, and crowds, and hurry, and ſo terrified by rural narratives of the arts of ſharpers, the rudeneſs of the populace, malignity of porters, and treachery of coachmen, that he was afraid to go beyond the door without an attendant, and imagined his life in danger if he was obliged to paſs the ſtreets at night in any vehicle but his mother's chair.

He was therefore contented, for a time, that I ſhould accompany him in all his excurſions. But his fear abated as he grew more familiar with its objects; and the contempt to which his ruſticity expoſed him from ſuch of his companions as had accidentally known the town longer, obliged him to diſſemble his remaining terrors.

His deſire of liberty made him now willing to ſpare me the trouble of obſerving his motions; but knowing how much his ignorance expoſed him to miſchief, I thought it cruel to abandon him to the fortune of the town. We went together every day to a coffee-houſe, where he met wits, heirs, and fops, airy, ignorant, and thoughtleſs as himſelf, with whom he had become acquainted at card-tables, and whom he conſidered as the only beings to be envied or admired. What were their topicks of converſation I could never diſcover; for ſo much was their vivacity depreſſed by my intruſive ſeriouſneſs, that they ſeldom proceeded beyond the exchange of nods and ſhrugs, an arch grin, or a broken hint, except when they could retire, while I was looking on the papers, to a corner of the room, where they ſeemed to diſburden their imaginations, and commonly vented the ſuperfluity of their ſprightlineſs in a peal of

laughter.

laughter. When they had tittered themſelves into negligence, I could ſometimes overhear a few ſyllables, ſuch as,—ſolemn raſcal;—academical airs;—ſmoke the tutor;—company for gentlemen!—and other broken phraſes, by which I did not ſuffer my quiet to be diſturbed, for they never proceeded to avowed indignities, but contented themſelves to murmur in ſecret, and, whenever I turned my eye upon them, ſhrunk into ſtilneſs.

He was, however, deſirous of withdrawing from the ſubjection which he could not venture to break, and made a ſecret appointment to aſſiſt his companions in the perſecution of a play. His footman privately procured him a catcal, on which he practiſed in a back-garret for two hours in the afternoon. At the proper time a chair was called; he pretended an engagement at lady *Flutter*'s, and haſtened to the place where his critical aſſociates had aſſembled. They hurried away to the theatre, full of malignity and denunciations againſt a man whoſe name they had never heard, and a performance which they could not underſtand; for they were reſolved to judge for themſelves, and would not ſuffer the town to be impoſed upon by ſcribblers. In the pit, they exerted themſelves with great ſpirit and vivacity; called out for the tunes of obſcene ſongs, talked loudly at intervals of *Shakeſpeare* and *Johnſon*, played on their catcals a ſhort prelude of terror, clamoured vehemently for the prologue, and clapped with great dexterity at the firſt entrance of the players.

Two ſcenes they heard without attempting interruption; but being no longer able to reſtrain their

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impatience, they then began to exert themſelves in groans and hiſſes, and plied their catcals with inceſſant diligence; ſo that they were ſoon conſidered by the audience as diſturbers of the houſe, and ſome who ſat near them, either provoked at the obſtruction of their entertainment, or deſirous to preſerve the author from the mortification of ſeeing his hopes deſtroyed by children, ſnatched away their inſtruments of criticiſm, and by the ſeaſonable vibration of a ſtick, ſubdued them inſtantaneouſly to decency and ſilence.

To exhilarate themſelves after this vexatious defeat, they poſted to a tavern, where they recovered their alacrity, and after two hours of obſtreperous jollity, burſt out big with enterprize, and panting for ſome occaſions to ſignalize their prowefs. They proceeded vigorouſly through two ſtreets, and with very little oppoſition diſperſed a rabble of drunkards leſs daring than themſelves, then rolled two watchmen in the kennel, and broke the windows of a tavern in which the fugitives took ſhelter. At laſt it was determined to march up to a row of chairs, and demoliſh them for ſtanding on the pavement; the chairmen formed a line of battle, and blows were exchanged for a time with equal courage on both ſides. At laſt the aſſailants were overpowered, and the chairmen, when they knew their captives, brought them home by force.

The young gentleman, next morning, hung his head, and was ſo much aſhamed of his outrages and defeat, that perhaps he might have been checked in his firſt follies, had not his mother, partly in pity of his dejection, and partly in approbation of his ſpirit, relieved him from his perplexity by paying the damages

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mages privately, and diſcouraging all animadverſion and reproof.

This indulgence could not wholly preſerve him from the remembrance of his diſgrace, nor at once reſtore his confidence and elation. He was for three days ſilent, modeſt, and compliant, and thought himſelf neither too wiſe for inſtruction, nor too manly for reſtraint. But his levity overcame this ſalutary ſorrow; he began to talk with his former raptures of maſquerades, taverns, and frolicks; bluſtered when his wig was not combed with exactneſs; and threatened deſtruction to a tailor who had miſtaken his directions about the pocket.

I knew that he was now riſing again above controul, and that his inflation of ſpirits would burſt out into ſome miſchievous abſurdity. I therefore watched him with great attention; but one evening, having attended his mother at a viſit, he withdrew himſelf, unſuſpected, while the company was engaged at cards. His vivacity and officiouſneſs were ſoon miſſed, and his return impatiently expected; ſupper was delayed, and converſation ſuſpended; every coach that rattled through the ſtreet was expected to bring him, and every ſervant that entered the room was examined concerning his departure. At laſt the lady returned home, and was with great difficulty preſerved from fits by ſpirits and cordials. The family was diſpatched a thouſand ways without ſucceſs, and the houſe was filled with diſtraction, till, as we were deliberating what further meaſures to take, he returned from a petty gaming-table, with his coat torn, and his head broken; without his ſword, ſnuff-box, ſleeve-buttons, and watch.

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Of this loſs or robbery, he gave little account; but, inſtead of ſinking into his former ſhame, endeavoured to ſupport himſelf by ſurlineſs and aſperity. "He was not the firſt that had played away a few "trifles, and of what uſe were birth and fortune if "they would not admit ſome ſallies and expences?" His mamma was ſo much provoked by the coſt of this prank, that ſhe would neither palliate nor conceal it; and his father, after ſome threats of ruſtication which his fondneſs would not ſuffer him to execute, reduced the allowance of his pocket, that he might not be tempted by plenty to profuſion. This method would have ſucceeded in a place where there are no pandars to folly and extravagance, but was now likely to have produced pernicious conſequences; for we have diſcovered a treaty with a broker, whoſe daughter he ſeems diſpoſed to marry, on condition that he ſhall be ſupplied with preſent money, for which he is to repay thrice the value at the death of his father.

There was now no time to be loſt. A domeſtick conſultation was immediately held, and he was doomed to paſs two years in the country; but his mother, touched with his tears, declared, that ſhe thought him too much of a man to be any longer confined to his book, and he therefore begins his travels to-morrow under a *French* governor.

I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

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NUMB. 196. SATURDAY, *February* 1, 1752.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum
Multa recedentes adimunt.—— HOR.

The bleſſings flowing in with life's full tide,
Down with our ebb of life decreaſing glide. FRANCIS.

BAXTER, in the narrative of his own life, has enumerated ſeveral opinions, which, though he thought them evident and inconteſtable at his firſt entrance into the world, time and experience diſpoſed him to change.

Whoever reviews the ſtate of his own mind from the dawn of manhood to its decline, and conſiders what he purſued or dreaded, ſlighted or eſteemed at different periods of his age, will have no reaſon to imagine ſuch changes of ſentiment peculiar to any ſtation or character. Every man, however careleſs and inattentive, has conviction forced upon him; the lectures of time obtrude themſelves upon the moſt unwilling or diſſipated auditor; and, by comparing our paſt with our preſent thoughts, we perceive that we have changed our minds, though perhaps we cannot diſcover when the alteration happened, or by what cauſes it was produced.

This revolution of ſentiments occaſions a perpetual conteſt between the old and young. They who imagine themſelves entitled to veneration by the prerogative of longer life, are inclined to treat the notions of thoſe whoſe conduct they ſuperintend with ſu-

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perciliousness and contempt, for want of considering that the future and the past have different appearances; that the disproportion will always be great between expectation and enjoyment, between new possession and satiety; that the truth of many maxims of age, gives too little pleasure to be allowed till it is felt; and that the miseries of life would be increased beyond all human power of endurance, if we were to enter the world with the same opinions as we carry from it.

We naturally indulge those ideas that please us. Hope will predominate in every mind, till it has been suppressed by frequent disappointments. The youth has not yet discovered how many evils are continually hovering about us, and when he is set free from the shackles of discipline, looks abroad into the world with rapture; he sees an elysian region open before him, so variegated with beauty, and so stored with pleasure, that his care is rather to accumulate good, than to shun evil; he stands distracted by different forms of delight, and has no other doubt, than which path to follow of those which all lead equally to the bowers of happiness.

He who has seen only the superficies of life believes every thing to be what it appears, and rarely suspects that external splendor conceals any latent sorrow or vexation. He never imagines that there may be greatness without safety, affluence without content, jollity without friendship, and solitude without peace. He fancies himself permitted to cull the blessings of every condition, and to leave its inconveniencies to the idle and the ignorant. He is inclined to believe no man miserable but by his own fault, and seldom

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looks with much pity upon failings or miſcarriages, becauſe he thinks them willingly admitted, or negligently incurred.

It is impoſſible, without pity and contempt, to hear a youth of generous ſentiments and warm imagination, declaring in the moment of openneſs and confidence his deſigns and expectations; becauſe long life is poſſible, he conſiders it as certain, and therefore promiſes himſelf all the changes of happineſs, and provides gratifications for every deſire. He is, for a time, to give himſelf wholly to frolick and diverſion, to range the world in ſearch of pleaſure, to delight every eye, to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleaſing levities and ſolid attainments, his deep reflections and his ſparkling repartees. He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the ſcattered excellencies of the female world united in a woman, who prefers his addreſſes to wealth and titles; he is afterwards to engage in buſineſs, to diſſipate difficulty, and overpower oppoſition; to climb by the mere force of merit to fame and greatneſs; and reward all thoſe who countenanced his riſe, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At laſt he will retire in peace and honour; contract his views to domeſtick pleaſures; form the manners of children like himſelf; obſerve how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his ſons catch ardour from their father's hiſtory; he will give laws to the neighbourhood; dictate axioms to poſterity; and leave the world an example of wiſdom and of happineſs.

With hopes like theſe, he ſallies jocund into life; to little purpoſe is he told, that the condition of humanity

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humanity admits no pure and unmingled happineſs; that the exuberant gaiety of youth ends in poverty or diſeaſe; that uncommon qualifications and contrarieties of excellence, produce envy equally with applauſe; that whatever admiration and fondneſs may promiſe him, he muſt marry a wiſe like the wives of others, with ſome virtues and ſome faults, and be as often diſguſted by her vices, as delighted by her elegance; that if he adventures into the circle of action, he muſt expect to encounter men as artful, as daring, as reſolute as himſelf; that of his children, ſome may be deformed, and others vicious; ſome may diſgrace him by their follies, ſome offend him by their inſolence, and ſome exhauſt him by their profuſion. He hears all this with obſtinate incredulity, and wonders by what malignity old age is influenced, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears with predictions of miſery.

Among other pleaſing errors of young minds, is the opinion of their own importance. He that has not yet remarked, how little attention his contemporaries can ſpare from their own affairs, conceives all eyes turned upon himſelf, and imagines every one that approaches him to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a ſpy. He therefore conſiders his fame as involved in the event of every action. Many of the virtues and vices of youth proceed from this quick ſenſe of reputation. This it is that gives firmneſs and conſtancy, fidelity and diſintereſtedneſs, and it is this that kindles reſentment for ſlight injuries, and dictates all the principles of ſanguinary honour.

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But as time brings him forward into the world, he ſoon diſcovers that he only ſhares fame or reproach with innumerable partners; that he is left unmarked in the obſcurity of the crowd; and that what he does, whether good or bad, ſoon gives way to new objects of regard. He then eaſily ſets himſelf free from the anxieties of reputation, and conſiders praiſe or cenſure as a tranſient breath, which, while he hears it, is paſſing away, without any laſting miſchief or advantage.

In youth, it is common to meaſure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any meaſure but intereſt, and to loſe ſhame without ſubſtituting virtue.

Such is the condition of life, that ſomething is always wanting to happineſs. In youth we have warm hopes, which are ſoon blaſted by raſhneſs and negligence, and great deſigns which are defeated by inexperience. In age we have knowledge and prudence without ſpirit to exert, or motives to prompt them; we are able to plan ſchemes, and regulate meaſures; but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

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NUMB. 197. TUESDAY, *February* 4, 1752.

Cujus vulturis hoc erit cadaver? MART.

Say, to what vulture's ſhare this carcaſe falls? F. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I BELONG to an order of mankind, conſiderable at leaſt for their number, to which your notice has never been formally extended, though equally entitled to regard with thoſe triflers, who have hitherto ſupplied you with topicks of amuſement or inſtruction. I am, Mr. *Rambler*, a legacy-hunter; and as every man is willing to think well of the tribe in which his name is regiſtered, you will forgive my vanity if I remind you that the legacy-hunter, however degraded by an ill-compounded appellation in our barbarous language, was known, as I am told, in ancient *Rome*, by the ſonorous titles of *Captator* and *Hæredipeta*.

My father was an attorney in the country, who married his maſter's daughter in hopes of a fortune which he did not obtain, having been, as he afterwards diſcovered, choſen by her only becauſe ſhe had no better offer, and was afraid of ſervice. I was the firſt offspring of a marriage thus reciprocally fraudulent, aud therefore could not be expected to inherit much dignity or generoſity, and if I had them not from nature, was not likely ever to attain them; for in the years which I ſpent

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at home, I never heard any reaſon for action or forbearance, but that we ſhould gain money or loſe it; nor was taught any other ſtyle of commendation, than that Mr. *Sneaker* is a warm man, Mr. *Gripe* has done his buſineſs, and needs care for nobody.

My parents, though otherwiſe not great philoſophers, knew the force of early education, and took care that the blank of my underſtanding ſhould be filled with impreſſions of the value of money. My mother uſed, upon all occaſions, to inculcate ſome ſalutary axioms, ſuch as might incite me *to keep what I had, and get what I could*; ſhe informed me that we were in a world, where *all muſt catch that catch can*; and as I grew up, ſtored my memory with deeper obſervations; reſtrained me from the uſual puerile expences, by remarking that *many a little made a mickle*; and, when I envied the finery of any of my neighbours, told me, that *brag was a good dog, but holdfaſt was a better*.

I was ſoon ſagacious enough to diſcover that I was not born to great wealth; and, having heard no other name for happineſs, was ſometimes inclined to repine at my condition. But my mother always relieved me, by ſaying, that there was money enough in the family, that *it was good to be of kin to means*, that I had nothing to do but to pleaſe my friends, and I might come to hold up my head with the beſt ſquire in the country.

Theſe ſplendid expectations aroſe from our alliance to three perſons of conſiderable fortune. My mother's aunt had attended on a lady, who, when ſhe died, rewarded her officiouſneſs and fidelity

with

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with a large legacy. My father had two relations, of whom one had broken his indentures and run to ſea, from whence, after an abſence of thirty years, he returned with ten thouſand pounds; and the other had lured an heireſs out of a window, who dying of her firſt child, had left him her eſtate, on which he lived without any other care than to collect his rents, and preſerve from poachers that game which he could not kill himſelf.

Theſe hoarders of money were viſited and courted by all who had any pretence to approach them, and received preſents and compliments from couſins who could ſcarcely tell the degree of their relation. But we had peculiar advantages which encouraged us to hope, that we ſhould by degrees ſupplant our competitors. My father, by his profeſſion, made himſelf neceſſary in their affairs; for the ſailor and the chambermaid, he inquired out mortgages and ſecurities, and wrote bonds and contracts; and had endeared himſelf to the old woman, who once raſhly lent an hundred pounds without conſulting him, by informing her, that her debtor was on the point of bankruptcy, and poſting ſo expeditiouſly with an execution, that all the other creditors were defrauded.

To the ſquire he was a kind of ſteward, and had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his office by his addreſs in raiſing the rents, his inflexibility in diſtreſſing the tardy tenants, and his acuteneſs in ſetting the pariſh free from burthenſome inhabitants, by ſhifting them off to ſome other ſettlement.

Buſineſs made frequent attendance neceſſary; truſt ſoon produced intimacy; and ſucceſs gave a claim to kindneſs; ſo that we had opportunity to practiſe all the

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the arts of flattery and endearment. My mother, who could not ſupport the thought of loſing any thing, determined, that all their fortunes ſhould centre in me; and, in the proſecution of her ſchemes, took care to inform me that *nothing coſt leſs than good words*, and that it is comfortable to leap into an eſtate which another has got.

She trained me by theſe precepts to the utmoſt ductility of obedience, and the cloſeſt attention to profit. At an age when other boys are ſporting in the fields, or murmuring in the ſchool, I was contriving ſome new method of paying my court; inquiring the age of my future benefactors; or conſidering how I ſhould employ their legacies.

If our eagerneſs of money could have been ſatisfied with the poſſeſſions of any one of my relations, they might perhaps have been obtained; but as it was impoſſible to be always preſent with all three, our competitors were buſy to efface any trace of affection which we might have left behind; and ſince there was not, on any part, ſuch ſuperiority of merit as could enforce a conſtant and unſhaken preference, whoever was the laſt that flattered or obliged had, for a time, the aſcendant.

My relations maintained a regular exchange of courteſy, took care to miſs no occaſion of condolence or congratulation, and ſent preſents at ſtated times, but had in their hearts not much eſteem for one another. The ſeaman looked with contempt upon the ſquire as a milkſop and a landman, who had lived without knowing the points of the compaſs, or ſeeing any part of the world beyond the county-town; and whenever they met, would talk of

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of longitude and latitude, and circles and tropicks, would ſcarcely tell him the hour without ſome mention of the horizon and meridian, nor ſhew him the news without detecting his ignorance of the ſituation of other countries.

The ſquire conſidered the ſailor as a rude uncultivated ſavage, with little more of human than his form, and diverted himſelf with his ignorance of all common objects and affairs; when he could perſuade him to go into the field, he always expoſed him to the ſportſmen, by ſending him to look for game in improper places; and once prevailed upon him to be preſent at the races, only that he might ſhow the gentlemen how a ſailor ſat upon a horſe.

The old gentlewoman thought herſelf wiſer than both, for ſhe lived with no ſervant but a maid, and ſaved her money. The others were indeed ſufficiently frugal; but the ſquire could not live without dogs and horſes, and the ſailor never ſuffered the day to paſs but over a bowl of punch, to which, as he was not critical in the choice of his company, every man was welcome that could roar out a catch, or tell a ſtory.

All theſe, however, I was to pleaſe; an arduous taſk; but what will not youth and avarice undertake? I had an unreſiſting ſuppleneſs of temper, and an unſatiable wiſh for riches; I was perpetually inſtigated by the ambition of my parents, and aſſiſted occaſionally by their inſtructions. What theſe advantages enabled me to perform, ſhall be told in the next letter of,

Yours, &c.

CAPTATOR.

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NUMB. 198. SATURDAY, *February* 8, 1752.

Nil mihi das vivus, dicis post fata daturum,
Si non insanis, scis, Maro, quid cupiam. MART.

You've told me, *Maro*, whilst you live,
You'd not a single penny give,
But that whene'er you chance to die,
You'd leave a handsome legacy:
You must be mad beyond redress,
If my next wish you cannot guess. F. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU, who must have observed the inclination which almost every man, however unactive or insignificant, discovers of representing his life as distinguished by extraordinary events, will not wonder that *Captator* thinks his narrative important enough to be continued. Nothing is more common than for those to tease their companions with their history, who have neither done nor suffered any thing that can excite curiosity, or afford instruction.

As I was taught to flatter with the first essays of speech, and had very early lost every other passion in the desire of money, I began my pursuit with omens of success; for I divided my officiousness so judiciously among my relations, that I was equally the favourite of all. When any of them entered the door, I went to welcome him with raptures; when he went away, I hung down my head, and sometimes intreated

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intreated to go with him with ſo much importunity, that I very narrowly eſcaped a conſent which I dreaded in my heart. When at an annual entertainment they were all together, I had a harder taſk; but plied them ſo impartially with careſſes, that none could charge me with neglect; and when they were wearied with my fondneſs and civilities, I was always diſmiſſed with money to buy playthings.

Life cannot be kept at a ſtand; the years of innocence and prattle were ſoon at an end, and other qualifications were neceſſary to recommend me to continuance of kindneſs. It luckily happened that none of my friends had high notions of book-learning. The ſailor hated to ſee tall boys ſhut up in a ſchool, when they might more properly be ſeeing the world, and making their fortunes; and was of opinion, that when the firſt rules of arithmetick were known, all that was neceſſary to make a man complete might be learned on ſhip-board. The ſquire only inſiſted, that ſo much ſcholarſhip was indiſpenſably neceſſary, as might confer ability to draw a leaſe and read the court-hands; and the old chambermaid declared loudly her contempt of books, and her opinion that they only took the head off the main chance.

To unite, as well as we could, all their ſyſtems, I was bred at home. Each was taught to believe, that I followed his directions, and I gained likewiſe, as my mother obſerved, this advantage, that I was always in the way; for ſhe had known many favourite children ſent to ſchools or academies, and forgotten.

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As I grew fitter to be trusted to my own discretion, I was often dispatched upon various pretences to visit my relations, with directions from my parents how to ingratiate myself, and drive away competitors.

I was, from my infancy, considered by the sailor as a promising genius, because I liked punch better than wine; and I took care to improve this prepossession by continual enquiries about the art of navigation, the degree of heat and cold in different climates, the profits of trade, and the dangers of shipwreck. I admired the courage of the seamen, and gained his heart by importuning him for a recital of his adventures, and a sight of his foreign curiosities. I listened with an appearance of close attention to stories which I could already repeat, and at the close never failed to express my resolution to visit distant countries, and my contempt of the cowards and drones that spend all their lives in their native parish; though I had in reality no desire of any thing but money, nor ever felt the stimulations of curiosity or ardour of adventure, but would contentedly have passed the years of *Nestor* in receiving rents, and lending upon mortgages.

The squire I was able to please with less hypocrisy, for I really thought it pleasant enough to kill the game and eat it. Some arts of falsehood, however, the *hunger of gold* persuaded me to practise, by which, though no other mischief was produced, the purity of my thoughts was vitiated, and the reverence for truth gradually destroyed. I sometimes purchased fish, and pretended to have caught them;

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I hired the countrymen to ſhew me partridges, and then gave my uncle intelligence of their haunt; I learned the ſeats of hares at night, and diſcovered them in the morning with ſagacity that raiſed the wonder and envy of old ſportſmen. One only obſtruction to the advancement of my reputation I could never fully ſurmount; I was naturally a coward, and was therefore always left ſhamefully behind, when there was a neceſſity to leap a hedge, to ſwim a river, or force the horſes to their utmoſt ſpeed; but as theſe exigencies did not frequently happen, I maintained my honour with ſufficient ſucceſs, and was never left out of a hunting party.

The old chambermaid was not ſo certainly, nor ſo eaſily pleaſed, for ſhe had no predominant paſſion but avarice, and was therefore cold and inacceſſible. She had no conception of any virtue in a young man but that of ſaving his money. When ſhe heard of my exploits in the field, ſhe would ſhake her head, inquire how much I ſhould be the richer for all my performances, and lament that ſuch ſums ſhould be ſpent upon dogs and horſes. If the ſailor told her of my inclination to travel, ſhe was ſure there was no place like *England*, and could not imagine why any man that can live in his own country ſhould leave it. This ſullen and frigid being I found means however to propitiate by frequent commendations of frugality, and perpetual care to avoid expence.

From the ſailor was our firſt and moſt conſiderable expectation; for he was richer than the chambermaid, and older than the ſquire. He was ſo awkward and baſhful among women, that we concluded him

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him ſecure from matrimony; and the noiſy fondneſs with which he uſed to welcome me to his houſe, made us imagine that he would look out for no other heir, and that we had nothing to do but wait patiently for his death. But in the midſt of our triumph, my uncle ſaluted us one morning with a cry of tranſport, and clapping his hand hard on my ſhoulder, told me, I was a happy fellow to have a friend like him in the world, for he came to fit me out for a voyage with one of his old acquaintances. I turned pale and trembled; my father told him, that he believed my conſtitution not fitted to the ſea; and my mother burſting into tears, cried out, that her heart would break if ſhe loſt me. All this had no effect; the ſailor was wholly inſuſceptive of the ſofter paſſions, and, without regard to tears or arguments, perſiſted in his reſolution to make me a man.

We were obliged to comply in appearance, and preparations were accordingly made. I took leave of my friends with great alacrity, proclaimed the beneficence of my uncle with the higheſt ſtrains of gratitude, and rejoiced at the opportunity now put into my hands of gratifying my thirſt of knowledge. But a week before the day appointed for my departure I fell ſick by my mother's direction, and refuſed all food but what ſhe privately brought me; whenever my uncle viſited me I was lethargick or delirious, but took care in my raving fits to talk inceſſantly of travel and merchandize. The room was kept dark; the table was filled with vials and gallipots; my mother was with difficulty perſuaded not to endanger her life with nocturnal attendance; my father lament-

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ed the loſs of the profits of the voyage; and ſuch ſuperfluity of artifices was employed, as perhaps might have diſcovered the cheat to a man of penetration. But the ſailor, unacquainted with ſubtilties and ſtratagems, was eaſily deluded; and as the ſhip could not ſtay for my recovery, ſold the cargo, and left me to re-eſtabliſh my health at leiſure.

I was ſent to regain my fleſh in a purer air, leſt it ſhould appear never to have been waſted, and in two months returned to deplore my diſappointment. My uncle pitied my dejection, and bid me prepare myſelf againſt next year, for no land lubber ſhould touch his money.

A reprieve however was obtained, and perhaps ſome new ſtratagem might have ſucceeded another ſpring; but my uncle unhappily made amorous advances to my mother's maid, who, to promote ſo advantageous a match, diſcovered the ſecret with which only ſhe had been intruſted. He ſtormed, and raved, and declaring that he would have heirs of his own, and not give his ſubſtance to cheats and cowards, married the girl in two days, and has now four children.

Cowardice is always ſcorned, and deceit univerſally deteſted. I found my friends, if not wholly alienated, at leaſt cooled in their affection; the ſquire, though he did not wholly diſcard me, was leſs fond, and often enquired when I would go to ſea. I was obliged to bear his inſults, and endeavoured to rekindle his kindneſs by aſſiduity and reſpect; but all my care was vain; he died

without a will, and the eſtate devolved to the legal heir.

Thus has the folly of my parents condemned me to ſpend in flattery and attendance thoſe years in which I might have been qualified to place myſelf above hope or fear. I am arrived at manhood without any uſeful art or generous ſentiment; and, if the old woman ſhould likewiſe at laſt deceive me, am in danger at once of beggary and ignorance.

I am, *&c.*

CAPTATOR.

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NUMB. 199. TUESDAY, *February* 11, 1752.

Decolor, obſcurus, vilis, non ille repexam
Ceſariem regum, nec candida virginis ornat
Colla, nec inſigni ſplendet per cingula morſu;
Sed nova ſi nigri videas miracula ſaxi,
Tunc ſuperat pulchros cultus, & quicquid Eois
Indus littoribus rubra ſcrutatur in alga. CLAUDIANUS.

Obſcure, unpris'd, and dark, the magnet lies,
Nor lures the ſearch of avaricious eyes,
Nor binds the neck, nor ſparkles in the hair,
Nor dignifies the great, nor decks the fair.
But ſearch the wonders of the duſky ſtone,
And own all glories of the mine outdone,
Each grace of form, each ornament of ſtate,
That decks the fair, or dignifies the great.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH you have ſeldom digreſſed from moral ſubjects, I ſuppoſe you are not ſo rigorous or cynical as to deny the value or uſefulneſs of natural philoſophy; or to have lived in this age of inquiry and experiment, without any attention to the wonders every day produced by the pokers of magnetiſm and the wheels of electricity. At leaſt, I may be allowed to hope that, ſince nothing is more contrary to moral excellence than envy, you will not refuſe to promote the happineſs of others, merely becauſe you cannot partake of their enjoyments.

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In confidence, therefore, that your ignorance has not made you an enemy to knowledge, I offer you the honour of introducing to the notice of the publick, an adept, who having long laboured for the benefit of mankind, is not willing, like too many of his predeceſſors, to conceal his ſecrets in the grave.

Many have ſignalized themſelves by melting their eſtates in crucibles. I was born to no fortune, and therefore had only my mind and body to devote to knowledge, and the gratitude of poſterity will atteſt, that neither mind nor body have been ſpared. I have ſat whole weeks without ſleep by the ſide of an athanor, to watch the moment of projection; I have made the firſt experiment in nineteen diving engines of new conſtruction; I have fallen eleven times ſpeechleſs under the ſhock of electricity; I have twice diſlocated my limbs, and once fractured my ſkull, in eſſaying to fly; and four times endangered my life by ſubmitting to the transfuſion of blood.

In the firſt period of my ſtudies, I exerted the powers of my body more than thoſe of my mind, and was not without hopes that fame might be purchaſed by a few broken bones without the toil of thinking; but having been ſhattered by ſome violent experiments, and conſtrained to confine myſelf to my books, I paſſed ſix and thirty years in ſearching the treaſures of ancient wiſdom, but am at laſt amply recompenſed for all my perſeverance.

The curioſity of the preſent race of philoſophers having been long exerciſed upon electricity, has been lately transformed to magnetiſm; the qualities of the loadſtone

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loadſtone have been inveſtigated, if not with much advantage, yet with great applauſe; and as the higheſt praiſe of art is to imitate nature, I hope no man will think the makers of artificial magnets celebrated or reverenced above their deſerts.

I have for ſome time employed myſelf in the ſame practice, but with deeper knowledge and more extenſive views. While my contemporaries were touching needles and raiſing weights, or buſying themſelves with inclination and variation, I have been examining thoſe qualities of magnetiſm which may be applied to the accommodation and happineſs of common life. I have left to inferior underſtandings the care of conducting the ſailor through the hazards of the ocean, and reſerved to myſelf the more difficult and illuſtrious province of preſerving the connubial compact from violation, and ſetting mankind free for ever from the danger of ſuppoſititious children, and the torments of fruitleſs vigilance and anxious ſuſpicion.

To defraud any man of his due praiſe is unworthy of a philoſopher; I ſhall therefore openly confeſs, that I owe the firſt hint of this ineſtimable ſecret to the Rabbi *Abraham Ben Hannaſe*, who, in his treatiſe of precious ſtones, has left this account of the magnet: הקאלאמיטא, &c. "The calamita, or load-"ſtone that attracts iron, produces many bad fanta-"ſies in man. Women fly from this ſtone. If "therefore any huſband be diſturbed with jealouſy, "and fear leſt his wife converſes with other men, "let him lay this ſtone upon her while ſhe is aſleep. "If ſhe be pure, ſhe will, when ſhe wakes, claſp her

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"husband fondly in her arms; but if she be guilty, "she will fall out of bed, and run away."

When first I read this wonderful passage, I could not easily conceive why it had remained hitherto unregarded in such a zealous competition for magnetical fame. It would surely be unjust to suspect that any of the candidates are strangers to the name or works of Rabbi *Abraham*, or to conclude, from a late edict of the royal society in favour of the *English* language, that philosophy and literature are no longer to act in concert. Yet, how should a quality so useful escape promulgation but by the obscurity of the language in which it was delivered? Why are footmen and chambermaids paid on every side for keeping secrets which no caution nor expence could secure from the all-penetrating magnet? Or, why are so many witnesses summoned, and so many artifices practised, to discover what so easy an experiment would infallibly reveal?

Full of this perplexity, I read the lines of *Abraham* to a friend, who advised me not to expose my life by a mad indulgence of the love of fame; he warned me by the fate of *Orpheus*, that knowledge or genius could give no protection to the invader of female prerogatives; assured me that neither the armour of *Achilles*, nor the antidote of *Mithridates*, would be able to preserve me; and counselled me, if I could not live without renown, to attempt the acquisition of universal empire, in which the honour would perhaps be equal, and the danger certainly be less.

I, a solitary student, pretend not to much knowledge of the world, but am unwilling to think it so

generally

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generally corrupt, as that a ſcheme for the detection of incontinence ſhould bring any danger upon its inventor. My friend has indeed told me, that all the women will be my enemies, and that however I flatter myſelf with hopes of defence from the men, I ſhall certainly find myſelf deſerted in the hour of danger. Of the young men, ſaid he, ſome will be afraid of ſharing the diſgrace of their mothers, and ſome the danger of their miſtreſſes; of thoſe who are married, part are already convinced of the falſehood of their wives, and part ſhut their eyes to avoid conviction; few ever ſought for virtue in marriage, and therefore few will try whether they have found it. Almoſt every man is careleſs or timorous, and to truſt is eaſier and ſafer than to examine.

Theſe obſervations diſcouraged me, till I began to conſider what reception I was likely to find among the ladies, whom I have reviewed under the three claſſes of maids, wives, and widows, and cannot but hope that I may obtain ſome countenance among them. The ſingle ladies I ſuppoſe univerſally ready to patronize my method, by which connubial wickedneſs may be detected, ſince no woman marries with a previous deſign to be unfaithful to her huſband. And to keep them ſteady in my cauſe, I promiſe never to ſell one of my magnets to a man who ſteals a girl from ſchool; marries a woman forty years younger than himſelf; or employs the authority of parents to obtain a wife without her own conſent.

Among the married ladies, notwithſtanding the inſinuations of ſlander, I yet reſolve to believe, that the greater part are my friends, and am at leaſt convinced, that they who demand the teſt, and appear on

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my ſide, will ſupply, by their ſpirit, the deficiency of their numbers, and that their enemies will ſhrink and quake at the ſight of a magnet, as the ſlaves of *Scythia* fled from the ſcourge.

The widows will be confederated in my favour by their curioſity, if not by their virtue; for it may be obſerved, that women who have outlived their huſbands, always think themſelves entitled to ſuperintend the conduct of young wives; and as they are themſelves in no danger from this magnetick trial, I ſhall expect them to be eminently and unanimouſly zealous in recommending it.

With theſe hopes I ſhall, in a ſhort time, offer to ſale magnets armed with a particular metallick compoſition, which concentrates their virtue, and determines their agency. It is known that the efficacy of the magnet, in common operations, depends much upon its armature, and it cannot be imagined, that a ſtone, naked or caſed only in the common manner, will diſcover the virtues aſcribed to it by Rabbi *Abraham*. The ſecret of this metal I ſhall carefully conceal, and, therefore, am not afraid of imitators, nor ſhall trouble the offices with ſolicitation for a patent.

I ſhall ſell them of different ſizes, and various degrees of ſtrength. I have ſome of a bulk proper to be hung at the bed's head, as ſcare-crows, and ſome ſo ſmall that they may be eaſily concealed. Some I have ground into oval forms to be hung at watches; and ſome, for the curious, I have ſet in wedding-rings, that ladies may never want an atteſtation of their innocence. Some I can produce ſo ſluggiſh and inert, that they will not act before the third failure;

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and others ſo vigorous and animated, that they exert their influence againſt unlawful wiſhes, if they have been willingly and deliberately indulged. As it is my practice honeſtly to tell my cuſtomers the properties of my magnets, I can judge by their choice of the delicacy of their ſentiments. Many have been content to ſpare coſt by purchaſing only the loweſt degree of efficacy, and all have ſtarted with terror from thoſe which operate upon the thoughts. One young lady only fitted on a ring of the ſtrongeſt energy, and declared that ſhe ſcorned to ſeparate her wiſhes from her acts, or allow herſelf to think what ſhe was forbidden to practiſe.

I am, &c.

HERMETICUS.

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NUMB. 200. SATURDAY, *February* 15, 1752.

Nemo petit modicis quæ mittebantur amicis
A Seneca, quæ Piſo bonus, quæ Cotta ſolebat
Largiri, nempe et titulis et faſcibus olim
Major habebatur donandi gloria; ſolum
Poſcimus ut cænes civiliter; hoc face, et eſto
Eſto, et nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis. JUV.

No man expects (for who ſo much a ſot
Who has the times he lives in ſo forgot?)
What *Seneca*, what *Piſo* us'd to ſend,
To raiſe or to ſupport a ſinking friend.
Thoſe godlike men, to wanting virtue kind,
Bounty well plac'd, preferr'd, and well deſign'd,
To all their titles, all that height of pow'r,
Which turns the brains of fools, and fools alone adore.
When your poor client is condemn'd t' attend,
'Tis all we aſk, receive him as a friend:
Deſcend to this, and then we aſk no more;
Rich to yourſelf, to all beſide be poor. BOWLES.

To the RAMBLER.

Mr. RAMBLER,

SUCH is the tenderneſs or infirmity of many minds, that when any affliction oppreſſes them, they have immediate recourſe to lamentation and complaint, which, though it can only be allowed reaſonable when evils admit of remedy, and then only when addreſſed to thoſe from whom the remedy is expected, yet ſeems even in hopeleſs and incurable diſtreſſes to be natural, ſince thoſe by whom it is not indulged, imagine that they give a proof of extraordinary fortitude by ſuppreſſing it.

I am

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I am one of thoſe who, with the *Sancho* of *Cervantes*, leave to higher characters the merit of ſuffering in ſilence, and give vent without ſcruple to any ſorrow that ſwells in my heart. It is therefore to me a ſevere aggravation of a calamity, when it is ſuch as in the common opinion will not juſtify the acerbity of exclamation, or ſupport the ſolemnity of vocal grief. Yet many pains are incident to a man of delicacy, which the unfeeling world cannot be perſuaded to pity, and which, when they are ſeparated from their peculiar and perſonal circumſtances, will never be conſidered as important enough to claim attention, or deſerve redreſs.

Of this kind will appear to groſs and vulgar apprehenſions, the miſeries which I endured in a morning viſit to *Proſpero*, a man lately raiſed to wealth by a lucky project, and too much intoxicated by ſudden elevation, or too little poliſhed by thought and converſation, to enjoy his preſent fortune with elegance and decency.

We ſet out in the world together; and for a long time mutually aſſiſted each other in our exigencies, as either happened to have money or influence beyond his immediate neceſſities. You know that nothing generally endears men ſo much as participation of dangers and misfortunes; I therefore always conſidered *Proſpero* as united with me in the ſtrongeſt league of kindneſs, and imagined that our friendſhip was only to be broken by the hand of death. I felt at his ſudden ſhoot of ſucceſs an honeſt and diſintereſted joy; but as I want no part of his ſuperfluities, am not willing to deſcend from that equality in which we hitherto have lived.

Our

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Our intimacy was regarded by me as a diſpenſation from ceremonial viſits; and it was ſo long before I ſaw him at his new houſe, that he gently complained of my neglect, and obliged me to come on a day appointed. I kept my promiſe, but found that the impatience of my friend aroſe not from any deſire to communicate his happineſs, but to enjoy his ſuperiority.

When I told my name at the door, the footman went to ſee if his maſter was at home, and, by the tardineſs of his return, gave me reaſon to ſuſpect that time was taken to deliberate. He then informed me, that *Proſpero* deſired my company, and ſhowed the ſtaircaſe carefully ſecured by mats from the pollution of my feet. The beſt apartments were oſtentatiouſly ſet open, that I might have a diſtant view of the magnificence which I was not permitted to approach; and my old friend receiving me with all the inſolence of condeſcenſion at the top of the ſtairs, conducted me to a back room, where he told me he always breakfaſted when he had not great company.

On the floor where we ſat, lay a carpet covered with a cloth, of which *Proſpero* ordered his ſervant to lift up a corner, that I might contemplate the brightneſs of the colours, and the elegance of the texture, and aſked me whether I had ever ſeen any thing ſo fine before? I did not gratify his folly with any outcries of admiration, but coldly bad the footman let down the cloth.

We then ſat down, and I began to hope that pride was glutted with perſecution, when *Proſpero* deſired that I would give the ſervant leave to adjuſt the cover of my chair, which was ſlipt a little aſide to ſhow the damaſk;

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damaſk; he informed me that he had beſpoke ordinary chairs for common uſe, but had been diſappointed by his tradeſman. I put the chair aſide with my foot, and drew another ſo haſtily, that I was entreated not to rumple the carpet.

Breakfaſt was at laſt ſet, and as I was not willing to indulge the peeviſhneſs that began to ſeize me, I commended the tea; *Proſpero* then told me, that another time I ſhould taſte his fineſt ſort, but that he had only a very ſmall quantity remaining, and reſerved it for thoſe whom he thought himſelf obliged to treat with particular reſpect.

While we were converſing upon ſuch ſubjects as imagination happened to ſuggeſt, he frequently digreſſed into directions to the ſervant that waited, or made a ſlight enquiry after the jeweller or ſilverſmith; and once, as I was purſuing an argument with ſome degree of earneſtneſs, he ſtarted from his poſture of attention, and ordered, that if lord *Lofty* called on him that morning, he ſhould be ſhewn into the beſt parlour.

My patience was not yet wholly ſubdued. I was willing to promote his ſatisfaction, and therefore obſerved, that the figures on the china were eminently pretty. *Proſpero* had now an opportunity of calling for his *Dreſden* china, which, ſays he, I always aſſociate with my chaſed tea-kettle. The cups were brought; I once reſolved not to have looked upon them, but my curioſity prevailed. When I had examined them a little, *Proſpero* deſired me to ſet them down, for they who were accuſtomed only to common diſhes, ſeldom handled china with much care. You will, I hope, commend my philoſophy, when

I tell

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I tell you that I did not dash his baubles to the ground.

He was now so much elevated with his own greatness, that he thought some humility necessary to avert the glance of envy, and therefore told me, with an air of soft composure, that I was not to estimate life by external appearance, that all these shining acquisitions had added little to his happiness, that he still remembered with pleasure the days in which he and I were upon the level, and had often, in the moment of reflection, been doubtful, whether he should lose much by changing his condition for mine.

I began now to be afraid lest his pride should, by silence and submission, be emboldened to insults that could not easily be borne, and therefore coolly considered, how I should repress it without such bitterness of reproof as I was yet unwilling to use. But he interrupted my meditation, by asking leave to be dressed, and told me, that he had promised to attend some ladies in the park, and, if I was going the same way, would take me in his chariot. I had no inclination to any other favours, and therefore left him without any intention of seeing him again, unless some misfortune should restore his understanding.

I am, &c.

ASPER.

Though I am not wholly insensible of the provocations which my correspondent has received, I cannot altogether commend the keenness of his resentment, nor encourage him to persist in his resolution of breaking off all commerce with his old acquaint-

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ance. One of the golden precepts of *Pythagoras* directs, that *a friend ſhould not be hated for little faults*; and ſurely he, upon whom nothing worſe can be charged, than that he mats his ſtairs, and covers his carpet, and ſets out his finery to ſhow before thoſe whom he does not admit to uſe it, has yet committed nothing that ſhould exclude him from common degrees of kindneſs. Such improprieties often proceed rather from ſtupidity than malice. Thoſe who thus ſhine only to dazzle, are influenced merely by cuſtom and example, and neither examine, nor are qualified to examine, the motives of their own practice, or to ſtate the nice limits between elegance and oſtentation. They are often innocent of the pain which their vanity produces, and inſult others when they have no worſe purpoſe than to pleaſe themſelves.

He that too much refines his delicacy will always endanger his quiet. Of thoſe with whom nature and virtue oblige us to converſe, ſome are ignorant of the arts of pleaſing, and offend when they deſign to careſs; ſome are negligent, and gratify themſelves without regard to the quiet of another; ſome, perhaps, are malicious, and feel no greater ſatisfaction in proſperity, than that of raiſing envy and trampling inferiority. But whatever be the motive of inſult, it is always beſt to overlook it, for folly ſcarcely can deſerve reſentment, and malice is puniſhed by neglect.

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NUMB. 201. TUESDAY, *February* 18, 1752.

——Sanctus haberi
Promissique tenax dictis factisque mereris?
Agnosco procerem. JUV.

Convince the world that you're devout and true;
Be just in all you say, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first magnitude to me. STEPNEY.

BOYLE has observed, that the excellency of manufactures, and the facility of labour, would be much promoted, if the various expedients and contrivances which lie concealed in private hands, were by reciprocal communications made generally known; for there are few operations that are not performed by one or other with some peculiar advantages, which though singly of little importance, would by conjunction and concurrence open new inlets to knowledge, and give new powers to diligence.

There are, in like manner, several moral excellencies distributed among the different classes of a community. It was said by *Cujacius*, that he never read more than one book, by which he was not instructed; and he that shall enquire after virtue with ardour and attention, will seldom find a man by whose example or sentiments he may not be improved.

Every profession has some essential and appropriate virtue, without which there can be no hope of honour or success, and which, as it is more or less culti-

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cultivated, confers within its ſphere of activity different degrees of merit and reputation. As the aſtrologers range the ſubdiviſions of mankind under the planets which they ſuppoſe to influence their lives, the moraliſt may diſtribute them according to the virtues which they neceſſarily practiſe, and conſider them as diſtinguiſhed by prudence or fortitude, diligence or patience.

So much are the modes of excellence ſettled by time and place, that men may be heard boaſting in one ſtreet of that which they would anxiouſly conceal in another. The grounds of ſcorn and eſteem, the topicks of praiſe and ſatire, are varied according to the ſeveral virtues or vices which the courſe of life has diſpoſed men to admire or abhor; but he who is ſolicitous for his own improvement, muſt not be limited by local reputation, but ſelect from every tribe of mortals their characteriſtical virtues, and conſtellate in himſelf the ſcattered graces which ſhine ſingle in other men.

The chief praiſe to which a trader aſpires is that of punctuality, or an exact and rigorous obſervance of commercial engagements; nor is there any vice of which he ſo much dreads the imputation, as of negligence and inſtability. This is a quality which the intereſt of mankind requires to be diffuſed through all the ranks of life, but which many ſeem to conſider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatneſs or attention of wit, ſcarcely requiſite among men of gaiety and ſpirit, and ſold at its higheſt rate when it is ſacrificed to a frolick or a jeſt.

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Every man has daily occaſion to remark what vexations ariſe from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have ſo long diſdained the reſtraints of truth, that promiſes and appointments have loſt their cogency, and both parties neglect their ſtipulations, becauſe each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

Negligence is firſt admitted in ſmall affairs, and ſtrengthened by petty indulgences. He that is not yet hardened by cuſtom, ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himſelf bound by his word in caſes of property or danger, though he allows himſelf to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

This laxity of honour would be more tolerable, if it could be reſtrained to the play-houſe, the ball-room, or the card-table; yet even there it is ſufficiently troubleſome, and darkens thoſe moments with expectation, ſuſpenſe, and reſentment, which are ſet aſide for pleaſure, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment, and total relaxation. But he that ſuffers the ſlighteſt breach in his morality, can ſeldom tell what ſhall enter it, or how wide it ſhall be made; when a paſſage is open, the influx of corruption is every moment wearing down oppoſition, and by ſlow degrees deluges the heart.

Aliger entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extenſive views, and untainted principles. His curioſity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of converſation; his

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elegance of addreſs and fertility of ideas, gained him friends wherever he appeared; or at leaſt be found the general kindneſs of reception always ſhown to a young man whoſe birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly deſtroyed his privileges. *Aliger* was pleaſed with this general ſmile of mankind, and was induſtrious to preſerve it by compliance and officiouſneſs, but did not ſuffer his deſire of pleaſing to vitiate his integrity. It was his eſtabliſhed maxim, that a promiſe is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once ſuffered himſelf to be drawn away from a feſtal engagement by the importunity of another company.

He ſpent the evening, as is uſual, in the rudiments of vice, in perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his diſappointed friends in the morning, with confuſion and excuſes. His companions, not accuſtomed to ſuch ſcrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneaſineſs, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the ſame experiment upon another ſociety, and found them equally ready to conſider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickneſs and gaiety; till by degrees, he began to think himſelf at liberty to follow the laſt invitation, and was no longer ſhocked at the turpitude of falſehood. He made no difficulty to promiſe his preſence at diſtant places, and if liſtleſſneſs happened to creep upon him, would ſit at home with great tranquillity, and has often ſunk to ſleep in a chair, while

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he held ten tables in continual expectations of his entrance.

It was so pleasant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he soon dismissed his attention as an useless incumbrance, and resigned himself to carelesness and dissipation, without any regard to the future or the past, or any other motive of action than the impulse of a sudden desire, or the attraction of immediate pleasure. The absent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears felt by others, had no influence upon his conduct. He was in speculation completely just, but never kept his promise to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived those friends whom he undertook to patronize or assist; he was prudent, but suffered his affairs to be embarrassed for want of regulating his accounts at stated times. He courted a young lady, and when the settlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to sign them. He resolved to travel, and sent his chests on shipboard, but delayed to follow them till he lost his passage. He was summoned as an evidence in a cause of great importance, and loitered on the way till the trial was past. It is said, that when he had, with great expence, formed an interest in a borough, his opponent contrived, by some agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

His benevolence draws him into the commission of a thousand crimes, which others less kind or civil would escape. His courtesy invites application; his promises produce dependance; he has his pockets

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pockets filled with petitions, which he intends ſome time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of requeſt, with which he purpoſes to comply; but time ſlips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or buſy; his friends loſe their opportunities, and charge upon him their miſcarriages and calamities.

This character, however contemptible, is not peculiar to *Aliger*. They whoſe activity of imagination is often ſhifting the ſcenes of expectation, are frequently ſubject to ſuch ſallies of caprice as make all their actions fortuitous, deſtroy the value of their friendſhip, obſtruct the efficacy of their virtues, and ſet them below the meaneſt of thoſe that perſiſt in their reſolutions, execute what they deſign, and perform what they have promiſed.

NUMB. 202. SATURDAY, *February* 22, 1752.

Πρὸς ἅπαντα δειλὸς ἐϛὶν ὁ πένης πράγματα,
Καὶ πάντας αὐτȣ̃ καταφρονεῖν ὑπολαμβάνει.
Ὁ δέ μετρίως πράττων περισκελέστερον
Ἅπαντα τ' ἀνιαρα, Δαμπρία, φέρει. CALLIMACHUS.

From no affliction is the poor exempt;
He thinks each eye ſurveys him with contempt,
Unmanly poverty ſubdues the heart,
Cankers each wound, and ſharpens ev'ry dart. F. LEWIS.

AMONG thoſe who have endeavoured to promote learning, and rectify judgment, it has been long cuſtomary to complain of the abuſe of words, which are often admitted to ſignify things ſo different, that, inſtead of aſſiſting the underſtanding as vehicles of knowledge, they produce error, diſſention, and perplexity, becauſe what is affirmed in one ſenſe, is received in another.

If this ambiguity ſometimes embarraſſes the moſt ſolemn controverſies, and obſcures the demonſtrations of ſcience, it may well be expected to infeſt the pompous periods of declaimers, whoſe purpoſe is often only to amuſe with fallacies, and change the colours of truth and falſehood; or the muſical compoſitions of poets, whoſe ſtyle is profeſſedly figurative, and whoſe art is imagined to conſiſt in diſtorting words from their original meaning.

There are few words of which the reader believes himſelf better to know the import than of *poverty*; yet

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yet whoever ſtudies either the poets or philoſophers, will find ſuch an account of the condition expreſſed by that term as his experience or obſervation will not eaſily diſcover to be true. Inſtead of the meanneſs, diſtreſs, complaint, anxiety, and dependance, which have hitherto been combined in his ideas of poverty, he will read of content, innocence, and cheerfulneſs, of health and ſafety, tranquillity and freedom; of pleaſures not known but to men unencumbered with poſſeſſions; and of ſleep that ſheds his balſamick anodynes only on the cottage. Such are the bleſſings to be obtained by the reſignation of riches, that kings might deſcend from their thrones, and generals retire from a triumph, only to ſlumber undiſturbed in the elyſium of poverty.

If theſe authors do not deceive us, nothing can be more abſurd than that perpetual conteſt for wealth which keeps the world in commotion; nor any complaints more juſtly cenſured than thoſe which proceed from want of the gifts of fortune, which we are taught by the great maſters of moral wiſdom to conſider as golden ſhackles, by which the wearer is at once diſabled and adorned; as luſcious poiſons which may for a time pleaſe the palate, but ſoon betray their malignity by languor and by pain.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without phyſick, and ſecure without a guard; to obtain from the bounty of nature, what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artiſts and attendants, of flatterers and ſpies.

But it will be found upon a nearer view, that they who extol the happineſs of poverty, do not

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mean the ſame ſtate with thoſe who deplore its miſeries. Poets have their imaginations filled with ideas of magnificence; and being accuſtomed to contemplate the downfal of empires, or to contrive forms of lamentations for monarchs in diſtreſs, rank all the claſſes of mankind in a ſtate of poverty, who make no approaches to the dignity of crowns. To be poor, in the epick language, is only not to command the wealth of nations, nor to have fleets and armies in pay.

Vanity has perhaps contributed to this impropriety of ſtyle. He that wiſhes to become a philoſopher at a cheap rate, eaſily gratifies his ambition by ſubmitting to poverty when he does not feel it, and by boaſting his contempt of riches, when he has already more than he enjoys. He who would ſhow the extent of his views, and grandeur of his conceptions, or diſcover his acquaintance with ſplendor and magnificence, may talk like *Cowley* of an humble ſtation and quiet obſcurity, of the paucity of nature's wants, and the inconveniencies of ſuperfluity, and at laſt, like him, limit his deſires to five hundred pounds a year; a fortune indeed not exuberant when we compare it with the expences of pride and luxury, but to which it little becomes a philoſopher to affix the name of poverty, ſince no man can, with any propriety, be termed poor, who does not ſee the greater part of mankind richer than himſelf.

As little is the general condition of human life underſtood by the panegyriſts and hiſtorians, who amuſe us with accounts of the poverty of heroes and ſages. Riches are of no value in themſelves, their uſe is diſ-

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covered only in that which they procure. They are not coveted, unlefs by narrow underftandings, which confound the means with the end, but for the fake of power, influence, and efteem; or, by fome of lefs elevated and refined fentiments, as neceffary to fenfual enjoyment.

The pleafures of luxury, many have, without uncommon virtue, been able to defpife, even when affluence and idlenefs have concurred to tempt them; and therefore he who feels nothing from indigence but the want of gratifications which he could not in any other condition make confiftent with innocence, has given no proof of eminent patience. Efteem and influence every man defires, but they are equally pleafing, and equally valuable, by whatever means they are obtained; and whoever has found the art of fecuring them without the help of money, ought, in reality, to be accounted rich, fince he has all that riches can purchafe to a wife man. *Cincinnatus*, though he lived upon a few acres, cultivated by his own hand, was fufficiently removed from all the evils generally comprehended under the name of poverty, when his reputation was fuch, that the voice of his country called him from his farm to take abfolute command into his hand; nor was *Diogenes* much mortified by his refidence in a tub, where he was honoured with the vifit of *Alexander* the Great.

The fame fallacy has conciliated veneration to the religious orders. When we behold a man abdicating the hope of terreftrial poffeffions, and precluding himfelf, by an irrevocable vow, from the purfuit and acquifition of all that his fellow-beings confider as worthy of wifhes and endeavours, we are immediately

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ſtruck with the purity, abſtraction, and firmneſs of his mind, and regard him as wholly employed in ſecuring the intereſts of futurity, and devoid of any other care than to gain at whatever price the ſureſt paſſage to eternal reſt.

Yet, what can the votary be juſtly ſaid to have loſt of his preſent happineſs? If he reſides in a convent, he converſes only with men whoſe condition is the ſame with his own; he has from the munificence of the founder all the neceſſaries of life, and is ſafe from that *deſtitution, which* Hooker declares to be *ſuch an impediment to virtue, as, till it be removed, ſuffereth not the mind of man to admit any other care.* All temptations to envy and competition are ſhut out from his retreat; he is not pained with the ſight of unattainable dignity, nor inſulted with the bluſter of inſolence, or the ſmile of forced familiarity. If he wanders abroad, the ſanctity of his character amply compenſates all other diſtinctions, he is ſeldom ſeen but with reverence, nor heard but with ſubmiſſion.

It has been remarked, that death, though often defied in the field, ſeldom fails to terrify when it approaches the bed of ſickneſs in its natural horror; ſo poverty may eaſily be endured, while aſſociated with dignity and reputation, but will always be ſhunned and dreaded, when it is accompanied with ignominy and contempt.

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NUMB. 203. TUESDAY, *February* 25, 1752.

Cum volet illa dies, quæ nil nisi corporis hujus
Jus habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat ævi. OVID.

Come, soon or late, death's undetermin'd day,
This mortal being only can decay. WELSTED.

IT seems to be the fate of man to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation.

Every one has so often detected the fallaciousness of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himself to expect what a thousand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth rushes out to take possession of the world, we endeavour, or wish, to find entertainment in the review of life, and to repose upon real facts, and certain experience. This is perhaps one reason, among many, why age delights in narratives.

But so full is the world of calamity, that every source of pleasure is polluted, and every retirement of tranquillity disturbed. When time has supplied us with events sufficient to employ our thoughts, it has mingled them with so many disasters, that we shrink from their remembrance, dread their intrusion upon our minds, and fly from them as from enemies that pursue us with torture.

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No man paſt the middle point of life can ſit down to feaſt upon the pleaſures of youth without finding the banquet imbittered by the cup of ſorrow; he may revive lucky accidents, and pleaſing extravagancies; many days of harmleſs frolick, or nights of honeſt feſtivity, will perhaps recur; or, if he has been engaged in ſcenes of action, and acquainted with affairs of difficulty and viciſſitudes of fortune, he may enjoy the nobler pleaſure of looking back upon diſtreſs firmly ſupported, dangers reſolutely encountered, and oppoſition artfully defeated. *Æneas* properly comforts his companions, when after the horrors of a ſtorm they have landed on an unknown and deſolate country, with the hope that their miſeries will be at ſome diſtant time recounted with delight. There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on ſurmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice, nor guilt.

But this felicity is almoſt always abated by the reflection, that they, with whom we ſhould be moſt pleaſed to ſhare it, are now in the grave. A few years make ſuch havock in human generations, that we ſoon ſee ourſelves deprived of thoſe with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleaſures or fatigues had endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterpriſe recounts his adventures and expedients, but is forced, at the cloſe of the relation, to pay a ſigh to the names of thoſe that contributed to his ſucceſs; he that paſſes his life among the gayer part of mankind, has his remembrance ſtored with remarks and repartees of wits, whoſe ſprightlineſs and merriment are now loſt in perpetual ſilence;

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ſilence; the trader, whoſe induſtry has ſupplied the want of inheritance, repines in ſolitary plenty at the abſence of companions, with whom he had planned out amuſements for his latter years; and the ſcholar, whoſe merit, after a long ſeries of efforts, raiſes him from obſcurity, looks round in vain from his exaltation for his old friends or enemies, whoſe applauſe or mortification would heighten his triumph.

Among *Martial*'s requiſites to happineſs is, *Res non parte labore, ſed relicta*, an eſtate not gained by induſtry, but left by inheritance. It is neceſſary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained; for whatever comes at the cloſe of life, will come too late to give much delight; yet all human happineſs has its defects. Of what we do not gain for ourſelves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, becauſe we cannot compare the difference between want and poſſeſſion, or at leaſt can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any increaſe of ſelf-eſteem; what we acquire by bravery or ſcience, by mental or corporal diligence, comes at laſt when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it.

Thus every period of life is obliged to borrow its happineſs from the time to come. In youth we have nothing paſt to entertain us, and in age, we derive little from retroſpect but hopeleſs ſorrow. Yet the future likewiſe has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we ſee to be not far diſtant. The loſs of our friends and companions impreſſes hourly upon us the neceſſity of our own departure: we know that the ſchemes of man are quickly at an end, that we muſt ſoon lie down in the

grave

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grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, ſhall be driven awhile by hope or fear, about the ſurface of the earth, and then like us be loſt in the ſhades of death.

Beyond this termination of our material exiſtence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes; and almoſt every man indulges his imagination with ſomething, which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of being: ſome amuſe themſelves with entails and ſettlements, provide for the perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the diſſipation of the fortunes, which it has been their buſineſs to accumulate; others, more refined or exalted, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of diſtant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced poſterity.

They whoſe ſouls are ſo chained down to coffers and tenements, that they cannot conceive a ſtate in which they ſhall look upon them with leſs ſolicitude, are ſeldom attentive or flexible to arguments; but the votaries of fame are capable of reflection, and, therefore, may be called to reconſider the probability of their expectations.

Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wiſe man's wiſh, has not yet been ſatiſfactorily decided; and, indeed, to be long remembered, can happen to ſo ſmall a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little intereſt in the queſtion. There is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity or meaſure of renown. The neceſſary buſineſs of life, the immediate pleaſures or pains of every condition, leave us not leiſure beyond a fixed

proportion

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proportion for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our present welfare. When this vacuity is filled, no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of some that must be thrust into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, can only extend its view to new objects, by losing sight of those which are now before it.

Reputation is therefore a meteor which blazes a while and disappears for ever; and if we except a few transcendent and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion or length of time is able to suppress; all those that engage our thoughts, or diversify our conversation, are every moment hasting to obscurity, as new favourites are adopted by fashion.

It is not therefore from this world, that any ray of comfort can proceed, to cheer the gloom of the last hour. But futurity has still its prospects; there is yet happiness in reserve, which, if we transfer our attention to it, will support us in the pains of disease, and the languor of decay. This happiness we may expect with confidence, because it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that sincerely desire and earnestly pursue it. On this therefore every mind ought finally to rest. Hope is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

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NUMB. 204. SATURDAY, *February* 29, 1752.

Nemo tam divos habuit faventes,
Craſtinum ut poſſit ſibi polliceri. SENECA.

Of heav'n's protection who can be
So confident to utter this—?
To-morrow I will ſpend in bliſs. F. LEWIS.

SEGED, lord of *Ethiopia*, to the inhabitants of the world: To the ſons of *preſumption*, humility and fear; and to the daughters of *ſorrow*, content and acquieſcence.

Thus, in the twenty-ſeventh year of his reign, ſpoke *Seged*, the monarch of forty nations, the diſtributor of the waters of the *Nile*: "At length, *Se-*
"*ged*, thy toils are at an end; thou haſt reconciled
"diſaffection, thou haſt ſuppreſſed rebellion, thou
"haſt pacified the jealouſies of thy courtiers, thou
"haſt chaſed war from thy confines, and erected
"fortreſſes in the lands of thy enemies. All who
"have offended thee, tremble in thy preſence, and
"wherever thy voice is heard, it is obeyed. Thy
"throne is ſurrounded by armies, numerous as the
"locuſts of the ſummer, and reſiſtleſs as the blaſts of
"peſtilence. Thy magazines are ſtored with am-
"munition, thy treaſuries overflow with the tribute
"of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon
"thy fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy
"nod is as the earthquake that ſhakes the moun-
"tains, and thy ſmile as the dawn of the vernal day.

"In

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"In thy hand is the ſtrength of thouſands, and thy "health is the health of millions. Thy palace is "gladdened by the ſong of praiſe, and thy path per-"fumed by the breath of benediction. Thy ſubjects "gaze upon thy greatneſs, and think of danger or "miſery no more. Why, *Seged*, wilt not thou par-"take the bleſſings thou beſtoweſt? Why ſhouldſt "thou only forbear to rejoice in this general felicity? "Why ſhould thy face be clouded with anxiety, when "the meaneſt of thoſe who call thee ſovereign, gives "the day to feſtivity, and the night to peace? At "length, *Seged*, reflect and be wiſe. What is the "gift of conqueſt but ſafety, why are riches col-"lected but to purchaſe happineſs?"

Seged then ordered the houſe of pleaſure, built in an iſland of the lake of *Dambea*, to be prepared for his reception. "I will retire," ſays he, "for ten days "from tumult and care, from counſels and decrees. "Long quiet is not the lot of the governors of na-"tions, but a ceſſation of ten days cannot be denied "me. This ſhort interval of happineſs may ſurely "be ſecured from the interruption of fear or per-"plexity, ſorrow or diſappointment. I will exclude "all trouble from my abode, and remove from my "thoughts whatever may confuſe the harmony of "the concert, or abate the ſweetneſs of the banquet. "I will fill the whole capacity of my ſoul with en-"joyment, and try what it is to live without a wiſh "unſatisfied."

In a few days the orders were performed, and *Seged* haſted to the palace of *Dambea*, which ſtood in an iſland cultivated only for pleaſure, planted with every flower that ſpreads its colours to the ſun, and every

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ſhrub that ſheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extenſive garden, were open walks for excurſions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and ſilent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repoſe at noon. All that could ſolace the ſenſe, or flatter the fancy, all that induſtry could extort from nature, or wealth furniſh to art, all that conqueſt could ſeize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region *Seged* ſummoned all the perſons of his court, who ſeemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleaſure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haſte to be ſated with felicity. They ſailed jocund over the lake, which ſeemed to ſmooth its ſurface before them: Their paſſage was cheered with muſick, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged landing here with his band of pleaſure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with diſcontent, to give his heart for ten days to eaſe and jollity, and then fall back to the common ſtate of man, and ſuffer his life to be diverſified, as before, with joy and ſorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to conſider where he ſhould begin his circle of happineſs. He had all the artiſts of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, ſince he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He choſe and rejected, he reſolved and changed his reſolution, till his faculties were haraſſed, and his thoughts confuſed; then returned to the apartment where his preſence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded counte-

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countenance, and ſpread the infection of uneaſineſs over the whole aſſembly. He obſerved their depreſſion, and was offended, for he found his vexation increaſed by thoſe whom he expected to diſſipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and ſought for conſolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long ſucceſſion of images ſeized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of penſiveneſs, till having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and ſaw the lake brightened by the ſetting ſun. "Such," ſaid *Seged* ſighing, "is the "longeſt day of human exiſtence: Before we have "learned to uſe it, we find it at an end."

The regret which he felt for the loſs of ſo great a part of his firſt day, took from him all diſpoſition to enjoy the evening; and, after having endeavoured, for the ſake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not ſhare, he reſolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down to partake with the ſlaves of labour and poverty the bleſſing of ſleep.

He roſe early the ſecond morning, and reſolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, ſhould appear in the preſence of the king with dejected countenance, or utter any expreſſion of diſcontent or ſorrow, ſhould be driven for ever from the palace of *Dambea*.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court, and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frighted away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or ſinging in the ſhades, were

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at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that *Seged* might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile; but a smile that betrayed solicitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favourites with familiarity and softness; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions, to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other desire than to signalize themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topicks of conversation, but obtained only forced jests, and laborious laughter, and after many attempts to animate his train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his companions from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber to ascertain, by different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length he threw himself on the bed, and closed his eyes, but imagined, in his sleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man struggling in the water. He composed himself again to rest, but was affrighted by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies, and again started up with horror and indignation.

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It was now day, and fear was ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on his mind, that he could ſleep no more. He roſe, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invaſion, nor was he able to diſengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and eaſe in any amuſement. At length his perturbation gave way to reaſon, and he reſolved no longer to be haraſſed by viſionary miſeries; but before this reſolution could be completed, half the day had elapſed: He felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human ſchemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakneſs of that being, whoſe quiet was to be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. Having been firſt diſturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could diſturb him. He at laſt diſcovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and, that to loſe the preſent in lamenting the paſt, was voluntarily to protract a melancholy viſion. The third day was now declining, and *Seged* again reſolved to be happy on the morrow.

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NUMB. 205. TUESDAY, *March* 3, 1752.

——Volat ambiguis
Mobilis alis hora, nec ulli
Præstat velox fortuna fidem. SENECA.

On fickle wings the minutes haste,
And fortune's favours never last. F. LEWIS.

ON the fourth morning *Seged* rose early refreshed with sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden, attended by the princes and ladies of his court, and seeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulness, began to say to his heart, "This day shall be a day of pleasure." The sun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and sometimes listened to the songs, sometimes mingled with the dancers, sometimes let loose his imagination in flights of merriment; and sometimes uttered grave reflections, and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladness from his looks, and the sight of happiness conferred by himself filled his heart with satisfaction: But having passed three hours in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by an universal scream among the women, and turn-

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ing back, ſaw the whole aſſembly flying in confuſion. A young crocodile had riſen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonneſs or hunger. *Seged* beheld him with indignation, as a diſturber of his felicity, and chaſed him back into the lake, but could not perſuade his retinue to ſtay, or free their hearts from the terror which had ſeized upon them. The princeſſes incloſed themſelves in the palace, and could yet ſcarcely believe themſelves in ſafety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and eſcape, and no mind was any longer at leiſure for gay ſallies or careleſs prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable caſualties which lie in ambuſh on every ſide to intercept the happineſs of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the conſolation of thinking, that he had not been now diſappointed by his own fault, and that the accident which had blaſted the hopes of the day, might eaſily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleaſure of the next morning, he reſolved to repeal his penal edict, ſince he had already found that diſcontent and melancholy were not to be frighted away by the threats of authority, and that pleaſure would only reſide where ſhe was exempted from controul. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleaſantry, by propoſing prizes for thoſe who ſhould, on the following day, diſtinguiſh themſelves by any feſtive performances; the tables of the antechamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and

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garlands decreed the rewards of thoſe who could refine elegance or heighten pleaſure.

At this diſplay of riches every eye immediately ſparkled, and every tongue was buſied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when *Seged* entered, in hopes of uncommon entertainment from univerſal emulation, he found that any paſſion too ſtrongly agitated, puts an end to that tranquillity which is neceſſary to mirth, and that the mind, that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety, muſt be firſt ſmoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wiſh to gain, we muſt in the ſame degree be afraid to loſe, and fear and pleaſure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and ſolicitude. Nothing was done or ſpoken, but with ſo viſible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it ſometimes forced admiration: And *Seged* could not but obſerve with ſorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himſelf. As the evening approached, the conteſt grew more earneſt, and thoſe who were forced to allow themſelves excelled, began to diſcover the malignity of defeat, firſt by angry glances, and at laſt by contemptuous murmurs. *Seged* likewiſe ſhared the anxiety of the day, for conſidering himſelf as obliged to diſtribute with exact juſtice the prizes which had been ſo zealouſly ſought, he durſt never remit his attention, but paſſed his time upon the rack of doubt in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjuſting the claims of all the competitors.

At laſt, knowing that no exactneſs could ſatisfy thoſe whoſe hopes he ſhould diſappoint, and thinking

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that on a day ſet apart for happineſs, it would be cruel to oppreſs any heart with ſorrow, he declared that all had pleaſed him alike, and diſmiſſed all with preſents of equal value.

Seged ſoon ſaw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themſelves ſecure of the higheſt prizes, were not pleaſed to be levelled with the crowd; and though, by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promiſe had intitled them to expect, they departed unſatisfied, becauſe they were honoured with no diſtinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. "Behold "here," ſaid *Seged*, "the condition of him who "places his happineſs in the happineſs of others." He then retired to meditate, and, while the courtiers were repining at his diſtributions, ſaw the fifth ſun go down in diſcontent.

The next dawn renewed his reſolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by ſettled ſchemes or preparatory meaſures, he thought it beſt to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to pleaſe and be pleaſed his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffuſed a general complacence through the whole court, and the emperor imagined, that he had at laſt found the ſecret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in this careleſs aſſembly with equal careleſneſs, he overheard one of his courtiers in a cloſe arbour murmuring alone: "What merit has "*Seged* above us, that we ſhould thus fear and

"obey

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" obey him, a man, whom, whatever he may " have formerly performed, his luxury now ſhews " to have the ſame weakneſs with ourſelves." This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always obſerved among the moſt abject of his flatterers. At firſt his indignation prompted him to ſeverity; but reflecting, that what was ſpoken, without intention to be heard, was to be conſidered as only thought, and was perhaps but the ſudden burſt of caſual and temporary vexation, he invented ſome decent pretence to ſend him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy, and after the ſtruggle of deliberation was paſt, and all deſire of revenge utterly ſuppreſſed, paſſed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himſelf was conſcious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the ſeventh day, and nothing happened to diſturb the pleaſure of *Seged*, till looking on the tree that ſhaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the ſame kind he had paſſed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of *Goiama*. The reflection on his loſs, his diſhonour, and the miſeries which his ſubjects ſuffered from the invader, filled him with ſadneſs. At laſt he ſhook off the weight of ſorrow, and began to ſolace himſelf with his uſual pleaſures, when his tranquillity was again diſturbed by jealouſies which the late conteſt for the prizes had produced, and which, having in vain tried to pacify them by perſuaſion, he was forced to ſilence by command.

On

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On the eighth morning *Seged* was awakened early by an unuſual hurry in the apartments, and enquiring the cauſe, was told that the princeſs *Balkis* was ſeized with ſickneſs. He roſe, and calling the phyſicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity: all his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whoſe eyes he cloſed on the tenth day.

Such were the days which *Seged* of *Ethiopia* had appropriated to a ſhort reſpiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may preſume to ſay, "This day ſhall "be a day of happineſs."

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NUMB. 206. SATURDAY, *March* 7, 1752.

——Propositi nondum pudet, atque eadem est mens,
Ut bona summa putes, alienâ vivere quadrâ. JUV.

But harden'd by affronts, and still the same,
Lost to all sense of honour and of fame,
Thou yet can'st love to haunt the great man's board,
And think no supper good but with a lord. BOWLES.

WHEN *Diogenes* was once asked, what kind of wine he liked best? he answered, "That "which is drunk at the cost of others."

Though the character of *Diogenes* has never excited any general zeal of imitation, there are many who resemble him in his taste of wine; many who are frugal, though not abstemious; whose appetites, though too powerful for reason, are kept under restraint by avarice; and to whom all delicacies lose their flavour, when they cannot be obtained but at their own expence.

Nothing produces more singularity of manners and inconstancy of life, than the conflict of opposite vices in the same mind. He that uniformly pursues any purpose, whether good or bad, has a settled principle of action; and as he may always find associates who are travelling the same way, is countenanced by example, and sheltered in the multitude; but a man, actuated at once by different desires,

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desires, must move in a direction peculiar to himself, and suffer that reproach which we are naturally inclined to bestow on those who deviate from the rest of the world, even without enquiring whether they are worse or better.

Yet this conflict of desires sometimes produces wonderful efforts. To riot in far-fetched dishes, or surfeit with unexhausted variety, and yet practise the most rigid economy, is surely an art which may justly draw the eyes of mankind upon them whose industry or judgment has enabled them to attain it. To him, indeed, who is content to break open the chests, or mortgage the manors of his ancestors, that he may hire the ministers of excess at the highest price, gluttony is an easy science; yet we often hear the votaries of luxury boasting of the elegance which they owe to the taste of others, relating with rapture the succession of dishes with which their cooks and caterers supply them; and expecting their share of praise with the discoverers of arts and the civilizers of nations. But to shorten the way to convivial happiness, by eating without cost, is a secret hitherto in few hands, but which certainly deserves the curiosity of those whose principal enjoyment is their dinner, and who see the sun rise with no other hope than that they shall fill their bellies before it sets.

Of them that have within my knowledge attempted this scheme of happiness, the greater part have been immediately obliged to desist; and some, whom their first attempts flattered with success, were reduced by degrees to a few tables, from which they

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were at laſt chaſed to make way for others; and having long habituated themſelves to ſuperfluous plenty, growled away their latter years in diſcontented competence.

None enter the regions of luxury with higher expectations than men of wit, who imagine, that they ſhall never want a welcome to that company whoſe ideas they can enlarge, or whoſe imaginations they can elevate, and believe themſelves able to pay for their wine with the mirth which it qualifies them to produce. Full of this opinion, they crowd with little invitation, wherever the ſmell of a feaſt allures them, but are ſeldom encouraged to repeat their viſits, being dreaded by the pert as rivals, and hated by the dull as diſturbers of the company.

No man has been ſo happy in gaining and keeping the privilege of living at luxurious houſes as *Guloſulus*, who, after thirty years of continual revelry, has now eſtabliſhed, by uncontroverted preſcription, his claim to partake of every entertainment, and whoſe preſence they who aſpire to the praiſe of a ſumptuous table are careful to procure on a day of importance, by ſending the invitation a fortnight before.

Guloſulus entered the world without any eminent degree of merit; but was careful to frequent houſes where perſons of rank reſorted. By being often ſeen, he became in time known; and from ſitting in the ſame room, was ſuffered to mix in idle converſation, or aſſiſted to fill up a vacant hour, when better amuſement was not readily to be had. From the

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coffee-houſe he was ſometimes taken away to dinner; and as no man refuſes the acquaintance of him whom he ſees admitted to familiarity by others of equal dignity, when he had been met at a few tables, he with leſs difficulty found the way to more, till at laſt he was regularly expected to appear wherever preparations are made for a feaſt, within the circuit of his acquaintance.

When he was thus by accident initiated in luxury, he felt in himſelf no inclination to retire from a life of ſo much pleaſure, and therefore very ſeriouſly conſidered how he might continue it. Great qualities, or uncommon accompliſhments, he did not find neceſſary; for he had already ſeen that merit rather enforces reſpect than attracts fondneſs; and as he thought no folly greater than that of loſing a dinner for any other gratification, he often congratulated himſelf, that he had none of that diſguſting excellence which impreſſes awe upon greatneſs, and condemns its poſſeſſors to the ſociety of thoſe who are wiſe or brave, and indigent as themſelves.

Gulosulus having never allotted much of his time to books or meditation, had no opinion in philoſophy or politicks, and was not in danger of injuring his intereſt by dogmatical poſitions, or violent contradiction. If a diſpute aroſe, he took care to liſten with earneſt attention; and when either ſpeaker grew vehement and loud, turned towards him with eager quickneſs, and uttered a ſhort phraſe of admiration, as if ſurpriſed by ſuch cogency of argument as he had never known before. By this ſilent conceſſion, he generally preſerved in either controvertiſt ſuch a conviction of his own ſuperiority, as inclined

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clined him rather to pity than irritate his adverſary, and prevented thoſe outrages which are ſometimes produced by the rage of defeat, or petulance of triumph.

Guloſulus was never embarraſſed but when he was required to declare his ſentiments before he had been able to diſcover to which ſide the maſter of the houſe inclined, for it was his invariable rule to adopt the notions of thoſe that invited him.

It will ſometimes happen that the inſolence of wealth breaks into contemptuouſneſs, or the turbulence of wine requires a vent; and *Guloſulus* ſeldom fails of being ſingled out on ſuch emergencies, as one on whom any experiment of ribaldry may be ſafely tried. Sometimes his lordſhip finds himſelf inclined to exhibit a ſpecimen of raillery for the diverſion of his gueſt, and *Guloſulus* always ſupplies him with a ſubject of merriment. But he has learned to conſider rudeneſs and indignities as familiarities that entitle him to greater freedom: he comforts himſelf, that thoſe who treat and inſult him pay for their laughter, and that he keeps his money while they enjoy their jeſt.

His chief policy conſiſts in ſelecting ſome diſh from every courſe, and recommending it to the company, with an air ſo deciſive, that no one ventures to contradict him. By this practice he acquires at a feaſt a kind of dictatorial authority; his taſte becomes the ſtandard of pickles and ſeaſoning, and he is venerated by the profeſſors of epicuriſm, as the only man who underſtands the niceties of cookery.

Whenever a new ſauce is imported, or any innovation made in the culinary ſyſtem, he procures the earlieſt

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earlieſt intelligence, and the moſt authentick receipt; and, by communicating his knowledge under proper injunctions of ſecrecy, gains a right of taſting his own diſh whenever it is prepared, that he may tell whether his directions have been fully underſtood.

By this method of life *Gulofulus* has ſo impreſſed on his imagination the dignity of feaſting, that he has no other topick of talk, or ſubject of meditation. His calendar is a bill of fare; he meaſures the year by ſucceſſive dainties. The only common places of his memory are his meals; and if you aſk him at what time an event happened, he conſiders whether he heard it after a dinner of turbot or veniſon. He knows, indeed, that thoſe who value themſelves upon ſenſe, learning, or piety, ſpeak of him with contempt; but he conſiders them as wretches envious or ignorant, who do not know his happineſs, or wiſh to ſupplant him; and declares to his friends, that he is fully ſatisfied with his own conduct, ſince he has fed every day on twenty diſhes, and yet doubled his eſtate.

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NUMB. 207. TUESDAY, *March* 10, 1752.

Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus. HOR.

The voice of reason cries with winning force,
Loose from the rapid car your aged horse,
Lest, in the race derided, left behind,
He drag his jaded limbs and burst his wind. FRANCIS.

SUCH is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the *Greek* epigrammatist on marriage may be applied to every other course of life, that its two days of happiness are the first and the last.

Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy, till the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made, and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and

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and wear out their allotted time in the calm amuſement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feaſt their imagination with pure ideas, advance ſomewhat nearer to the groſſneſs of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requiſite to their deſign, and, after a thouſand reſearches and conſultations, are ſnatched away by death, as they ſtand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find ſome adequate ſolace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himſelf in his own thoughts, and never ſuffers experience to ſhew him the vanity of ſpeculation; for no ſooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forſake the breaſt; every day brings its taſk, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarraſs, uncertainty perplexes, oppoſition retards, cenſure exaſperates, or neglect depreſſes. We proceed becauſe we have begun; we complete our deſign, that the labour already ſpent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay ſmile of alacrity diſappears, we are compelled to implore ſeverer powers, and truſt the event to patience and conſtancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the proſpect of its end; for though in every long work there are ſome joyous intervals of ſelf-applauſe, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination ſoothed by incidental excellencies; yet the toil with

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which performance ſtruggles after idea, is ſo irkſome and diſguſting, and ſo frequent is the neceſſity of reſting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that ſeldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual reſuſcitation of deſires which he feels himſelf unable to gratify.

So certainly is wearineſs the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, conſoles himſelf with the hope of change; if he has made his way by aſſiduity to publick employment, he talks among his friends of the delight of retreat; if by the neceſſity of ſolitary application he is ſecluded from the world, he liſtens with a beating heart to diſtant noiſes, longs to mingle with living beings, and reſolves to take hereafter his fill of diverſions, or diſplay his abilities on the univerſal theatre, and enjoy the pleaſure of diſtinction and applauſe.

Every deſire, however innocent, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes aſcendent in the mind. When we have been much accuſtomed to conſider any thing as capable of giving happineſs, it is not eaſy to reſtrain our ardour, or to forbear ſome precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our purſuits. He that has cultivated the tree, watched the ſwelling bud and opening bloſſom, and pleaſed himſelf with computing how much every ſun and ſhower add to its growth, ſcarcely ſtays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerneſs to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpoſe, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and, becauſe we

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have already done much, too ſuddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increaſed by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourſelves ſo deſirous to finiſh, as in the latter part of our work, or ſo impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Thus unſeaſonable importunity of diſcontent may be partly imputed to languor and wearineſs, which muſt always oppreſs thoſe more whoſe toil has been longer continued; but the greater part uſually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that eaſe which is now conſidered as within reach, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot ſuffer to be withheld.

In ſome of the nobleſt compoſitions of wit, the concluſion falls below the vigour and ſpirit of the firſt books; and as a genius is not to be degraded by the imputation of human failings, the cauſe of this declenſion is commonly ſought in the ſtructure of the work, and plauſible reaſons are given why in the defective part leſs ornament was neceſſary, or leſs could be admitted. But, perhaps, the author would have confeſſed, that his fancy was tired, and his perſeverance broken; that he knew his deſign to be unfiniſhed, but that, when he ſaw the end ſo near, he could no longer refuſe to be at reſt.

Againſt the inſtillations of this frigid opiate, the heart ſhould be ſecured by all the conſiderations which once concurred to kindle the ardour of enterprize. Whatever motive firſt incited action, has ſtill greater force to ſtimulate perſeverance; ſince he that might have lain ſtill at firſt in blameleſs obſcurity, cannot afterwards deſiſt but with infamy and

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reproach. He, whom a doubtful promiſe of diſtant good could encourage to ſet difficulties at defiance, ought not to remit his vigour, when he has almoſt obtained his recompence. To faint or loiter, when only the laſt efforts are required, is to ſteer the ſhip through tempeſts, and abandon it to the winds in ſight of land; it is to break the ground and ſcatter the ſeed, and at laſt to neglect the harveſt.

The maſters of rhetorick direct, that the moſt forcible arguments be produced in the latter part of an oration, leſt they ſhould be effaced or perplexed by ſupervenient images. This precept may be juſtly extended to the ſeries of life: Nothing is ended with honour, which does not conclude better than it began. It is not ſufficient to maintain the firſt vigour; for excellence loſes its effect upon the mind by cuſtom, as light after a time ceaſes to dazzle. Admiration muſt be continued by that novelty which firſt produced it, and how much ſoever is given, there muſt always be reaſon to imagine that more remains.

We not only are moſt ſenſible of the laſt impreſſions, but ſuch is the unwillingneſs of mankind to admit tranſcendent merit, that, though it be difficult to obliterate the reproach of miſcarriages by any ſubſequent atchievement, however illuſtrious, yet the reputation raiſed by a long train of ſucceſs, may be finally ruined by a ſingle failure; for weakneſs or error will be always remembered by that malice and envy which it gratifies.

For the prevention of that diſgrace, which laſſitude and negligence may bring at laſt upon the greateſt performances, it is neceſſary to proportion carefully our labour to our ſtrength. If the deſign compriſes

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many parts, equally eſſential, and therefore not to be ſeparated, the only time for caution is before we engage; the powers of the mind muſt be then impartially eſtimated, and it muſt be remembered, that not to complete the plan, is not to have begun it; and that nothing is done, while any thing is omitted.

But, if the taſk conſiſts in the repetition of ſingle acts, no one of which derives its efficacy from the reſt, it may be attempted with leſs ſcruple, becauſe there is always opportunity to retreat with honour. The danger is only, leſt we expect from the world the indulgence with which moſt are diſpoſed to treat themſelves; and in the hour of liſtleſneſs imagine, that the diligence of one day will atone for the idleneſs of another, and that applauſe begun by approbation will be continued by habit.

He that is himſelf weary will ſoon weary the publick. Let him therefore lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention; let him not endeavour to ſtruggle with cenſure, or obſtinately infeſt the ſtage till a general hiſs commands him to depart.

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NUMB. 208. SATURDAY, *March* 14, 1752.

Ἡράκλειτος ἐγώ· τί με ὦ κάτω ἕλκετ' ἄμουσοι;
Οὐχ' ὑμῖν ἐπόνουν, τοῖς δέ μ' ἐπισταμένοις·
Εἷς ἐμοὶ ἄνθρωπος τρισμύριοι· οἱ δ' ἀναριθμοι
Οὐδείς· ταῦτ' αὐδῶ καὶ παρὰ Περσεφόνῃ. DIOG. LAERT.

Begone, ye blockheads, *Heraclitus* cries,
And leave my labours to the learn'd and wiſe;
By wit, by knowledge, ſtudious to be read,
I ſcorn the multitude, alive and dead.

TIME, which puts an end to all human pleaſures and ſorrows, has likewiſe concluded the labours of the RAMBLER. Having ſupported, for two years, the anxious employment of a periodical writer, and multiplied my eſſays to upwards of two hundred, I have now determined to deſiſt.

The reaſons of this reſolution it is of little importance to declare, ſince juſtification is unneceſſary when no objection is made. I am far from ſuppoſing, that the ceſſation of my performances will raiſe any inquiry, for I have never been much a favourite of the publick, nor can boaſt that, in the progreſs of my undertaking, I have been animated by the rewards of the liberal, the careſſes of the great, or the praiſes of the eminent.

But I have no deſign to gratify pride by ſubmiſſion, or malice by lamentation; nor think it reaſonable to complain of neglect from thoſe whoſe regard I never ſolicited. If I have not been diſtinguiſhed by the

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the diſtributors of literary honours, I have ſeldom deſcended to the arts by which favour is obtained. I have ſeen the meteors of faſhion riſe and fall, without any attempt to add a moment to their duration. I have never complied with temporary curioſity, nor enabled my readers to diſcuſs the topick of the day; I have rarely exemplified my aſſertions by living characters; in my papers, no man could look for cenſures of his enemies, or praiſes of himſelf; and they only were expected to peruſe them, whoſe paſſions left them leiſure for abſtracted truth, and whom virtue could pleaſe by its naked dignity.

To ſome, however, I am indebted for encouragement, and to others for aſſiſtance. The number of my friends was never great, but they have been ſuch as would not ſuffer me to think that I was writing in vain, and I did not feel much dejection from the want of popularity.

My obligations having not been frequent, my acknowledgments may be ſoon diſpatched. I can reſtore to all my correſpondents their productions, with little diminution of the bulk of my volumes, though not without the loſs of ſome pieces to which particular honours have been paid.

The parts from which I claim no other praiſe than that of having given them an opportunity of appearing, are the four billets in the tenth paper, the ſecond letter in the fifteenth, the thirtieth, the forty-fourth, the ninety-ſeventh, and the hundredth papers, and the ſecond letter in the hundred and ſeventh.

Having thus deprived myſelf of many excuſes which candour might have admitted for the inequality of my compoſitions, being no longer able to allege

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lege the neceſſity of gratifying correſpondents, the importunity with which publication was ſolicited, or obſtinacy with which correction was rejected, I muſt remain accountable for all my faults, and ſubmit, without ſubterfuge, to the cenſures of criticiſm, which, however, I ſhall not endeavour to ſoften by a formal deprecation, or to overbear by the influence of a patron. The ſupplications of an author never yet reprieved him a moment from oblivion; and, though greatneſs has ſometimes ſheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance or dulneſs. Having hitherto attempted only the propagation of truth, I will not at laſt violate it by the confeſſion of terrors which I do not feel: having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanneſs of dedication.

The ſeeming vanity with which I have ſometimes ſpoken of myſelf, would perhaps require an apology, were it not extenuated by the example of thoſe who have publiſhed eſſays before me, and by the privilege which every nameleſs writer has been hitherto allowed. " A maſk," ſays *Caſtiglione*, " confers a " right of acting and ſpeaking with leſs reſtraint, " even when the wearer happens to be known." He that is diſcovered without his own conſent, may claim ſome indulgence, and cannot be rigorouſly called to juſtify thoſe ſallies or frolicks which his diſguiſe muſt prove him deſirous to conceal.

But I have been cautious leſt this offence ſhould be frequently or groſsly committed; for, as one of the philoſophers directs us to live with a friend, as with one that is ſome time to become an enemy, I have always thought it the duty of an anonymous author

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author to write, as if he expected to be hereafter known.

I am willing to flatter myself with hopes, that, by collecting these papers, I am not preparing, for my future life, either shame or repentance. That all are happily imagined, or accurately polished, that the same sentiments have not sometimes recurred, or the same expressions been too frequently repeated, I have not confidence in my abilities sufficient to warrant. He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease: He will labour on a barren topick, till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce.

Whatever shall be the final sentence of mankind, I have at least endeavoured to deserve their kindness. I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence. When common words were less pleasing to the ear, or less distinct in their signification, I have familiarised the terms of philosophy, by applying them to popular ideas, but have rarely admitted any word not authorized by former writers; for I believe that whoever knows the *English* tongue in its present extent, will be able to express his thoughts without further help from other nations.

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As it has been my principal deſign to inculcate wiſdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle ſports of imagination. Some, perhaps, may be found, of which the higheſt excellence is harmleſs merriment; but ſcarcely any man is ſo ſteadily ſerious as not to complain, that the ſeverity of dictatorial inſtruction has been too ſeldom relieved, and that he is driven by the ſternneſs of the Rambler's philoſophy to more cheerful and airy companions.

Next to the excurſions of fancy are the diſquiſitions of criticiſm, which, in my opinion, is only to be ranked among the ſubordinate and inſtrumental arts. Arbitrary deciſion and general exclamation I have carefully avoided, by aſſerting nothing without a reaſon, and eſtabliſhing all my principles of judgment on unalterable and evident truth.

In the pictures of life I have never been ſo ſtudious of novelty or ſurprize, as to depart wholly from all reſemblance; a fault which writers deſervedly celebrated frequently commit, that they may raiſe, as the occaſion requires, either mirth or abhorrence. Some enlargement may be allowed to declamation, and ſome exaggeration to burleſque; but as they deviate farther from reality, they become leſs uſeful, becauſe their leſſons will fail of application. The mind of the reader is carried away from the contemplation of his own manners; he finds in himſelf no likeneſs to the phantom before him; and though he laughs or rages, is not reformed.

The eſſays profeſſedly ſerious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Chriſtianity, without any accommodation to the licentiouſneſs and levity

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of the preſent age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleaſure, which no blame or praiſe of man ſhall diminiſh or augment. I ſhall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cauſe, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

Αὐτῶν ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιος εἴη ἀμοιβή.

Celeſtial pow'rs! that piety regard,
From You my labours wait their laſt reward.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.